NOTES FROM A DIARY

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Notes from a Diary

Kept chiefly in Southern India

1881-1886

BY THE RIGHT HON.

SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF

G.C.S.I.

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie."—RENAN

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I

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TO

ALL THE INDIAN FRIENDS

WHO ASSISTED ME

IN MY PUBLIC DUTIES

OR MADE MY LEISURE HOURS AGREEABLE

AND

TO ALL THE CORRESPONDENTS

WHO KEPT UP MY RELATIONS

WITH THE WORLD I LEFT BEHIND

ON THE 5TH OCTOBER 1881

I INSCRIBE THESE PAGES

PREFACE

In two volumes which appeared in 1897, and in two others which followed them, at a year's interval, I published large portions of my *Diary* kept between the first day of the half-century now approaching its close, and the 5th of October 1881, when I left England for India.

From these four volumes I excluded nearly everything that related to the more serious interests of my life, such as the business of the House of Commons, and the political opinions I had formed during many journeys, undertaken with a view to study persons and circumstances on the European continent. I had said all I cared to say about these matters, in my place in Parliament, on many platforms, in several books, as well as in a great variety of pamphlets and

signed articles. I thought myself justified accordingly in directing my endeavours chiefly to amuse the lighter hours of readers, whose tastes, in the employment of those hours, were not unlike my own.

The two volumes which I now offer to the indulgence of those who care to follow me into new scenes, cover the period which elapsed between my departure from this country and my laying down the Government of Madras in December 1886.

So far as I can, I have excluded business, politics, and the graver interests of a Governor from these pages also; but there is this difference between the life to which I had been accustomed in the House of Commons, and the life I led in India. The Head of an Indian Government knows nothing of the Recesses which diversify the Parliamentary year and prevent its monotony becoming intolerable. The day hardly ever dawns for him which is not largely occupied with public affairs of one kind or another.

That being so, it is hardly possible absolutely to exclude business from these pages; but I have done my very best to effect that object. I am the more able to do this, because in 1884 and 1886 I published in India two "Minutes" *Anglicè* State-papers in the nature of Bluebooks, which, taken together, set forth pretty fully my views upon the things which most occupied my mind in my capacity of Governor of Madras, and sent copies of them to all my friends in this country whom I thought likely to be interested in Indian Administration.

For some reasons I should like to have reprinted these as part of this work; but as they would have nearly or altogether doubled its size, have been very dreary reading for persons not interested in Indian affairs, and have thus scared away the very readers to whom the four volumes, of which these are a continuation, were specially addressed, that course was out of the question. I have placed, however, in an Appendix, an address which I delivered at

Madras as Chancellor of its University, in which I said a good deal upon subjects lying within the province of an Academic authority rather than of a Governor.

Outside my immediate duties, my two greatest pleasures in the East were the letters of my friends in Europe or elsewhere, and the vegetation surrounding me, which made almost every walk ride and drive extremely agreeable. Of the first of these pleasures, my readers will be able to judge from the numerous extracts with which the kindness of a great many people has allowed me to enrich these pages. I have been obliged, however, for obvious reasons, to leave unused all, or nearly all, letters which dealt with politics and kept me exceedingly well-informed about what was going on, at least up to the eve of the great earthquake which shattered the party with which I had so long acted.

Of the pleasure I derived from the vegetation of the country, I cannot so easily convey an idea. Yet to leave it out entirely would give so false

an impression that, although I shall strike out references to it by the hundred, I must perforce leave a certain number, which can, however, easily be skipped by those who have no interest in plants. Such of my readers as care for good stories will, I think, find a reasonable number of them, though not so many as I may have to offer at some future period, when I may be dealing with my life after I had returned to Europe, and found myself once more, to borrow a phrase from Dr. Parr, *in plena luce Londinensi*.

I trust the two volumes will leave on the mind the impression that the life of an Indian Governor may be a very agreeable one, and it must be remembered that the official portion of it, hardly noticed in these pages, the *solidus dies*, extending from after breakfast till the sun is low enough for the evening ride, is often full of interest. People in this country think that Indian business is dull because its nomenclature is puzzling and its geography unfamiliar. It is, nevertheless, far from being dull to those who

have to transact it in direct contact with the facts. Some matters, no doubt, which come within the ken of a Governor are tiresome enough, more especially the "personal questions"; but the large questions of policy, of which there is good store, and many items of mere current business are frequently very interesting indeed.

When a man has for nearly a quarter of a century led the life of a Member of Parliament, ever critical when out of office, ever on the defensive when in office, it is highly agreeable to be able to say practically the last word upon almost everything he cares to form an opinion about. To look at public affairs from the point of view of the local British Providence for between thirty and forty millions of men, after having looked long at them from the point of view of a member of a huge popular Assembly, teaches one a great deal about human history. He must be strangely constituted who does not become wiser by the double experience.

1881

October

9. THE Bay of Biscay was merciful, and when I came on deck, yesterday morning, we were some eight degrees west of Greenwich, running along the coast of Algarve. A soft breeze blew from the shore, bringing with it the odour of aromatic plants. I fancied I could distinguish that of the cistus. Soon we passed St. Vincent and the signalling station of Sagres, which carried my thoughts to Prince Henry the Navigator. All day Browning's lines kept running in my head:—

"Nobly, nobly, to the north-west, Cape St. Vincent died away.
Sunset ran one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay,

Bluish o'er the burning water, full in front Trafalgar
lay.
In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned Gibraltar
grand and grey."

They did not, however, fit the facts of the day on which we traversed the 180 miles between Cape St. Vincent and Gibraltar.

The sun went down grandly in the Atlantic, but we were far away from Cadiz, and Trafalgar showed only as a misty line, till night fell, and we passed between its light and that of Cape Spartel, at the north-west corner of Morocco.

Our passage of the Straits could not, however, have been more poetical, for the moonlight was superb, the red light of Tarifa shone from the left, the African Hills rose darkly on the right, and the Lion fortress seemed all the grander, because its solemnity was heightened by the sparkling town at its base. I was glad to have this picture as a *pendant* to another day of my life, noted earlier in this Diary (1872), when I sailed out from Therapia with poor Ralph Earle, in his Caique, till we met the long wave of the Black Sea.

And now I am once more on the Mediterranean.

There comes back to me the enthusiasm of my German fellow-traveller, when we first saw, between Avignon and Marseilles in December 1850, that "Weltberühmtes Meer," and I re-read the lines in Childe Harold:—

> "The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
> And from the Alban Mount we now behold
> Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we
> Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
> Those waves, we followed on till the dark Euxine rolled
> Upon the blue Symplegades."

On the 10th, we had fine views of the Sierra Nevada; but a very unpleasant swell came on in the evening, and we kept too far from the Algerian coast, on the 11th, to distinguish any familiar objects. On the 12th, the weather was agreeable. Soon after day-break we passed Galita, and ran, for many hours, along the barren and sandy shores of Tunis, passing the Cani Rocks on the north and Biserta on the south. Then came Cape Farina and the Bay of Carthage[1] with the Isles of Piana and Zembra, next Cape Bon,

[1] At this point there was captured a little greenfinch, which had come on board quite exhausted. He was brought to my wife and christened Hannibal. Our vessel was the *Rome*.

and, at sunset, Pantellaria, which reminded me of a conversation with Renan, already noted in these pages.

Yesterday, the 13th, was spent at Malta, where we were most kindly received by Sir Arthur Borton the Governor and his family.

The architectural and artistic merits of the historic church of St. John are not great. Nothing in it interested me so much as two relics preserved in the armoury,—the Bull of Paschal II. founding the Order, and the Charter of Charles V. assigning Malta to it. "Never," he said, "was anything so well lost as Rhodes."

I walked over much of the town, getting a general notion of the harbours and their defences, accompanied by Colonel Crichton, who was our fellow-passenger from Gravesend. With him and the Governor, whose Military Secretary he is, I beat over a number of subjects connected with the politics of the island, which had occupied a good deal of my attention at the Colonial Office. A drive to the gardens of St. Antonio, full of the trees and shrubs of the Campagne des Fleurs, and famous for their blood oranges, gave me some notion of the island, hideous with stone barns and stone enclosures. St. Paul's Bay, which we

must have passed, as we came in, was too far off to be conveniently visited. Hardly any rain had fallen for months, and everything was parched.

We slept on board, and about breakfast time this morning, 14th October, ran out of harbour. I stood long at the stern, trying to make out the outlines of the group—Gozo, Comino, Cominotto, Malta,—and so good-bye to Europe!

17. We reached Port Said, this forenoon, after a perfectly calm voyage, from Malta. On our last night but one in the Mediterranean, Jupiter rose so brightly that he was reported to the officer of the watch as a ship's light ahead. He cast, when he had risen, a well-marked line of light across the glassy sea.

As we were strolling through the odious little town, Mr. Wallis our Consul, who, with Joyce Bey the Harbour-master, came off to receive me, mentioned that some German girls, who were playing in the far from reputable cafés, came from a group of villages between Prague and Toeplitz, travelled under the charge of a matron, and were most respectable, well-conducted people.

20. At last we are in the Gulf of Suez, after long

detention in the canal. On the 17th, we slept amongst the flamingoes of Lake Menzaleh; on the 18th, in Lake Timsah; and last night, in the Northern Bitter Lake. Captain Roberts, the Peninsular and Oriental Agent, told me to-day that he had ridden, some fifteen years ago, across the very place, in the Northern Bitter Lake, where this 5000-ton ship was at the moment lying. Alike on Monday, Tuesday, and yesterday, we had the Egyptian afterglow to perfection, as we used to have it in 1873, upon the Nile.

A son of Dean Merivale, the Historian of the Roman Empire, who is travelling in the *Verona*, which is here in harbour, came to see me this afternoon. He mentioned that his father had once held a Haileybury appointment. He gave it up, and it was transferred to John Lawrence, so that he is able to boast, with some justice, that *he saved India!*

28. The Red Sea was hotter and rougher than it was when I traversed it in November 1874, and had lost besides for me the charm of novelty.[1] The *Rome*, however, did in 96 hours what the *Malwa* took 132 to do, and by one o'clock, on the 25th, we were at

[1] See *Notes of an Indian Journey*: London, 1876.

Aden. General Loch, the Commandant, came off to receive me, and we spent some hours at his house.

The Bishop of Bombay, Dr. Milne, who was staying with the Lochs, spoke, by the way, of St. Augustine's, Kilburn, as the "finest modern church in England." I said that I must really imitate that Lord Chesterfield, who, having heard the greatest praise of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, from a Cardinal, drove thither on his return from Rome, before he went to Chesterfield House.

We are, as I write, about half-way from Aden to Bombay.

Mr. Michie, an Englishman, exceptionally well acquainted with China, mentioned to me, the night before last, that Hart calculated that about fifty millions of human beings had been destroyed in the Taeping rebellion, and that, from the number of large cities, which he himself had seen so utterly ruined, that you could shoot pheasants on their site, he did not think the estimate an exaggerated one.[1]

We kept the Arabian shore longer in view than I

[1] After my return to England I asked Sir Thomas Wade whether he thought this an exaggerated estimate, "I think it is a very moderate estimate," was his reply.

did in the *Malwa*, and had not lost sight of it, before we were off the range marked in the map as the Seger Mountains.

29. The north-east monsoon is blowing, but not too strongly. I leant over the bows, and thought of the words of Sir William Jones:—

"When I was at sea last August (that is, in August 1783), on my voyage to this country (India), which I had long and ardently desired to visit, I found one evening, on inspecting the observations of the day, that *India* lay before us, *Persia* on our left, whilst a breeze from *Arabia* blew nearly on our stern. A situation so pleasing in itself, and to me so new, could not fail to awaken a train of reflections in a mind which had early been accustomed to contemplate, with delight, the eventful histories and agreeable fictions of this Eastern World. It gave me inexpressible pleasure to find myself in the midst of so noble an amphitheatre, almost encircled by the vast regions of Asia, which has ever been esteemed the nurse of sciences, the inventress of delightful and useful arts, the scene of glorious actions, fertile in the productions of human genius, and infinitely diversified in the forms of religion and government, in the laws, manners, customs, and languages, as well as in the features and complexions of men."

30. Mr. W. Hunter[1] told me that he had once

[1] Now Sir W. W. Hunter, K.C.S.I.

travelled to India in a Messageries steamer, with a number of young French priests, who, full of the history of Xavier, were going out to live and die in the East. On board the same ship was the Spanish Archbishop of Manila, an ecclesiastic of the Blougram type, who spent his time mainly in his deck-cabin reading Balzac. When the devotions of the young men were a little too loud, the Archbishop's chaplain, who was worthy of him, and described them to Mr. Hunter as "peasants dipped in ink," used to say, "Softly, softly, my brothers, do not interrupt Monseigneur's meditations!"

He further called my attention to the extremely unjust odium which has attached itself to the name of Juggernath, "a most respectable divinity, who can produce a good character of three hundred years."

Another of his subjects was Goa in its first or military, its second or ecclesiastical, and its third or commercial stage.

31. We landed this morning in Bombay—at the Apollo Bunder (where I said farewell, as I supposed for ever, to India in 1875[1])—with batteries saluting, ships manning yards, and all the usual ceremonies.

[1] See *Notes of an Indian Journey*: London, 1876.

At Parell, where I am now writing, we are most hospitably entertained by Sir James Fergusson, with whom I sat long in the House of Commons, and who was sent out by the late Government just before it fell in April 1880.

Here we have divided into two detachments—the larger one going forward to Madras, my wife and I, with Victoria, and some of our staff remaining at Parell.

November

5. I re-saw at Bombay with the Governor some of the things I saw in 1874, and visited, for the first time, his villa at Malabar Point.

On the 1st, there was a large dinner at Parell, followed by an evening party—the gardens charmingly illuminated; and on the 2nd, we went, in some four or five hours, to Gunesh Khind, near the battle-field of Kirkee, where there was a not less brilliant festival. The Sirdars of the Deccan gathered in some force to meet the son of the historian of the Mahrattas.

On the 3rd, I visited the botanical gardens at Dapoorie with Mr. Wodrow, whom I had seen in 1875, and in the afternoon we drove round the native

town, dining with Sir John Ross, who commands the Poona Division. At the station we were met by the railway carriages, which belong to me as Governor of Madras.

We breakfasted yesterday, 4th November, at Shahabad, whence to Raichore we were accompanied by a son of Sir R. Temple's, who is Political Assistant to the Resident at Hyderabad, and told me a good deal about the tangled politics of the Nizam's dominions.

At Raichore, on the Madras frontier, we were met by Major Kenney Herbert, Military Secretary to Mr. Hudleston, who has been Acting Governor since Adam's death, Colonel Shaw-Stewart, and others. At Adóni we were engarlanded with jasmine by a native deputation from that town. From Goondakul to Tadpatri we were accompanied by Mr. Huntly Gordon, the Collector of Bellary.

When I awoke this morning we had passed Arkónam. It had rained heavily through the night, and the country looked delightfully green, as we ran along amongst rice-fields, set with the wild date and the palmyra,[1] to Perambore, where

[1] The palm which very probably suggested the common fan—*Borassus flabelliformis.*

there was a short halt for dressing. That operation over, we again moved forward to the Central Station at Madras, in which most of the leading officials, with their families, were assembled to meet us. Thence we drove to the Secretariat and ascended to the Council Chamber, where I presented the Royal Warrant and took my seat as Governor "under the usual salute from the ramparts of Fort Saint George."

The colleagues with whom I thus became associated were the Honourable W. Hudleston and the Honourable D. F. Carmichael.

Before leaving the Council Chamber, I notified my having taken charge of the Government of the Presidency to the Secretary of State, the Governor of the French Settlements in India, the Maharajah of Travancore, the Rajah of Cochin, and the Rajah of Puducotta. I likewise formally appointed the members of my personal staff.[1]

[1] Captain Ambrose Awdry, Royal Engineers, Executive Engineer, 2nd Grade, Madras Public Works Department, Private Secretary. Major Almeric George Spencer, "The Essex' Regiment," Military Secretary. Lieutenant Cecil Charles Cavendish, "The Highland Light Infantry," Aide-de-Camp. Lieutenant Arthur Henry Louis Bagot, "Prince Albert's Light Infantry" (Somersetshire Regiment), Aide-de-Camp. Lieutenant William E. Evans-Gordon, of the Madras Staff Corps, Extra Aide-de-Camp. Surgeon-Major John Mackenzie, M.D.,

We then drove to Government House and took possession.

It would be out of the question to include in this Diary any account of my official work here. There will be ample materials, of a different kind, available for any one who cares to interest himself about it. I shall accordingly record only the same sort of things which I recorded in Europe, inserting here and there, perhaps, a speech or an official paper, but very sparingly.

6. Drove along the beach with Captain Cavendish, in the golden evening, and, passing through great plantations of cocoa-nut, reached the Cathedral, where we attended service.

7. Examined the harbour, accompanied by all the officials chiefly concerned with the works.

Brandis, sent down by arrangement between the Viceroy and myself about our Forest affairs, came to talk them over.

I first came across Dietrich Brandis,[1] whom I here met, under circumstances so different, when we were living on the Rhine in 1865. His brother, John

Army Medical Department, Surgeon. Sirdar Bahadoor Oosman Khan, Subadar-Major, Seconded, of the Body Guard, Native Aide-de-Camp.

[1] Sir Dietrich Brandis, K.C.I.E.

Brandis, whom, at that time, I knew better, was Private Secretary to the Queen of Prussia, now the Empress Augusta, and died early. His father was the well-known Professor at Bonn, and the same who, once speaking to me of Pusey, said very wittily, "He is Ehrenkatholik."[1]

Held a levée—348 people.

9. My first Council.

10. In the afternoon my wife held a reception—some 400 people.

12. A cyclone is raging. Down to the pier with the Master Attendant, where the sea was running frightfully high. Our poor harbour is terribly damaged, the Titan cranes swept away, and some lives lost.

19. Received the leading Muhammadans and made, in reply to their address, my first speech in Madras.

From the morning of 7th November, when I began my work, till two days after Christmas, we remained in Madras, except on 22nd November, when we drove to Guindy, the country house of the Governor, to give a ball, and slept there.

My day commenced about six, and ended soon

[1] See this Diary for 1865.

after ten,—the time going mainly in these seven things—

(1) in dealing with official papers, very much, *mutatis mutandis*, like those to which I had become so accustomed at the India Office and the Colonial Office;
(2) in giving business interviews;
(3) in getting to know and form a personal estimate of most of the people, through whom the Government is worked at the centre of affairs, as well as of some few Collectors and others from the interior;
(4) in visiting, mostly in the early morning, a large number of public institutions;
(5) in holding Council;
(6) in giving a long series of dinners and a few other entertainments;
(7) in making a variety of speeches.

For exercise I walked a good deal, and rode a little. When circumstances permitted I botanised, before the sun had got hot, in the Park of Government House, in the Agri-Horticultural Gardens or elsewhere, and, ere long, had added pretty largely to the list of

tropical plants, which had passed for me out of the unknown into the known.

23. I had to-day a letter from the Ex-Guikwar, who is a political prisoner here, in which the following passage occurred :—"If a man, harassed by the heat of the sun, goes under a mango tree, though it is immovable, it gives him shade to sit under, and by blowing a gentle breeze and by giving him its fruits to eat, brings relief to his mind.

"While, as for yourself, you are a kalp[1] tree, and, therefore, I am confident that you will grant my petition, and give me the pleasure of a visit."

25. My wife and I went this afternoon to the Convent of the Presentation, where we were received by the Vicar-General, Dr. Colgan, and the Sisters, all of whom are Irish.

27. Sir Frederick Roberts, who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, landed this afternoon, and came to stay with us, along with Lady Roberts and his family. In their suite are Colonel Pretyman and Captain Chamberlain, a nephew of Sir Neville's.

29. With Sir F. Roberts to the fort before break-

[1] A mythological tree, the giver of all good gifts and fulfiller of wishes.

fast, inspecting batteries, barracks, and so forth. I never before was in a powder magazine, materially not morally speaking, and the precautions which soldiers take in entering one were new to me,—the removal of spurs, the laying aside of swords, the list slippers, and so forth.

Amongst others, we met Major Keyser. Colonel Pretyman said to me, "The last time I met that officer was at Candahar. It was he who saw twenty-six miles off the flash of our Heliograph, as we were marching down from Cabul. 'Who are you?' he signalled. We replied, and asked the news. In a quarter of an hour we had all the information we required about the place and the garrison."

30. We gave a Ball in the Banqueting Hall, which, when lighted, is really a very magnificent and most festive chamber.

December

6. I spent an hour at the Observatory, seeing, for the first time, the Rings of Saturn. I saw, too, Neptune, which, even through a powerful telescope, looked very small. It is, however, one hundred and six times bigger than our earth.

7. Dr. Colgan brought Monseigneur Laouenan, the Vicar Apostolic of Pondichéry, to breakfast. In the course of conversation, I asked him where he had studied, and his answer led to some talk about Renan. "C'était mon condisciple," he remarked. "Did you go with him," I asked, "to Saint Nicolas du Chardonnet?" "No," he said, "I was with him when Dupanloup made his tour to look for promising 'sujets,' and like him was asked to go to Paris; but I had not then determined to adopt the ecclesiastical life, and declined. I re-met Renan, however, again at Saint Sulpice, and was with him there till he changed his views."

It was only by the last mail that I received from Renan the seventh and last volume of his *Origines du Christianisme.* He sent me each as it came out, and I suppose I was the only Englishman who saw the proofs of the first volume.

I do not know that I have any where noted a curious story which was told when it was creating such a scandal. It was said that the clergy of Genoa, desirous of deprecating the wrath of heaven on account of its publication, had decreed a *triduo.* The peasants flocked in from all the country round,

for, said they, "is it not the *triduo di S. Renan?*" The mistake was not altogether unnatural; there really was a S. Renan, who is the same personage who figures in the name of Sir Walter Scott's novel, *St. Ronan's Well.*

But to return to my guest, we talked a little more, and it turned out not only that he had been the tutor of Mademoiselle Gravier, Ollivier's second wife, but that he had seen her when he was in Europe to attend the Vatican Council, the very day after the fall of the Ollivier Ministry, when she said, "Ah, Monseigneur, if we had only taken your advice last year!" his advice having been that Ollivier, having had the great success of the Plébiscite, should slip for a time out of the Government,—advice good, no doubt, but, like many other pieces of good advice, impossible to follow.

These curious links with one's past, turning up in this conversation at the end of the world, interested me very much.

8. Mr. Steavenson, the Honorary Secretary of the Agri-Horticultural Society, told me, this morning, that an ayah might be heard addressing her charge as "My Raja," "My green parrot," "My *Tecoma stans*," using, of course, the Tamil name; so great has been

the impression which that tree of the new world, now common all over India, has made on the popular mind.

20. My wife, complaining of the various noises of an Indian morning, and referring to the Xantholaema,[1] said, "Then there is that bird ; I am sure the soul of Alexander the Coppersmith has passed into him, and I am much afraid the Lord will *not* reward him according to his works ! "

We gave at night the usual State Ball in honour of the Queen's birthday. It is celebrated twice in Madras, in May on the hills—in December on the plains.

25. We kept up the good custom of having a Christmas tree, but our Christmas tree, instead of being the pine of the North, was the *Murraya exotica* sent in from Guindy.

27. After despatching the English mail, we transferred ourselves to Guindy, thus closing the first scene of our life at Madras.

31. A sharp earthquake. Like the one we experienced at Castellamare in 1875 it followed violent and long-continued rains.

[1] This gorgeously coloured bird, which is very common, makes an ncessant din like a coppersmith at his work.

1882

January

Shortly before 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th, I started from Guindy for a short excursion, accompanied by Captain Awdry and Captain Bagot. As we passed Mr. Orr's shop, he showed us a very large rough diamond, which was lately found in the Bellary District, and which he is sending to England.[1]

These Tours of Inspection, as they are called, have a public character. My colleagues, accordingly, and the leading personages of Madras came to the station to see me off, and our party was reinforced, as we proceeded, by many officials.

After my return to Guindy, on the 21st, I recorded a long minute, noticing therein the chief matters of public interest that presented themselves during a

[1] Since cut successfully, and holding a good position amongst diamonds under the name of the Gor-do-norr.

journey which carried us across the Nílgiris and down the Ouchterlony Valley into the gold district of the Wynaad, whence, passing by Devala and Vytheri, we descended the Tambracheri Ghaut, and crossed Malabar to Calicut. From Calicut, we diverged to the Nilambur Teak plantations, and then returned to Madras *viâ* Beypore.

Faithful to my plan of saying little of my public life in this Diary, I do not insert either the minute or any of the speeches (ten I think) which I delivered on tour.

I subjoin, however, a few particulars which did not find a natural place in an official document.

The starlight on the night of the 9th at Neduvatam was enchanting. Hardly less remarkable was the view over the great forests from Neduvatam. In the early morning of the 11th, these were covered by a stratum of clouds, some hundred feet deep, the upper surface of which looked like a vast field of hummocky ice.

A dynamite salute, which was fired out of bamboos, in my honour, at Devala, was a new experience, and so was a ride, at Penorah, upon a pony which had made the march from Cabul to Candahar, to say nothing of the mangosteen which I ate at Burliar, or the jungle

fowl and the sambhar which I tasted in the Ouchterlony Valley.

I had likewise various botanical walks with Mr. Jamieson at Ootacamund, with Dr. Bidie at Neduvatam, with Mr. Morgan on the high mountain shola above Penorah; and I added a good many to my rapidly-increasing list of Indian plants.

Near Vytheri, I was introduced to the terrible *Laportea crenulata*, which was brought me from a jungle about a mile off by Mr. Morgan, and which is thus described by Colonel Beddome:—

"This dreadfully stinging tree or large shrub is only too common in most of our Western Coast moist forests up to 5000 feet, and it also inhabits Ceylon, Bengal, and Java; it is introduced here chiefly to caution Forest Officers against it with reference to its stinging properties. I quote the following from Lindley's *Vegetable Kingdom*:—

"'Leschenault de la Tour thus describes the effect of gathering *Urtica crenulata* in the Botanic Garden at Calcutta: "One of the leaves slightly touched the first three fingers of my left hand; at the time I only perceived a slight pricking, to which I paid no attention. This was at seven in the morning. The pain continued to increase; in an hour it had become intolerable; it seemed as if some one was rubbing my fingers with a hot iron. Nevertheless,

there was no remarkable appearance,—neither swelling, nor pustule, nor inflammation. The pain rapidly spread along the arm, as far as the armpit. I was then seized with frequent sneezing and with a copious running at the nose, as if I had caught a violent cold in the head. About noon I experienced a painful contraction of the back of the jaws, which made me fear an attack of tetanus. I then went to bed, hoping that repose would alleviate my suffering, but it did not abate ; on the contrary, it continued nearly the whole of the following night, but I lost the contraction of the jaws about seven in the evening. The next morning the pain began to leave me, and I fell asleep. I continued to suffer for two days ; and the pain returned in full force when I put my hand into water. I did not finally lose it for nine days." A similar circumstance occurred, with precisely the same symptoms, to a workman in the Calcutta Garden. This man described the sensation, when water was applied to the stung part, to be as if boiling oil was poured over him.'

"In cutting boundary lines, exploring forests, botanising, etc., I have been very often stung by this plant both on the hands and face, but never found the effects so violent as described by Leschenault ; they are, however, bad enough, the pain being felt more or less for several days, and always being intensified by the application of water. With natives the sting often brings on fever, and the plant is known to coffee-planters as the Fever Nettle and the Devil Nettle. In Ceylon it is called Maoosa."

Of animals I saw few; but amongst them was a charming company of black monkeys at the top of the Tambracheri Ghaut.

I was much amused with a story[1] which was told me at Walliar, and which I sent home to Arthur Russell, for the Breakfast Club. The authorities of the Madras Railway received one day the following telegram from that remote station, which is some three hundred miles from the capital:—"Tiger jumping about upon the platform. Staff much alarmed. Please arrange!"

Nothing could exceed the friendliness of our numerous hosts in the Wynaad and elsewhere. Great luncheons were only too numerous for one who, like myself, was obliged to be a mere spectator.

Returned to Guindy I fell back into the same life which I had been leading since I took charge of the Government, except that having pretty well got through my "institutions," I had the hours between sunrise and breakfast more to myself. Mr. Hollingsworth, the Government House Apothecary, an excellent botanist, was, as for the week or two before I started, much with me in the early mornings.

[1] Since often repeated in various forms.

24. The Madras Racecourse is close to the gates of Guindy, and it is the custom for the Governor to give a prize. The race for mine took place to-day, and was won by a horse called Palmerston.

We had a ball at night, and the gardens were lighted up. Captain Awdry said to me when I was at Parell, on the evening of the 1st November last, "We can do better at Guindy." And it is true, the place is admirably fitted for fêtes.

31. The Maharajah of Travancore, the ablest as well as the most important of South Indian Princes, came to see me this afternoon.

February

1. I returned the Maharajah's visit. He was lodged in a house opposite the Cathedral, and the chimes played "Jerusalem the Golden" all the time I was there. As he was dressed from head to foot in cloth of gold, the hymn had a certain ludicrous appropriateness.

2. Baxter arrives, with a son, daughter-in-law, and daughter. We had asked some of the principal Europeans of Madras to meet them and the Maharajah at dinner. Many natives joined the party in the evening.

3. —— told me that, *àpropos* of my patronage of the races, he had said to his wife, who is apt to take things literally, "Well, who would have believed that Grant Duff would have become a racing man!" "Who, indeed," she replied, "and at his age too!"

4. With Baxter to see the Artillery sports at the Mount. The driving was very admirable. Baxter said, "If any one a year ago had prophesied that you and I would be here together, on 4th February 1882, should we not have been surprised?"

5. The Baxters left us. Their visit—the first we have had from any of our English friends—has been, of course, a great event.

10. I presided to-day, for the first time, in the Legislative, as distinguished from the Executive, Council, and we passed, *inter alia*, the Salt Bill, which has formed a subject of discussion here and at the India Office for many months.

13. Mr. Purdon Clarke, of South Kensington, sent out to buy Indian manufactures, and introduced by the Lord President, leaves Guindy after a week's visit. He has travelled much in Persia as well as in this country, and is a mine of information about Asiatic Arts. I have learnt a great deal from him.

14. Runga Charlu, Prime Minister of Mysore, came to see me. I thought the advice he told me he had given to his young master very judicious, "Be cautious," he said, "how you announce prematurely your views about public affairs. Wait till you see what turn things take. If they go wrong, it is always so easy to hang one of *us!*"

March

2. I have been spending most of my mornings, of late, in the gardens, marking the principal trees and shrubs with metal labels. The temperature, till it gets towards 8 o'clock, is still delightful.

To enumerate even the most conspicuous plants of the gardens would be out of the question; but, amongst those which give me most pleasure, at present in flower, are *Beaumontia Jerdoniana*, *Jacquemontia violacea*, *Thunbergia grandiflora*, *Thunbergia Harrisii*, *Combretum densiflorum*, *Guettarda speciosa*. To name these, however, is almost a reflection upon others which are equally delightful. The grand *Beaumontia*, however, well deserves the foremost place. It appears on the breakfast table every morning, and has done so for weeks.

On the 3rd I left Guindy with Captain Awdry, Major Spencer, and Captain Cavendish for Coimbatore, from which I ran up to see my wife, and make various arrangements at Ootacamund, visiting Sim's Park with Dr. Brandis and Mr. Jamieson on my way back to the plains. On the evening of the 13th I reached Salem, returning to Madras on the morning of the 16th.

I recorded a short minute on the public aspects of my tour after I got back to Guindy. In the course of it I delivered three speeches,—one at Coimbatore, one at Perur, and one at Salem.

News of the birth of another daughter reached me as I was presiding in Council at Fort Saint George, a few hours after I had returned to Madras.

18. Inspected the Volunteers and delivered a speech from the back of Antar, my white Arab.

23. Presided in Convocation as Chancellor of the University, and admitted the candidates to their degrees.

31. A good many venomous snakes were killed at Guindy this spring, most of them while we were removing an old aloe hedge, which was uncomfortably near the house. The list given to me contained two

cobras, five Russell's vipers (*Daboia elegans*), one Krait (*Bungarus Cœruleus*), one *Trimeresurus* said to be *Monticola*, and no less than eight carawalas (*Hypnale nepa*).

April

3. I see by the A.D.C.'s books that, since our arrival at Madras, we have had 674 guests at dinner, not including people staying in the house, nor our own party, nor people who dined with me while I was on tour.

4. I left Madras yesterday, at 4 o'clock, by a special train, taking with me my colleagues and various officials, in addition to those of my staff, who had been with me at Guindy. Travelling through the night we reached Mettupalaiyam about six and Ootacamund soon after eleven.

7. The European Mail brings a letter from Arthur Russell, in which, speaking of the Jumbo craze, he says, "The British public has had a fit of moral elephantiasis."

8. Ride Antar with Major Spencer to the top of Dodabetta, 8760 feet above the level of the sea, and walk down. The view is panoramic and very noble.

The wild strawberry grows in great abundance on the summit. One of the common pelargoniums of our English gardens has been planted there, and looks quite at home.

10. Dr. Brandis, the Inspector-General of Forests, dines with us. He told me that he well remembered Niebuhr in 1830, and the terrible effect produced upon his mind by the news of the Three Days in Paris.

Brandis also mentioned that, when he was a boy, he and one of his brothers, who was rather younger, wandered all over Attica botanising in perfect security. They were molested by no creature except the large dogs. So well had the Bavarians got the country in hand.

14. My first Council at Ootacamund. Sir F. Roberts, who has not been with us since before Christmas, was present. He is my near neighbour, living at Snowdon, just on the other side of the shola or wooded ravine, which runs down to Government House.

The European Mail arrives. —— writes that when Lord Houghton's death at Athens was rumoured, Sir F. Doyle said, "His exit is the result of too many entrées."

Mrs. Godfrey Clerk told me to-day at dinner that when she was in London last year, some one said in her presence, "It is strange that Bradlaugh, although he speaks well, should never be able to manage the letter *h*." Sir F. Halliday, who was sitting by, remarked, "The reason is obvious; we know that—

'T was whispered in Heaven,
'T was muttered in Hell.'

and Bradlaugh will have nothing to say to either."

21. Sir F. Roberts shows us before Council the new uniforms which he is about to propose to us for the Madras Army.

The European Mail arrives. My sister[1] writes from Weimar, giving a very interesting account of the performance of Faust at the theatre there, on the fiftieth anniversary of Goëthe's death. She sends me also a poem of his, written in the Album of a friend, shortly before the end, and till now unpublished:

"Lange hab' ich mich gesträubt,
Endlich geb' ich nach;
Wenn der alte Mensch zerstäubt
Wird der neue wach.

[1] Madame Obrist Grant Duff.

Und so lang du das nicht hast
Dieses Stirb und Werde,
Bist du nur ein müder Gast
Auf der dunklen Erde."

Mrs. Stanley Nelson sends an amusing riddle :

"A word of eleven letters. The first six Gladstone loves, the rest he hates. The whole said slowly he would like to do. The whole said quickly is where he ought to be.—REFORM-A-TORY."

—— supplies the antidote to this in a letter to my wife. She mentions that Lady Sligo, becoming impatient with a common friend, said to him the other day, "Really, I think, you see no difference between Gladstone and the Pope." "Oh, yes," was his reply, "a great difference ; *I* don't think that the Pope is infallible."

Mrs. Craven writes from Paris, with reference to a letter which I had sent her from Guindy, in memory of 9th February 1848 :—

"How strange it is that you should remember so faithfully that day, whose memory is kept up by myself *alone* in the country where so many might remember the time these dates refer to. Everything that was generous, loving, even cheerful, seems to disappear from the French

disposition, and, at times, I feel wretchedly alone—not as all old women must from the gradual disappearance of all their contemporaries, but in a quite different and new way. Madame Swetchine, though she was older than I am, when she died, was to the last surrounded by younger friends, with whom she could entirely sympathise, the colour of whose thoughts was quite the same as hers. But that is just *where* the great change has taken place, and so I understand nobody, and nobody understands me."

I have been taking exercise chiefly by riding up, and walking down the hills behind the house, diverging, from time to time, to search the sholas for plants, and am gradually getting to know something of the Nílgiri flora.

28. The European Mail, which arrived to-day, left London on Good Friday, in the middle of the Easter Recess. It brought accordingly but little from my friends there. Renan, however, sent from Paris his translation of Ecclesiastes, the preface to which is full of suggestive remarks, as, for instance, the following:—"Ce que Cohélet,[1] en effet, est bien essentiellement et par excellence, c'est le Juif moderne. De lui à Henri Heine, il n'y a qu'une porte à entr'ouvrir."

[1] *i.e.* the Preacher.

May

8. I was just starting to breakfast with Bashir-ud-Dowla, the brother-in-law of the Nizam, who is staying at Ootacamund, when a telegram was brought to me. It contained the terrible news of the murder of Frederick Cavendish, and, of course, altered all my arrangements.

11. Attended the Wellington races and lunched with my staff, who have a pretty camp near the course. Wild weather, with thunder, rain, hail, and what not, cut short the proceedings, and we drove back in a deluge, accompanied by the largest flashes of lightning I ever beheld. The four horses never shied nor flinched.

12. The English Mail comes.

Lubbock mentions that a boy, sent from Rugby to a school where more attention was paid to science, was asked, "What is a theodolite?" "A hater of God," was the reply!

Lady Reay writes that a French girl, speaking of her husband's quiet way of enjoying a joke, said, "Il sourît aux éclats."

18. Daud Shah, the late Commander-in-Chief of

the Afghan Army, one of the handsomest and most gigantic men I ever saw, dined with us. In the evening, someone showed him a picture of Mecca, in a recent number of the *Graphic*. He asked, "Where is the Caaba?" And, on its being pointed out to him, lifted it to his forehead and kissed it.

25. We did not keep the Queen's birthday yesterday, as it was the anniversary of poor Adam's death. To-night we had an official dinner of forty-five (at which I spoke) and a ball after it.

The English Mail comes. A correspondent tells me that the Prince of Wales introduced Chamberlain the other day to a foreign Royalty as "Mr. Chamberlain, the member for Birmingham." "Birkenhead," said the potentate, "I vos there ven I vos yong. It is a dirty 'ole!"

June

2. Our new daughter, born 16th March, was to-day christened Iseult Frederica by Bishop Gell. Her godmothers are Mrs. Greg, the companion of so many of our journeys, associated, too, with our visit to Brittany, the meeting-place of the Iseults,[1] and

[1] See Mat. Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult*.

Lady Malmesbury, the youngest daughter of my old friend John Hamilton. Her godfather is Sir Frederick Roberts.

5. The monsoon is fairly upon us. Captain Bagot and I were riding on the slopes of Dodabetta, in weather which recalled Skye during the autumn rains, when we were overtaken by Sir Frederick Roberts, who introduced to me his new Aide-de-Camp Captain Hamilton, a very interesting letter by whom, describing the disaster at Majuba Hill, he lent me the other day.

9. The English Mail arrives. Mrs. Bishop tells me that Millais' picture of Cardinal Newman is "of his red silk and his fatigue, not of his pathos and subtlety and English grit."

28. The Goethe Almanack, which George Bunsen sent me, and which always stands on my table, quotes for to-day the passage of Faust, in which occurs the line "Weh dir, dass du ein Enkel bist!" It reminds me of the letter of the Duke of Bedford to Arthur Russell, announcing the birth of his first boy "Weh dir, dass du ein *Onkel* bist!"

Lady Reay mentions that when the Prince of Salm-Salm was travelling in the United States, some one

asked where he came from, "Oh from Sing-Sing," was the answer!

John Morley, writing to me of the author of *John Inglesant*, speaks very happily of his "melodious and composed kind of English."

July

2. I received this morning a cipher telegram from the Viceroy, warning me that we might have to send troops to Egypt. I saw accordingly the Commander-in-Chief, as well as the Military Secretary, and telegraphed to alter the arrangements for my approaching tour, some portions of which, as originally settled, would have taken me too far from the railway.

Leaving Ootacamund on the morning of 3rd July with several of my staff, I visited Erode, Bhawani, Trichinopoly, Dindigul, Tanjore, Vellum, Vellore, Chittore, Ranipet, Arcot, Wallajahpet, Bellary, Kamlapúr for the ruins of Vijaynagur, Hospet, the Sandúr Valley, Gooty, Anantapur, Tadputri, Cuddapah, Conjeeveram, Arconum, and other places, returning to my starting-point on the 26th, after a journey of more than 1800 miles.

I received a variety of addresses and made thirteen

speeches; but all the business side of my tour is described in a long official minute, which is on record, so I only insert here a very few matters of non-business interest.

11. Just as the fireworks began at Vellore a telegram, announcing that the bombardment of Alexandria had commenced, was placed in my hands.

12. While the municipal address was being read to me this morning at Chittore, a huge elephant, belonging to the Zemindar of Kalastri, a great temporal chief, charged a smaller elephant belonging to the Mohunt or High Priest of Tripaty, thus disestablishing the church much more rapidly, alas! than we did in Ireland. The stampede of the crowd was a sight to behold. The natives took to the trees like squirrels.

17. I spent some time to-day at Bellary in looking through a book of extracts and a collection of autographs belonging to my host Mr. Huntly Gordon. The first, which had been formed by his grandmother when she was residing in Brussels in the Rue Ducale, contained, *inter alia*, some lines by Scott on his return from visiting the field of Waterloo, on the 10th of August 1815.

The emotion of the moment carrying him into exaggeration, he wrote—

"The sound of Cressy none shall own,
And Agincourt will be unknown;
And Blenheim be a nameless spot,
Long ere thy glories are forgot."

Byron read or heard this when he, in turn, visited Mrs. Gordon on 4th or 6th May 1816, and immediately added—

"I'll be d——d if they will, Mr. Scott."

In the same volume, in Byron's own hand, are the "*primi pensieri*" for the great passage in Childe Harold—

"Stop, for thy tread is on an Empire's dust."

At the bottom of this page an artist, Mr. Reinagle, sketched an eagle tearing the ground with his talons, and it was on seeing or hearing of this that Byron altered the line—

"Then tore with bloody beak the fatal plain,"

which he first wrote, into—

"Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain."

A year or two later came, in the same book, the autographs of Wordsworth and Coleridge. The former copied his own exquisite lines on Lucy; the latter, I forget what.

Byron evidently looked through this album, for opposite the epitaph beginning—

"Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,"

attributed by the copyist to another hand, he had written—

"No, these lines are Coleridge's."

On another page there was an epitaph, of the comic kind, which was new to me—

"Readers, approach, but not with your hats on,
For under this stone lies interred Bailie Watson."

In the autograph book were a note from Mirabeau to Count Lamarck, a letter from Kirkpatrick Sharpe to Sir Walter, rejoicing in the gift which some one had made to him of five hairs of King Charles of blessed memory,—four gray and one brown,—and calling attention to that monarch's own lines about his "gray discrowned head," as throwing some doubt on certain hair shown as his. Here, too, is the original

version of "Bonnie Dundee" in Sir Walter's own hand. In the printed version there are many small corrections,—all I think improvements,—such as in line 2 "go down" for "shall fall."

In a letter from Bentham to Ellice ("the Old Bear" with whom I long sat in Parliament, as I did with his son, now also dead) occurs the following passage about Cobbett:—"A more odious compound of selfishness, malignity, insincerity, and mendacity never presented itself to my memory or my imagination."

The letter is a remarkable one, and should certainly be printed, if it has not been, as throwing a good deal of light upon Bentham's character, and that light a favourable one, for it is an appeal to the Government *in favour of* Cobbett.

Have I any where noted that I once heard Bear Ellice say, "When I was young and wanted to go from London to Edinburgh, I ordered a post-chaise and put £100 in my pocket. Now I put £5 in my pocket, and there is about as much of that sum left at the end of my journey, as there used to be of the other."

In one of these books I lit upon the curious Italian

saying, alluded to in this Diary for January 1876, in a Spanish dress, and transferred to the period of Ferdinand VII., when the hope of so many Spanish Liberals was in England—

"Paz con Inglaterra,[1]
Con todo el mondo guerra!"

25. In a letter, which came by the last English Mail, but which only reached me to-day, I find the following:—

"Scene, an evening party in London.

"Lord S——. 'Are you going on to —— House?'
"Lady ——. 'No, I am going to my bed.'
"Lord S——, who is very deaf, 'Then we shall meet again very soon!'"

Amongst other things at Conjeeveram, I went to see a little Jain temple, left unfinished, as it would seem, by the original builders, and adopted later to the Shivite worship. Now it is abandoned by all its worshippers, but on its front stands the census number

[1] I have to thank Lord Colchester for calling my attention to a passage in Lord Stanhope's *History of the War of the Spanish Succession*, from which it would appear that these words were familiar in Spain at the time of the Peace of Utrecht, and were supposed to have been spoken by Philip II. on his deathbed.

9-A,—emblematic of the new order of things. I smiled at the unintentional epigram.

29. Mr. Brandt, Judge at Trichinopoly, told me this evening that many years ago he heard a barrister make a most remarkable peroration, in addressing a jury in the Court of Exchequer. Channell, who presided, said, "Eh! what did he say?" and the Clerk of the Court replied, in a stentorian voice, "He said, my Lord, that it was a flea-bite in the Hocean"! *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent.* I myself heard, as I have mentioned on a previous page, Sir George Balfour use the same phrase, *without the H*, in the House of Commons.

The Mail arrives, and brings a letter from the Comte de Paris, to whom I sent last month some Nílgiri orchids. He writes from Château d'Eu, and his views of European politics are as far from cheerful as those of most of my friends of all ranks and countries.

August

9. My Goethe Almanack says to-day:—

> "Alles in der Welt lässt sich ertragen,
> Nur nicht eine Reihe von schönen Tagen."

I wonder if the poet would have written that here on the fortieth day of all but uninterrupted rain.

It was while I was on this tour that I received a letter from ——, who mentioned that at the time of Prince Leopold's marriage Lady —— and Gladstone found themselves together looking down on half the most beautiful women in London in the fullest evening dress. "What a magnificent pageant!" said Gladstone. "Ah," replied Lady ——, "on this occasion I am not surprised at your being in favour of a bare majority!"[1]

The Mail brings a long letter from Mr. Webster,[2] of Edgehill, which contains the following characteristic passage:—

"You please me by asking of my books. I was unable to resist the Beckford Library,—out of all sight the most uniformly fine of any large collection I ever saw, alike in purity and perfectness of condition and in admirable beauty of the bindings. It would be worth your while to get sent you a copy of the priced catalogue :- the ants would surely spare it for a day or two to let you read it. But no catalogue can give one an idea of the spotless beauty of *every* book in it. You know that he never allowed sunlight to touch them or any artificial light,

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[1] A phrase which constantly recurred in the party-strife of the period.

[2] M.P. for Aberdeen.

except from the top and through a double glass roof like that in the House here. Thus the backs of the books are as fresh as their sides; and by opening them freely to air instead of shutting them up under glass, there was no damp in any I examined. The rage at present is rather for great old bindings from distinguished libraries with the cachet of their arms or particular styles than for anything, and thus the enormous and undue prices. A copy of the first edition of Buchanan's Psalms, the same as yours, brought £300 odd. To be sure, it was an L. P., in perfect white beauty as when printed, and encased in such a binding! from the Grolier Library, spotless, delicate, perfect. I got many other things, an almost unique L. P. copy of Bishop Burnet's Memoirs of the two first Dukes of Hamilton in folio with proofs of the Portraits, and Beckford's autograph notes and in fine old red morocco; also some lovely red moroccos and blue moroccos by Derome and Padeloup of Bayle's lesser works and others about Spinoza, and the first editions, under false names, of Voltaire's sceptical brochures, and books of emblems. It was a speciality of Beckford that every book containing prints should have them proofs."

19. It is reported that some one showed Gladstone and Childers a telegram in which it was stated that Arabi had let salt-water into the Mahmoudieh Canal. The replies were like the men. The first said "the wicked wretch!" the second, "how clever!"

Rendel writes from the division lobby under date 21st July: "We have gone from bad to worse. The weariness of this House of dull dispute is intolerable. It is like travelling through a dreary country in a perpetually stopping train. The fidget of it and the futility are beyond belief."

Mallet writes that G. Brodrick said, "The Bombardment and Arrears Bill are both excellent measures, but the first should have been applied to Ireland and the second to Egypt."

24. The conversation turning at the Council luncheon to-day on large trees, and especially on the great Eucalypti in Australia, said to be as tall as Strasburg or even as Cologne Cathedral, Brandis, who did not discredit the statements, said that the highest trees he had ever seen were an *Antiaris* in Tenasserim, allied to the Upas tree of Java, and a *Deodara* in a valley belonging to Kulu. Both were about 250 feet high.

Sullivan tells me that a friend of his was in the Anaimalais. In his camp was an elephant who, in the middle of the night, began to eat the thatch off the hut in which he was sleeping. His servant in alarm rushed in and awoke him, saying, "Elephant,

Sahib, must must." The sleeper, half awake and rolling round, replied, "Oh bother the elephant, tell him he mustn't."

26. Brandis, who breakfasted with us, spoke of Nitszch's long sermons (see this Diary for 1854), and mentioned that a friend of his, mistaking Frau Nitszch for his own wife, had said to her, as he came out of church, "Heute hat er ganz ordentlich genitszcht!"

The English Mail arrives. The Dean of Salisbury writes of a recent gathering at Exeter College, Oxford: "It was curious to see Froude quite in Orthodox Society dining in Hall where the Nemesis of Faith was burnt!"

Mat Arnold writes, "I wish all happiness to your little Iseult; she coincides with Swinburne's poem on the subject, which is just published, and which he has sent me with a pretty letter." After a charming account of the flowers round Wotton in Surrey, he goes on to speak of the religious changes that are coming in Europe, and quotes a very profound sentence of Ewald's: "Eigentlich von der Verkehrtheit des Verhalten's gegen das Göttliche alles Unglück ausgeht."

I left Ootacamund with my wife and some of my staff on 28th August, and returned thither on 20th September, after visiting Coimbatore, Trichore, Cochin, Quilon, Trevandrum, Camp Gorge, Courtallum, Tinnevelly, and Madura—a round of more than 800 miles.

Arrived once more at headquarters, I recorded my usual minute, which having been printed with its appendix of addresses and speeches, need not be given here; but I add some other particulars belonging to these pleasant weeks.

The Coonoor Ghaut looked more beautiful than I have ever before seen it, for the recent heavy rains had crossed the hills and penetrated even to it. Large and gorgeous butterflies sailed about in all directions.

The Walliar Jungle, too, presented a remarkable contrast to the parched and unsightly thicket I had visited in January. It was one mass of foliage and flowers.

All along the road from Shoranore to Trichore they burned incense at intervals—a mark of attention to an earthly potentate I have never before seen!

The following is the translation, which they

handed me, of the Hebrew prayer for the Governor, at the Synagogue of the White Jews in Cochin on 30th August:—

"Our Father which art in Heaven, Thou that hast blessed our ancestors, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, bless His Excellency and magnify his fame. May the Lord preserve him and lengthen his days and years in prosperity. So also may our Father which is in Heaven preserve and bless all his family; the King of the Universe will hear their prayers, and deliver them from all accidents and misfortunes, and make them worthy in all their doings, and may the Father of mercy inspire him and all rulers to be gracious and good unto us and to all Israel our brethren, in his days and in their days. Also in our days let the trumpet of salvation be heard, and let the Redeemer speedily come to Zion. Amen."

The Quilon Residency, which looks like a Grosvenor Square house, stands on the edge of a lovely reach of the lagoon known as Loch Lomond. The prettiest view is just as one rounds a promontory on which is placed the tomb of a retriever, who is said to have saved his master's life at that spot.

September

On the 3rd I attended the Syrian Mass in

the morning, the Catholic Benediction in the afternoon, and the Anglican Service in the evening.

The Syrian Mass was, we were told, partly in Syro-Chaldaic, partly in Malayalam. The communion was administered in both kinds.

The very interesting body known as the Syrian Christians or Christians of St. Thomas is divided into several groups much opposed to each other. In an excellent Address presented to me, they said that "this was the occasion which for the first time after ages of separation witnessed the spectacle of all the different sects of their community following divergent articles of faith, sinking for once their religious differences to do honour to their common friend."

After the Catholic Benediction the native children sang an English hymn.

The lake in which we halted on the 4th for breakfast reminded me of those near Potsdam, but it opened into the Indian Ocean which rolled in over the bar without, however, producing any effect where we were lying.

One of my reasons for visiting Anjengo was that it was long the residence of Mr. Forbes, the author of the *Oriental Memoirs*, who sprung from the Forbeses

who owned Corsindae before it passed to the Duffs, brought up his grandson Charles Forbes de Montalembert, and is thus indirectly connected with some of my most cherished associations.

We found our European Mail at Trevandrum. It brought me, *inter alia*, a letter from Story, the American Sculptor, giving, by desire of Mrs. Marsh, an account of the death, at eighty-one, of our old friend, so long Minister of the United States in Italy. It was an euthanasia :—

"He died," says my correspondent, "on the 23rd of July of an aneurism of the heart. Nothing seemed to presage a sudden termination of his life, and here, among the woods of Vallombrosa, where he had come to pass the summer, he had seemed to be better in health and spirits than he had been for some time previous. On the day of his death he had been occupied as usual, and had been out sitting under the trees and talking freely. He then retired to his room, and at about 9 o'clock was seized with a sudden difficulty of breathing, which lasted some ten minutes, and then, without a struggle, he expired."

The place as well as the manner of his death was fortunate. Where could so great a partisan of the woodland pass away more appropriately than at a spot consecrated to tree-worship alike by Milton's verse

and by its being now the seat of the great Italian Forest School?

There comes back to me, as I write, a recollection of long years ago, the tomb of a forester buried amongst his oaks at Tharandt, near Dresden, and that again leads me to Gregorovius's epitaph on a German historian who died in Rome:—

> "Hier ruht der Geschichtschreiber,
> Im Staube der Geschichte."

In a letter to me this spring, Mr. Marsh mentioned, by the way, the death, at a far more advanced age, of Colonel Caldwell, at whose house in Rome I met, for the first time, so many pleasant people, and above all the Orlichs, so often mentioned in these pages.

Camp Gorge, where we arrived on the night of the 7th, and where we remained to the morning of the 10th, is itself lovely, and the eight miles before one reaches it from Trevandrum even more so.

On the 9th some of the planters, who have settled in these wild regions, got up a beat for us; but neither bison nor elephants appeared, though some of the former were said to have gone back through the beaters.

We sat in an abandoned coffee estate, rapidly passing into jungle, with the primeval forest all around. A great black eagle sailed above, and I heard a tree, whose hour had come, crash down with its own weight and that of years.

Amongst letters which met me at Camp Gorge was one from Lyall, in which he had enclosed a translation into Greek, by Frederick Pollock (eldest son of Sir Frederick, so often mentioned in this Diary), of "The Hindu Ascetic watching the Procession of the Prince of Wales at Delhi."

The lines are transferred to the mouth of a Gymnosophist in the Punjab, B.C. 327. The last four are :—

> Ἀλλὰ γένοιθ' ὅτε ταῦτ' ἔρρει πάλιν ὥστε κονίην
> Ἀνδρῶν μαρναμένων ἐσκέδασε Ζέφυρος
> Ψυχή θ' ὡς χθεσινῆς μορφῆς φθογγῶντε λέληθε
> Νήνεμον ἐξανύοι νήγρετος ἡσυχίην,

which represents very well,

> "When shall these phantoms flicker away,
> Like the smoke of the guns on the wind-swept hill,
> Like the sounds and colours of yesterday ;
> And the soul have rest and the air be still ?"

The rain followed us to Courtallum, and was

persistent there, except on our last day, the 12th, when we made an excursion into the hills, seeing the second and third waterfalls. At Courtallum, by the way, the whole talk is of waterfalls, and, on the 10th, when we arrived, the first or lowest was certainly very striking. All three are pretty, and the view of the first, across the tank of the temple, really beautiful. I was surprised to find that Courtallum is only 500 feet or thereabouts above the sea. I had fancied it was a place like Coonoor, to which it has not the most remote resemblance.

Mrs. Davies, who was staying at the Residency here, showed me an ornament made of the claws of a tigress which her husband, Colonel Davies, had shot in the Coimbatore District, after the creature had destroyed one hundred and thirty people.

Mr. Hannyngton saw the same Colonel Davies shoot a tiger which had sprung on the back of a young elephant and was trying to kill it. The elephant escaped and joined the herd.

On the way from Trevandrum to Pullode I saw, for the first time, the golden Oriole, which has been seen, however, even in the Park of Government House at Madras.

On the 7th we stopped, amongst enchanting scenery, to visit a temple on the edge of the river, where the red-eyed Mahseer are so tame that they almost came on shore for crumbs and rice, tumbling over each other in their eagerness to be fed.

In this part of our route we ought to have met with wild elephants, but only saw their recent tracks.

The rain keeping us imprisoned in the little bungalow of Kadathur Polay, some eighteen miles on the way from Pullode to Camp Gorge, surrounded by its deep trench to keep away these creatures, I amused myself by reading the *Discours* of Cherbuliez and Renan at the Académie Française, which the former sent me by the last mail, thus bringing civilisation and barbarism—Europe and Asia—into sharp contrast. Cherbuliez is as bright and sparkling as his subject, the excellent Dufaure, was not. Renan is as interesting as usual.

Some months ago a report was forwarded to the Government about the Municipal Dispensary at Tinnevelly, in which the following remarkable statement occurred :—"Total number of patients treated is somewhat less this year when compared with that

of the year preceding, on account of the great panic caused among the people by cholera."

With reference to this the Government not unnaturally observed :—

"The decrease is ascribed to a panic created among the people by the outbreak of cholera. This is not understood. In an outbreak of cholera, it may be supposed that medical relief would be more largely sought. If the falling off was caused by people from outside being afraid of entering the town, this should be stated."

The statement was quite accurate, for when the cholera arrived the population abandoned the European medicine-men, and went back to the Devil temples, which have been very generally furbished up in consequence.

The European Mail of 24th August arrived just as we were leaving Tinnevelly.

Mrs. Craven writes from Menou, chiefly to thank me for the "brin de jasmin" enclosed in mine of 13th July.

I took some pains, by the way, to get the same on the evening of 12th July, at Chittore, forgetting that

I was to receive and visit some great chiefs the next day, and that before the sun set I should be swathed, smothered, and drowned in jessamine. The species used here for garlands are different, however, from that which grows in French and English gardens, which I have up to this date seen but once in India, at Hassoon Abdool, in the far north.

I had no idea that the Shiva Temple in Tinnevelly was as fine as it is, and am glad I saw it before Madura. Very memorable to me, too, is a view of the town over a great tank with the mountain of Mohundragiri, and the fine mass of rocky hill known as the Sailor's Cape Comorin rising behind. No one would think that amidst what looks like a cocoanut wood was hidden a large and populous town.

Mr. Pennington's house is the best I have seen in India, putting aside Government houses, but is subject to the inconvenience of the Tambrapurni now and then flowing through it.

I have noticed in the official minute the beautiful illuminations at Madura; but may further mention, as things which interested me, the brilliantly-lighted corridor of the Muttum where the Pandaram or High Priest lives, and the Tunkum, the residence of the

Collector, in which the far-travelled heart of Montrose is said to have passed some time.[1]

High above the Kaity Valley, on the rocky ground to the left as we went down, I saw, for the first time, the noble Nílgiri lily in its wild state. On the Coonoor Ghaut an *Argyreia* was very conspicuous.

From Shoranur to Trichore *Mimosa sensitiva*, the sensitive plant, introduced, but introduced more than two hundred years ago, was extremely common; so were two plants which the natives called Kua, apparently *Zingiberaceæ*, which I have not yet identified.

One of the after-pleasures of the journey was an examination of Van Rheede's magnificent *Hortus Malabaricus*, published at Amsterdam near the end of the seventeenth century.

I think I know another Governor, who might be described as Johannes Munnicks described him in a letter addressed Lectori Botanico in vol. iii.

"Henricus de Rheede quondam Malabarici regni gubernator strenuissimus, praestantissimorum Regum ac magnanimorum illustriumque Heroum ad exemplar, in

[1] For the extremely romantic story of its wanderings see Napier's *Life of Montrose*.

ipso etiam armorum strepitu, rerumque politicarum occupationibus diversissimis studiose semper excoluit rem herbariam, et stirpium in isto mundi tractu nascentium cum primis fuit delectatus."

23. The Mail of the 1st arrives. Rutson[1] writes from Eggesford, the Portsmouths' place in Devonshire:—

"Nothing can be more charming than the country, of woods, lanes, cornfields—with views of Exmoor, in shades of delicate blue and violet, on the one side, and the severer and grander, but much less lovely Dartmoor on the other. Both these are very striking, seen as they are beyond many miles of rich farms and scattered villages."

24. I have been talking much with an eminent Anglo-Indian, who is staying here, of Sir Alfred Lyall's poems. He said to me this afternoon: "I suppose to be good, one must put on a black coat on Sunday." "Oh, no," I replied, "on your way to and from the top of Dodabetta, you won't meet a soul." "Ah," he rejoined, "the black coat on Sunday is one of the last survivals of religion in a Scotchman's mind, 'It is *Theology in extremis!*'"

[1] The companion of my journey through India in 1874-75, and the friend of many who will read these pages.

25. I do not think I noted in this Diary at the time an exquisite little epigram, which Mrs. Craven once repeated to me as I was passing through Paris, and which I found to-day in a memorandum-book. A Catholic dignitary had spoken of the Empress as Blanche de Castille. Some one wrote—

> "Que chacun garde son nom,
> L'Impératrice est fort gentille ;
> Elle est blanche et de Castille,
> Mais Blanche de Castille—ô non !"

30. The following curious passage occurred in an official document sent me the other day. The writer was Mr. Andrew, C.S. :—

"One illustration I may give in passing. Sir C. Trevelyan visited Wallajahpett many years ago ; I believe shortly before the trade fell off. When there, he naturally asked to see the cloths, carpets, etc. Soon after (owing to the railway, of course,) trade began to diminish, and, to this day, I hear that even the well-to-do traders think it was owing to this visit, as they believe that if a great man takes particular notice of a person or place, ill-luck will follow. I can show this by what happened to myself lately. A month ago I was walking near Ranepett, and stopped for a minute to notice a good native house, and asked whose it was, etc. A few hours after, the house

took fire (the owner after his prayers upstairs had left a light in his room !), and the people in the town think the fire was caused by my having noticed the house ! So when His Excellency drove through Wallajahpett last July, the bazaar people did not show him their best cloths, fearing ill-luck would follow ; but also because they thought he would introduce their trade in carpets, etc., into the Central Jail, Vellore, and so ruin them ; and it was not until afterwards that the Tahsildar and Vice-President was able to persuade them that His Excellency meant to do them good, that they sent some better pieces to Ranepett, which, unfortunately, did not arrive until after we had left for Arconum."

I ought to have noted at the time that when, in the end of July, it was reported that I was going to the Anaimalais, the neighbouring population took to flight. "He is coming," they said, "with an army to fight with the Rajah of Cochin about the boundary dispute, and we are sure to be impressed to carry the baggage ! "

Rode in the afternoon with ——. He told me that Archdeacon ——, a friend, once addressed him as Dr. ——, and that he had said, "If you call me Dr. I will do the same to you." "Oh ! " replied the other, "you can't ; I am not a Dr." "You soon

will be," replied ——. "I'll be D —— D if I am," rejoined the Archdeacon !

October

5. The anniversary of our leaving England.

Major Bagshawe, commanding the troops here, told me, at a Ball in Government House this evening, that a few days ago he had seen two hyenas just above the gardens, and within hearing of the band which was playing at the time.

6. I found the other day in a note, by one of my colleagues on an official paper, an excellent bit of canting heraldry,—the motto given to a Dr. Symonds,—I know not whether the father of J. A. Symonds or another :—

"In mundo immundo sim mundus."

7. A social incident to-day reminded me of a picture which I saw some thirty years ago in a German comic paper ; I think the *Fliegende Blätter*. An agonised *Musikkenner* is pouring out his soul to a lady, little knowing that she is the mother of the *Wunderkind* who has just been singing :—"Ich begreife nicht, dass die Eltern des Mädchen's zugeben, das sie singt !

Wenn sie auch so ziemlich gut aussieht, ihre Stimme ist wie ein alter Kessel und geht durch Mark und Bein und dann die Aussprache!"

The European Mail arrives.

Aberdare writes :—

"I often think of you, climbing and botanising in a region which,—not I trust from enchantment lent by distance to the view,—I imagine full of picturesque beauty. I remember that Macaulay compared its approaches to the vegetation of Windsor Forest or Blenheim spread over the mountains of Cumberland, described the climate as equable as Madeira and bracing as Braemar, was eloquent on the beauties of the forest and garden, which you would appreciate better than he. So you can gratify, under delightful conditions, your two master-passions of Government and Botany."

This passage called my attention to Macaulay's letters about Ootacamund, quoted in his life by George Trevelyan. The historian was here in 1834 during the monsoon, and encountered the same horrors which we have experienced, but habits have greatly changed. "During a month together," he says, "I did not get two hours' walking." I have scarcely missed walking or riding two hours any day, rain or no rain, and have botanised a great deal.

I remember Whitbread's telling me that Sir George Lewis said to him, "I don't understand how it is that all you young men want so much exercise. I never take exercise."

Had his premature death, which occurred soon afterwards, anything to do with this physical sluggishness? and what would have been the effect of his survival upon English history? are questions which I have often asked. His own forecast of the future was curious: "Palmerston must soon go, and after him we may have Russell for a time; but then Gladstone is inevitable, and in five years he will have smashed the party to atoms."

He did not foresee the election of 1880; but he foresaw at least eleven years, for he died in April 1863, and as Disraeli said to Lord Lytton, "In politics, two years is an eternity."

I had also a long letter from Coleridge, to a portion of which I replied in the following postscript:—

"I had been already warned by a friend, who knows my way of thinking, not to read Mozley. My interest in the Oxford movement is greater than you suppose. Probably, we never talked much on that subject. I myself came under the spell; but I came under it very early, and

it had ceased to have much influence upon me before I went up to Balliol in 1847. I have retained, however, the greatest curiosity about it, and the greatest wish, before I die, to see its history worthily written. I trust, indeed, two histories of it will be written, one which you could do better perhaps than any man living, if you had the time,—the history of the Oxford movement *pur et simple*, and the other the history of the Oxford movement, *as an episode in the great wave of reflux towards mediæval Christianity in its best form*, which followed the French revolution and in which the names of La Motte-Fouqué, F. Schlegel, the Stolbergs, and Radowitz in Germany; of Manzoni in Italy; of Ravignan, of Gerbet, of Lacordaire, of Mrs. Craven, and of Charles de Montalembert in France, are amongst the most prominent. Both would be most difficult books to write, because they would require, if they were to be valuable, to be written by persons who saw that they were, to a very great extent, mistaken movements, but who, at the same time, sympathised deeply with all that was good in them.

"I don't think you know much about Radowitz,—to me an extremely interesting figure. I once began but never finished a paper about him. Some day I may take it up again. He was, for a short time, Prime Minister or virtual Prime Minister in Prussia, and died in 1852.

"You probaly have long long forgotten that the first time we ever met at Mr. Gibbs's—ages before we were ever thrown much together and became friends,— you

said to me of Ravignan 'that he had opened to you a new chapter in the human mind.' You had heard him at Farm Street. To my infinite regret, I never heard him; but I have known intimately those who knew him intimately.

"I do not think I should have ever taken much to Lacordaire, but Gerbet must have been one of the most fascinating of human beings, who extended his sway over persons who shared few or none of his most cherished beliefs."

12. I paid a visit to Hannibal, the little bird who, exactly a year ago to-day, came on board the *Rome* as we were crossing the Bay of Carthage. He is living, fat and well looking, in the nursery of Government House at Ootacamund.

Miss Lee, a daughter of the famous Confederate General, who is staying with Sir Frederick and Lady Roberts, dined with us. She told me what I had either never known or quite forgotten, viz., that Stonewall Jackson had received a mortal wound by the fire of his own men. His body lay in State at Richmond, and her father said to her, "I have lost my right arm!"

The Northerners, when they marched into Lexington, respected the Southern flag which floated over

his grave,—a fact which is interesting in connection with the story told in Whittier's striking ballad—

> "Up from the meadows, rich with corn .
> Clear in the cool September morn
>
> The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
> Green-walled by the hills of Maryland."

Miss Lee was wearing a bracelet, which attracted my attention, and she took it off, at my request.

It was formed of buttons from uniforms worn in the American war. One was her father's, one Beauregard's, two belonged to two of her brothers, one to an uncle who was a Commodore, one to Prince Polignac, who had fought on the Confederate side, and one to Wade Hampton.

I bade good-bye to the Hills, for this season, early on 27th October, and driving across the Downs to the top of the Sigur Ghaut, descended on Kalhutti, where we breakfasted and then continued our way, mainly on foot, till we reached the malarious little hamlet which stands at the foot of the Pass.

Passing on through jungles where Mr. Brown, who was driving us, had seen as many as sixteen wild dogs holding a council on the road, we passed a village

where the Morning Glory *Pharbitis nil* was in the greatest perfection; and crossing the Mysore frontier, about twenty-six miles from our starting-point, reached the Residency, at the capital, in time for dinner, having driven some seventy-eight miles in about twelve hours.

Here I paid and received the usual visits, saw Seringapatam, examined the jewels of the Maharajah, talked with the Dewan, assisted at a really brilliant exhibition of fireworks, with much else, as is further set forth in my official Minute, dated 6th November 1882.

The Mail which reached us at Mysore brought a long and extremely interesting letter from Charles Norton, dated Ashfield, Massachusetts, 19th September, in which occurs the following passage—

"These verses of Emerson remind me of himself. The chief event, the great change in my life during the past year, is his death and Longfellow's. Death did not come untimely to them, and their absence makes no change in the usual course of the days; but with them away the world is different, and there is a lack that can never be made good. They were a large part of the best that life gave me,—and it is now all relegated to the past. Two natures more intrinsically sweet, and pure, and good are not left; they had both made the best of life; they

preserved their simplicity, and they leave absolutely unclouded memories ; nothing but what is fair in the thought of them. Their death is a great blow to New England. So long as they lived, she easily maintained her intellectual leadership, and her moral influence over the imagination of the nation. This influence needs reinforcing rather than weakening in these days when the West is growing so strong in its material prosperity, and mere material ends become more and more attractive to the mass of men. America gives no promise of developing an intellectual life in proportion to her material development. She is likely to become more and more towards Europe what Sicily was, at first to Athens, then to Rome. The great and more than preponderating compensation is, that here, for generations to come, a vastly larger number of men will be comfortable, will enjoy life with a certain Sicilian semiculture, will be good natured, and mutually helpful, than the world has ever known in such circumstances. Nowhere has the condition of the community made it so easy for a rich man, with a sensitive conscience, to enjoy his wealth."

Lady Reay sends me an amusing account of a conversation of years ago between Lady Westmoreland and old Princess —— about a marriage once proposed between Princess Mary of Cambridge and the present Emperor of Austria.

"But the religion," said the Englishwoman, "would be a difficulty." "Quant à cela," said the other, "on change sa religion comme sa chemise!"

From Mysore I went to Bangalore, where we have a large garrison, and where I assisted at far the most striking parade I have yet witnessed. The gallop past of the Horse Artillery with the guns taken and re-taken at Maiwand, to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee," which the band of the 12th Lancers played superbly, was quite a new sensation.

From Bangalore we went to Hosúr, the Remount station for Madras,—a lovely little bit of quiet English scenery,—avenues of fine trees, paddocks enclosed with hedges, fields of oats and lucerne, happy horses, hay-making in full progress, to say nothing of various amiable dogs, a pony who came into the drawing-room, two grand white Persian cats and most friendly entertainers.

Round this place, as all through the part of Mysore we traversed, *Guizotia oleifera*, a new crop to me, lit up the landscape with its golden composite flowers.

From Hosúr we returned, twenty-eight miles to Bangalore, and started in the evening for Madras.

The English Mail of 12th October reached us

before we left Hosúr. Lady Reay writing of Lowe says, "he touched his forehead with the words 'I am like my father; he withered at the top.'" We had observed symptoms of his memory going, before he left the House of Commons.

She also sends an anecdote *pour la petite jeunesse:*

Mother.—"Are you a good little girl to-day?"

"No, mamma, not weddy dood, not weddy bad—just a comferable little girl."

Victor Cherbuliez, writing on 9th October, says, with all his curious felicity of diction, *àpropos* of my invitation to Madras, "Quelle pâture pour ma curiosité! C'est une espérance à laquelle je ne veux pas absolument renoncer. On dit qu'il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée; une porte entr'ouverte a son mérite, et les espérances vagues sont un élément du bonheur."

The conversation at the Residency in Mysore, where I was staying, turning upon the Khan of Khelat, Major Wylie, who had been in charge of him, mentioned that when that rather barbarous potentate was going down to the Delhi assemblage, he and his suite were found crouched on the table and seats of

their saloon carriage with the water swashing about on the floor. One of them had turned the tap in the bathroom, and like the magician's apprentice had not found the proper spell to bridle the torrent.

On State occasions the Khan never sits down till the Chiefs of the two great Confederations,—the Clans of the North and the Clans of the South,—have done so. These clans make his legitimate army—the one set marching under a red, the other under a yellow flag. He advances in the centre with his bodyguard flying the green standard of the Prophet. His constant endeavours to increase the bodyguard and become more independent of his very republican subjects have been a fruitful source of troubles.

November

5. Reached Government House, Madras, this morning—on the same day and almost at the same moment at which we arrived last year.

I may note a few particulars outside the realm of purely official business. I have made fifty-seven speeches, of which nine were in Madras and its neighbourhood, three at Ootacamund, and the rest all over the country from Hospet to Tinnevelly.

We have had a variety of balls, dances, and other entertainments in the evening; while at dinner we have had 1089 persons, excluding our own party and friends staying in the house. Of these 674 dined at Madras and Guindy, 415 at Ootacamund. Two hundred and sixty-one persons were also asked to dine, who were unable to come.

I have made five tours, traversing 4875 miles (of which 1014 were by road, 215 by water, and the rest by rail), and seeing nearly half the most important places in the Presidency. I have got to know about 250 plants of the Hills, and a much larger number on the plains; but of these last I have not so exact a record.

The *personnel* of my staff has remained as it was on 5th November 1881.

16. Lord and Lady Harris come to stay with us. He is the son of the Lord Harris who was Governor of Madras from 1854 to 1859, and great grandson of the conqueror of Tippoo.

He mentioned at breakfast that he had seen on his way hither, at Malta, an armour plate which had been struck in the bombardment of Alexandria by a Palliser shell, and on which the word Palliser had been printed by its impact!

17. We talked over the season prospects in Council on the 14th, agreeing that there was no cause for uneasiness as yet, though much for watchfulness. Mr. Sullivan said, "I never get uncomfortable till the 15th is passed." In the night heavy rain came on, and more than six inches have already fallen since his remark was made.

18. I have been glancing first at Hosúr and then here at the journals of Caroline Fox in which Mill and Sterling play so great a part. Have I anywhere mentioned that the first said to me of the second, when I expressed some disappointment with his writings, that "no one who had not heard his conversation could form the faintest conception of what he was"?

19. The English Mail arrives. Rutson, speaking of a gentleman who married an intimate friend of mine, says, "You know he is your Friend-in-law."

He also repeats a French story new to me. Immediately after the declaration of war against Prussia in 1870, the audience in one of the theatres called for Musset's Rhin Allemand. The Manager came forward and explained that there had not yet been time to learn it, whereupon Émile de Girardin rose in his

box and said, "Il est donc plus long à apprendre qu'à prendre !"

The friend with whom I stepped for the first time upon Indian soil, and who was the first to call my attention to the atmospheric effects of this country, dating from Hampstead Heath, contrasts the soft grays and greens around her with the scene upon which I will be looking when I receive her letter.

That reminds me that I have nowhere noted what sort of a place this is, in which I am at present living, so I will here enter a description of it which I wrote the other day :—

Government House stands in a Park, or, as it is locally called, a Compound, of 75 acres, between the great thoroughfare known as the Mount Road and another road running along the beach famous for its surf, which is magnificent to those on its landward, and terrific to those on its seaward-side.

It is a large building, of dazzling whiteness, and of an architecture as anomalous as the church in Langham Place, which was described by the Irish bricklayer as built according to Mr. Nash's *positive order*. The interior is not well planned, and there is less accommodation than the outward appearance of the pile

would lead one to expect; but its deficiencies are, in some respects, compensated by the great Banqueting Hall which stands near it, by the Marine Villa which is one of its *dépendances*, and by a small bungalow inhabited by an Aide-de-Camp. The stables are excellent.

The north-east monsoon is at its height, and some six or seven inches of rain have fallen during the last few days. To-day the sky is clear, still flecked with clouds, and the sea-breeze continues strong. As I stand, about half-past two, in the verandah, I have right before me the Bay of Bengal, covered with white horses, while the surf booms like the roar of a great city. Only two buildings are visible from where I am—to the right the Senate House, where I go once a year, in my capacity of Chancellor, to confer degrees; to the left the Fort, where I go once a week to hold Council.

The space between me and the sea is filled, first, by the Napier Bridge which crosses the Coum just at its mouth; secondly, by a reach of the Coum and a grove of the wild date, *Phoenix sylvestris*. Still nearer is a large round pond covered with the *Nelumbium speciosum*, the most historic of plants, as it has been

well called, for does it not figure in the pages of the Father of History? At this moment, the inrush of water from the late rains has made a clear space quite round the plants, but they generally come close to the edge.

Nearer me, and slightly to the left of the pond, is a clump of the splendid *Lagerstroemia Reginae*—not now in flower—while between me and it, is another clump of the sweet-scented *Plumeria alba*, one of the most good-natured of trees, which goes blooming on and on all the time we are here, and was the first object which attracted my eye when I looked from the verandah on the morning of 5th November, last year.

Between these clumps a number of antelopes are reposing.

If I turn slightly to the right, I see a wide space of grass, only broken by three large trees, planted at considerable intervals, being fine specimens of the *Albizzia Lebbek*, the *Ficus religiosa*, and the *Ficus Bengalensis*, respectively. The two last, under the names of the Peepul and the Banyan, are familiar to all readers of Indian books. The other carries my thoughts to my first tropical evening at Assouan.

I have purposely taken my station a yard or two back from the front of the verandah, so as to limit my view and not see the more distant portions of the Park in which there are several pleasant nooks, notably a pond surrounded by the wild date.

It is from the front of the verandah that every fine day after luncheon the kites are fed—a spectacle of which—thanks to their perfect grace, strength, and amiability to each other—I never weary.

24. Major Baring, Financial Member of the Viceroy's Council, with his wife arrives, and we immediately proceed to business. Later in the day Mr. Mackenzie, the Home Secretary to the Government of India, who had been detained in the roads by wild weather, is able to land, and joins us.

There ensued a series of conferences with them at Government House, in which Messrs. Carmichael, Sullivan, Master, Forster Webster, Forbes, Colonel Sankey, Colonel Hasted, and I took part. In the course of these all the principal questions open between the two Governments were carefully discussed.

Mr. Sullivan mentioned to me that one evening in the verandah of the Madras Club he saw something wriggling. It turned out to be a fish, a species of

Ophiocephalus which was taking a walk, as it appears frequently to do, upon dry land.

I recollect hearing that another member of the Madras Club met a jackal in the passage out of which his bedroom opened.

29. I found that Baring, though belonging to his family, had never happened to see the fine lines about Windham's death in St. Stephen's, with which, when I showed them to him, he was much struck :—

"Ev'n in his death, as manly as in life,
He fix'd the moment for the surgeon's knife ;
Each wheel of State in cautious order set,
Lest clerks might miss what nations would regret ;
Wrote to his friends with bold accustom'd hand,
Arguing the problems that perplex'd the land ;
Struck the account that earth to heaven should bear,
His last soft thought—the heart he loved to spare ;
And, to life's partner, life's dread risk unknown,
He closed the door from which there came no groan."

December

1. Our business being now pretty well settled, the Barings went off last night with Captain Awdry to Ootacamund.

2. The English Mail comes. Thiselton Dyer writes of a new *Cycas* lately sent him from Cuddapah :—

"Colonel Beddome had given me fronds of it before, and I was able to see that it was different from the Chinese *C. revoluta* with which he had identified it. Now I have male and female flowers, and it comes out something quite new, and I propose to name it *Cycas Beddomii* in Beddome's honour. I shall describe it, I hope, in the *Transactions of the Linnean Society*. The mere discrimination of a new species is an amusement which palls upon us at Kew. But a new member of the *Cycadeæ*—these decaying aristocrats of the vegetable kingdom, who were in their prime in the Mesozoic before the present flora was even dreamt of—is quite an event. Southern India was, in some respects, the last place where such a novelty was to be looked for."

He also sends me a very curious notice of *Laportea crenulata* from the *Gardener's Chronicle*, written by a Mr. N. E. Brown, who having been stung by one single hair of it in the Palm House at Kew, did not lose the sensation altogether for eighteen months.

In a letter from —— occurs the following passage :—

"Since I wrote to you, —— and I have been 'making a retreat' at the Convent of the Sacré Cœur at Roehampton. I think you will understand, and not despise me if

I say that I don't think I ever really grasped the clear-cut reasonableness of the Catholic ideal of life before. Simplest and noblest of formulas is surely St. Ignatius' fundamental rule given in his *Spiritual Exercises.* I cannot but see its perfect adaptation to meet the sadness, the despair, intellectual and moral, of the pessimists. I trust, I am stronger for the severe process of eight days' thought of the issues of life—about seven hours a day were given to earnest consideration of them according to the Ignatian method—and except for one or two accomplished and devout nuns, we had no companionship. I suppose all doctors of the great religions of the world prescribe this remedy—Buddhists most of all—solitude and silence. Forgive me for writing so much of my own inner self. You know of the lady who, coming out of retreat, was surprised to see ordinary life going on and exclaimed, 'Est-ce qu'on bâtit encore des maisons!'"

5. The Barings and Captain Awdry return from Ootacamund.

I told the Financial Member that this second visit was a sort of substitute for Sidney Smith's "Screaming gate," where he stopped, as he drove away from home, to call for the things he had forgotten, and that we should use it to bring forward all the pecuniary questions that had been left unsettled between our Governments. These were not many however,

General Wilson, the Military Member of the Viceroy's Council, arrived this morning.

Went over the Powder and Gun-Carriage Factories with General Wilson. At the former, which I had not seen before, I learned with some surprise that our gunpowder is made from the Dhall (*Cajanus Indicus*), of which I saw so much in Mysore. In England the fine powder used for shooting is or was made from dogwood, that used for great guns from the alder. In 1857, Lady Mildred Hope told me that in the Crimean War there was a distinct fall in the price of the dogwood and a distinct rise in the price of the alder on the Bedgebury Estate.

I saw some pebble (must I say powder?) about two inches square.

8. Walked with General Wilson in the verandah. He told me that he went through the whole of the defence of the Residency at Lucknow—155 days. One morning, about 9 o'clock, Sir Henry Lawrence was lying on his bed with his hands behind him on the pillow. General Wilson with one knee on the bed was taking some orders about rations, when a shell crashed in and exploded. For several minutes there was total darkness. He called out "Sir Henry are

you hurt," no answer; he called again, no answer; he called a third time. "I'm killed," said Sir Henry, in a faint voice. He had been struck by a large portion of the shell, and died some twenty-four hours after. The boy who was pulling the punkah was also mortally wounded. General Wilson himself had his clothes torn off, and was badly cut in the back, but not on the spine. A fourth person who was in the room was untouched. Sir Henry's last words to General Wilson were, "All your life beware of irresponsible advisers." The allusion was to the young officers who had misled him into fighting the unlucky action at Chinhut.

9. Conversation turned at breakfast on the mutiny, and my wife made General Wilson repeat the account which he had given her of its breaking out at Lucknow. For several days there had been rumours of an intended rising, when, on 31st May, a sepoy came to General Wilson, and asked him to arrange for his messing in the Residency that night, as the mutiny would break out when the evening gun was fired. General Wilson told Sir Henry Lawrence. In the evening they had the usual large dinner, their policy being to show the most perfect confidence and

unconcern. When the evening gun was fired, Sir Henry, leaning round the lamp which stood between them in the centre of the table, said, "Your friends are not punctual." Before Wilson could reply there was a tremendous volley of musketry. "They are very punctual, sir," he answered.

When after the relief of Lucknow, he arrived half-mad with hunger at Cawnpore, he asked a sergeant, "Is there a mess here." "Everything is a mess here," replied the man. And he was quite right. Windham's troops were quite out of hand, had plundered right and left, even drinking up a bottle of ink which, in their intoxicated condition, they mistook for port wine.

11. Glancing the other day over a volume of addresses by Huxley, who succeeded me in the Rectorial Chair at Aberdeen, I came on the following passage, which naturally interested me :—

"In fact, if, for a moment, I imagined that your intention was simply, in the kindness of your hearts, to do me honour, and that the Rector of your University, like that of some other Universities, was one of those happy beings who sit in glory for three years, with nothing to do for it save the making of a speech ; a conversation with

my distinguished predecessor soon dispelled the dream. I found that, by the constitution of the University of Aberdeen, the incumbent of the Rectorate is, if not a power, at any rate a potential energy; and that whatever may be his chances of success or failure, it is his duty to convert that potential energy into a living force, directed towards such ends as may seem to him conducive to the welfare of the corporation, of which he is the theoretical head.

"I need not tell you that your late Lord Rector took this view of his position, and acted upon it with the comprehensive, far-seeing insight into the actual condition and tendencies, not merely of his own, but of other countries, which is his honourable characteristic among statesmen. I have already done my best, and, as long as I hold my office, I shall continue my endeavours to follow in the path which he trod—to do what in me lies to bring this University nearer to the ideal—alas! that I should be obliged to say ideal—of all Universities, which, as I conceive, should be places in which thought is free from all fetters, and in which all sources of knowledge and all aids to learning should be accessible to all comers, without distinction of creed or country, riches or poverty.

"Do not suppose, however, that I am sanguine enough to expect much to come of any poor efforts of mine. If your annals take any notice of my incumbency, I shall probably go down to posterity as the Rector who was always beaten. But if they add, as I think they will,

that my defeats became victories in the hands of my successors, I shall be well content."

Arthur Russell writes: "In the world of science the last news is that Rawlinson's Chronology, by the discovery of cylinders recently deciphered, has been disturbed by two thousand years. He told Lady —— that it prevented him sleeping at night; for these two thousand years must be fitted in somehow. Better he should suffer from this than from Russophobia!"

Walpole writes from his sea-beat kingdom:—

"This place is a very curious one. I suppose the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man sees more of the various machinery of Government, on a small scale, than any man in the British Empire. In the first place, he is Chancellor, and sits (with Assessors) as Chancellor; in the next place, he is President of the Common Law Courts, and always presides at the Gaol Delivery; in the third place, he presides on the Council which is our Insular House of Lords; and in the fourth place, he presides in the Tynwald Court in which the two branches of the Legislature sit together and vote separately (just as the English Parliament did in the days of the Plantagenets). In addition to this, the Governor is his own Minister; he is his own financier and his Home Secretary, and is

occasionally obliged to explain and to defend his own policy both in the Council and in the Tynwald Court."

Coleridge writes better in health, but rather saddened at the thought that he will be the last Lord Chief Justice of England, who will ever sit in Westminster Hall.

15. My colleague Carmichael told me to-day that a lady in this Presidency, who had a sick child, wrote to the Collector of Coimbatore that she wanted it to have fresh ass's milk, at some point on its way down from the hills. The Collector was friendly, his native staff zealous, and at the station named the traveller found all ready to be milked—a she-bear. The words for bear and donkey in Tamil have, in the mouth of an European, almost the same sound.

22. The Harrises return. She says very truly that sailing along the wild West Coast lagoons is like travelling in fairyland. You turn round a corner, and find yourself in a magnificent house, where attendants, food, wines, and all the refinements of civilisation seem to be placed before you by the wand of an enchanter.

25. The English Mail comes.

Lady Temple's sister, who stayed with us at Kneb-

worth, and who even as a girl in the schoolroom sang "Ton Souvenir est toujours là,"[1] so wonderfully well, has, it appears, just married and settled in the Baltic Provinces, whence she writes, enraptured with the splendid winter skies, the clear atmosphere, the pine forests, the rocks, and the river which runs through her husband's property into the sea close by.

26. Ride with Lord Harris, who told me that his great-grandfather, having been wounded at Bunker's Hill, and trepanned in consequence, had mirrors so arranged about his room so that he could see his own brain during the operation.

I asked Lord Harris whether it was not true that the veteran had had to wait many years before he got his peerage for Seringapatam. "Yes," was the reply; "that was why he took the motto, 'For my Prince and Country,' not 'For my King and Country,' the Prince Regent having always supported his claims."

31. The Harrises leave us for Calcutta, to our great regret.

I recorded a few days ago a Minute in which I

[1] See this Diary for 1876.

briefly summarised the principal changes that have taken place in this Presidency in the course of 1882. After it had been submitted to my Honourable Colleagues, it was "placed on the Editors' table," or, in other words, made public.

My day, since I returned to Madras, has gone much as it did last year (see this Diary for 1881), except that my work under heads 3 and 4,—coming to know my leading officials, and visiting the chief institutions of this place—was pretty well got over before I went up to the Hills in April.

I have risen slightly later, and instead of riding a little and walking a good deal have this season ridden a good deal and walked a little.

The weather has been, to my taste, delicious.

1883

January

4. The first day of the year found us still in Madras, where we remained chiefly to show ourselves on the third at the Fair—a great popular festival—which did not take place a year ago, on account of the wet weather which then prevailed.

5. We transferred ourselves to-day to Guindy.

11. Brandis long with me, to take leave, on returning to Europe.

12. English Mail of 22nd December arrives.

Lady Reay mentions, on the authority of Mr. Ward, an American, that Mademoiselle Lenormand was intensely interested, during her last days, in Eugène Sue's *Mystères de Paris*, which was coming out *en feuilleton*, and offered her doctor 20,000 francs

to keep her alive just long enough to finish the last chapter. She did finish it.

Madame Von Schubert, writing from her new home, tells me that Esthonian is necessary, as her servants speak nothing else, but it is a very difficult language to learn. Even the very numerals, which, in most languages are more or less alike, *üks*, *kaks*, *kolm*, do not remind one much of *one*, *two*, *three*.

Mrs. Craven writes: "Adrien de Mun is well, and has quite recovered his spirits; his disposition is now as in his youth—one that breaks down quite, and goes to the very verge of despair; but, then, it is accessible to *distraction* (in French) and needs it, and so gradually his high spirits recover themselves, and bring him back to life again, like a ship out of a storm which has vanished on the waters. It is a very curious character, yet kind and loveable in the extreme."

Mat Arnold, writing on 14th November, to introduce a young connection who has just left his letter, says, "In next month's *Macmillan* there will be a little poem of mine, which, I think and hope, you and your wife, and perhaps Clara too, will like.

John Morley, who has not seen it, persists in speaking of it as the *Dirge on a Parrot.* I will only say that it is not that."[1]

24. General Godfrey Clerk told me that when the English Military Attaché at Petersburg was contemplating a nude statue at the Hermitage, Schouvaloff came behind him and said, "Vous voyez, mon ami, en Russie nous ne cachons rien!"

25. Finish the rough Inventory of the Guindy Gardens.

The house has been nearly full almost ever since we arrived, and we are about to be gayer than ever; so to-day Mr. Hardinge, a grandson of the Governor-General, comes to stay with us, for a little, as extra Aide-de-Camp.

Mrs. Awdry had to-day a letter from Lady Harris, in which she mentioned that her husband asked a station-master on the Darjeeling Railway, the other day, whether they might change from a first into a third-class carriage, "Yes, if you do not inconvenience the third-class passengers!" was the reply.

Duke John Albert, the third son of the Grand

[1] This refers, of course, to "Poor Matthias," the canary, who has by this time become as celebrated as *Geist* in all English-speaking lands.

Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, with two companions, comes to stay with us.

26. Rode, for the first time, a new horse, which has been given to me by Colonel Gloag, who is about to leave India. He came from the Cape, but has obviously Arab blood, and his name is Renown.

29. M. de Heydebrand Lasa, introduced by Count Münster, dined with us. He was the first Minister sent by Prussia to Denmark after the war of 1864, and spoke in high terms of the perfect good-breeding with which Danish Society received him. It was not quite the same with the lower classes, but they also behaved relatively well.

30. A day of much ceremonious visiting in connection with the approaching ceremonial, besides a Legislative and Executive Council.

At night my wife gave a Fancy Ball, to which people were asked to come, as much as possible, in dresses made of Indian materials. She herself appeared as Starlight, with powdered hair, a dress of silver, and diamonds. Mrs. Mostyn, a young bride, sister of Mrs. William Stuart, the wife of our Minister at the Hague, and with whom I travelled to Parma, on

my way to India in 1874; Mrs. Awdry and Mrs. Garstin were also charmingly dressed.

The two Ranees of Travancore were present—an unheard-of event!

February

1. To-day I presented the Insignia of a Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India to the Maharaja of Travancore.

Duke Johann, Count Von Sierstorpff, and Baron Von Tiele added not a little to the pageant, dressed, as they were, in the gorgeous uniforms of the Prussian Hussars and Lancers of the Guard.

A Gazette Extraordinary gives details of the ceremonial.

Father Weld, one of the five Assistants of the General of the Jesuits, dines with us.

Coleridge writes on 4th January:—

"I have been reading, for the first time since I was at Oxford, *Aristotle De Poetica*. It disappoints me, I confess. It is so very external and technical. Now and then there are very profound observations, dropped as it were by the way, but it is a curiously exoteric view of the subject. The best thing I have come to (but perhaps you know it)

is that if you introduce anomalies (Caliban, the witches, Ariel, for example, as I take it), they must still follow their own rules. Κἂν γὰρ ἀνώμαλός τις ᾖ, ὅμως ὁμαλῶς ἀνώμαλον δεῖ εἶναι.

"That is a wonderful bit for the time of Aristotle. There is not a trace in him of his thinking Euripides one whit inferior to the other two; rather the contrary, which, as you know, falls in with one of my prejudices. But the treatise is disappointing, and he promises to explain in another treatise what he means by the famous definition of tragedy—a purifying of passions by means of pity and fear—but no such explanation, it seems, exists. Oh dear, how I wish I had you here to talk about what I care about and you too! None of the younger fellows seem to care an atom about such things."

This day brought to an end the first scene of the second act of our Indian life, which began on 5th November 1882. We have seen at Madras, as well as at Guindy, an unusual amount of society, and some of that Society has been very pleasant. Now my wife is just starting for the Hills, taking Victoria with her, and my departure is even more imminent.

On the evening of 3rd February I left Madras by the *Satara*, in wildish weather, with Captain Awdry,

Captain Cavendish, and Dr. Mackenzie. Landing on the 6th at Gopalpore, I travelled for nearly six weeks in the Ganjam, Vizagapatam, Godávari, and Kistna Districts. After my return on 17th March, I recorded a very long Minute,[1] in which all our proceedings which had anything of an official character are set forth with an appendix of addresses and speeches. I think I made in all twenty-three of the latter.

Here, however, I only note a very few incidents, which had nothing to do with business.

7. The one inhabitant of the deserted Fort of Ganjam was a fox, the first I have seen in India, and a very pretty creature. He could not understand our intrusion, and looked round, when he had run a little way, with mingled surprise and disgust.

9. Sat long under a banyan-tree by a small Hindu shrine, in a wild island of the Chilka Lake, while my staff were shooting deer in the woods around,—

[1] On my return to Guindy I turned to the Minute of my illustrious predecessor, Sir Thomas Munro, dated 7th January 1823, upon the same tour. To bring the change that have taken place, in this part of the Presidency, more prominenty forward than by placing his Minute and mine side by side would be hardly possible. Only sixty years separated the two documents, but we might have been writing about two different planets!

my thoughts far away in the *Rue de Sèvres*. The beaters caught and brought to me a little fawn, which I took care of till the dogs were tied up, and there was a fair prospect of its mother finding it.

10. The fort of the Kalikote Zemindar is approached by a long avenue, on both sides of which, for some little distance, several species of *Bauhinia*, now in full flower, were planted. It is not often that so happy a thought occurs to a native proprietor.

At breakfast in a tent at Kalikote, Mr. Goodrich mentioned the old, but to me unknown, answer given to the question "Whether is the Dauphin or the Prince of Wales the greater man?" "Juvenal has settled that. Does he not say,

'Quanto delphinis balaena Britannica major'?"

11. Saw a fine wild boar trot across the road, on the way from Rambha to Aska. Later in the day our horses ran away, and we were, for a few moments, in very great danger.

13. English Mail arrives.

Miss Lyall, the companion of my journey from Berlin to Dover in 1875, writing under date of 18th January, says, speaking of Gambetta: "I don't know

that he is a loss to France politically, but personally I did feel very sorry that that bright strong spark was blown out. I can't help feeling a special pain at the death of the people who love life, unless they are old and full of days."

Mrs. Bishop writes under date of 14th January: "I mean to get gallantly through the London twilight, which is not a Gottes-dämmerung, but the days are half an hour longer, and that is much joy."

16. At a nautch this morning, in the Fort of the Mandasa Zemindar, Mr. Goodrich said to me, "Do you recognise the air to which they are dancing?" It was "Malbrook se va-t'en guerre." Bussy taught it to the dancing-girls of Vizianagrum, and they to their neighbours.

19. At Parla Kimedi, where I have been for the last day or two, I found an old copy of *Angela Pisani*. As a novel, it is absurd and extremely blackguard to boot; but there is something in George Smythe's writing that has always had a fascination for me. It had in 1845, when I first came across his *Historic Fancies* at Bowls on the verge of the now vanished Hainault Forest, and fifty-four has not repudiated the judgment of sixteen.

How good—from the speaker's point of view—is this fragment of a speech at Canterbury, quoted by Lady Strangford in the Preface :—

"I desert the Tory party? Why, my sole regret is for the youth, the earnestness, the energy, and the passion with which, as a mere boy, I asserted before you the seeming paradox that the Tory party was the party of progress and of the people! But what is this Tory party? What are its principles, its traditions, its illustrations, its oracles? Is it a mere chorus of whiners, who, in all times, all places, all seasons, have whined and whimpered, and canted and cried for a yesterday? Are the principles of the Tory party to be reduced to the negation of the 'No Popery' cry? Are the traditions of the Tory party the traditions of Titus Oates, or even of Sacheverell? Is its illustration the flame of Lord George Gordon's mob? Are its oracles the echo speech upon Penenden Heath, or the hiccoughs of Pitt Clubs? Or is the Tory party a succession of heroic spirits, beautiful and swift, ever in the van and foremost of their age,—Hobbes and Bolingbroke, Hume and Adam Smith, Wyndham and Cobham, Pitt and Grenville, Canning and Huskisson? Are the traditions of the Tory party the noblest pedigree in the world—that long line of democratic measures which begin with the Habeas Corpus Act and end with Corn Law Repeal? Are the illustrations that glorious martyrology which opens with the name of Falkland and

closes with the name of Canning? . . . When I am accused of having departed from true Toryism, I claim asylum, I take sanctuary in the tomb of William Pitt,—not the Pitt of mythology and of Pitt Clubs, but the Pitt of history, the Pitt of immortality. He defeated, if he could not conquer, a narrow, a selfish, a grasping, and a monopolising aristocracy; he raised the commercial class to those high places which, in a commercial country, are their heritage; he enacted those measures of free trade, which he had inherited, in theory, from Adam Smith, and, in practice, from Bolingbroke; he sympathised with those great spirits in 1789 in France, whose production still governs the world, and whose memory still fills it; he forecast a large measure of conciliation to Ireland; and when, defeated by bigotry in high places, he was prevented from enforcing it, he resigned. Such were the principles of that great master. I learned them in the story of his life, and by a diligent study of his speeches; and if I am wrong, I can only say that I would rather be wrong with Pitt, than right with those who profane his memory and blaspheme his great name."

How many men on that side of politics have, in our times, said or written anything equal to the sentence: "When I am accused of having departed from true Toryism, I claim asylum, I take sanctuary in the tomb of William Pitt—not the Pitt of

mythology and of Pitt Clubs, but the Pitt of history, the Pitt of immortality."

Good, too, is his saying: "The admiration of posterity is only the admiration of an ill-informed mob": and, "The man who at five-and-thirty in any measure realises the dream of five-and-twenty, his is the happy life. He may look forward to doing the same at five-and-forty, or five-and-fifty:" and, "The complexion of consumption is the most terrible antithesis in life."

New to me also was Claudian's fine line quoted in the book:—

> "Et platanus platanis ulmusque adsibilat ulmis."

and this version of the well-known words which he quotes from Montecuculi:—

> "Je ne suis pas venu mettre la paix mais l'épée."

Neither had I heard the amusing epitaph on a maker of fireworks, of which, by the way, we have a display at almost every town in which we sleep. "He has gone to the one place where his inventions can be surpassed!"

19. English Mail arrives.

Lady Reay writes under date of 31st January:

"They took us to a great meet of the Pytchley ——. We were covered with furs, and thus we watched the fox escaping beside the carriage from his three or four hundred pursuers. He winked at us as he passed into a thicket."

22. We arrived, immediately after sunset, at our camp, which was pitched on a high bluff, overlooking the Sálur River, amidst a characteristically Indian scene. Far off rose a fine mass of purple mountain, while the nearer distance was occupied by a large mango grove, in full blossom. Still nearer was an immense space of sand, covered by the stream in the rains, over which a great herd of cattle were slowly wending their way, and at our feet an elephant, obedient to every word of her mahout, was enjoying to the full the luxury of a bath.

23. We started as the sun was rising on one side—the moon, just past the full, setting on the other—and driving to the foot of the mountains, climbed them by the new road, which is being made to Potinghy, some two-and-twenty miles off. It is a work of first-rate importance for the civilisation of vast regions in this part of the Presidency, and the loss of life, which has been caused by the deadly fever

of these hills, can only be looked upon as incidental to a campaign against famine and barbarism. Nevertheless, when the men employed on the works salaamed as I went by, the old words of the Amphitheatre came back to my mind, "Ave, Cæsar, morituri te salutant!"

25. At Vizianagrum the scenery round the Garden Palace, where we are staying, reminds me strongly of Spain.

Max Müller writes, under date 28th January, saying, amongst other things, that Gladstone writes from Cannes, "I am recovering the only great faculty which I ever possessed, the faculty of sleep."

Dyer writes on 1st February:—

"We are most grateful for the seeds you have sent us. Most of them are things we particularly want. You exactly hit the point when you say that such things slip out of cultivation. With our cloudy skies it is impossible to ensure keeping them. They don't perfect seed, and are often hard to propagate by other means."

March

4. A portion of the English Mail of the 9th February reached me at Rajahmundry.

Sir F. Pollock writes, under date of 10th February :—

"Really Madras is the land of good things. Your last story of the bear would make a good pendant to the old one, in which a drowsy grandmother, hearing a child read in the Old Testament, 'and three children Milcah bear,' stopped the reading to ask, 'How could three children milk a bear?' Please go on sending these excellent anecdotes."

There is much truth in a remark made by Miss Nightingale, in a letter which I have just received from her, as to the advantage of having two, or, better still, three constitutional elements keeping each other up to the mark, but that presupposes that the constitutional elements are really anxious to get the work done in the best way, which, unhappily, in political life is by no means always the case.

On 3rd March, I received at Cocanada from Sir James Stephen the terribly sad announcement of the death of Henry Smith.

The Mail of 16th February brings from Miss Smith and from Acland full accounts of this tragedy.

Maskelyne writes, under date of 11th February :—

"I don't know any one who does not feel that to-

morrow a part larger or smaller of his power of loving will be covered by the earth of an Oxford churchyard. People say, truly certainly, that to have known Henry so nearly and so dearly as we did was in itself enough.

"But to me at least that is no filling of a void, nor will it bring us back the light elastic ring of his fine raillery, or the ever-fresh fountain of his intellectual sympathy—a sympathy that was as much and as heartily given to those who were far beneath him in power as to those who could move by his side in the highest pathways of man's intelligence.

"You must feel a glow of pure pleasure when you read the *Times* article on him. I remember, when I read that speech which they quote, thanking you in my heart for it."

The reference was to an article in the *Times* of 10th February, which I did not see till I returned to Guindy, the end of which ran as follows :—

"No one who knew the amount of practical work of all kinds undertaken and accomplished by Professor Smith will be surprised that he has given so little permanent literary work to the world. But if his scattered mathematical papers should ever be collected and published, and if he should have left the results of the investigations in which he was for years engaged in anything like a completed form, it will be found, if we are not mistaken, that his mathematical genius was of the very highest order.

In general literature he has done very little in proportion to his powers and culture. We can only recall an Essay on the 'Plurality of Worlds,' reviewing the controversy between Whewell and Brewster, which was published in the first volume of *Oxford Essays*, and a graceful biographical notice of his friend Professor Conington, prefixed to an edition of the latter's *Literary Remains*. But Smith's real work was not done with the pen or in the study. He was a scholar and a student all his life, but he was always and before all things a man of affairs. 'The Savilian Professor of Geometry,' said his friend Mr. Grant Duff, in commenting in the House of Commons on his nomination as one of the Oxford University Commissioners, 'is not merely in the first rank of European mathematicians, but he would be a man of very extraordinary attainments even if you could abstract from him the whole of his mathematical attainments. He was the most distinguished scholar of his day at Oxford. . . . But Professor Smith's extraordinary attainments are the least of his recommendations for the office of Commissioner. His chief recommendations for that office are the solidity of his judgment, his great experience of Oxford business, his services on the Science Commission, and his conciliatory character, which has made him perhaps the only man in Oxford who is without an enemy, sharp as are the contentions of that very divided seat of learning.' The eulogy may have been thought a little extravagant at the time as applied to a man who was not prominent as a

politician, nor distinguished as a man of letters, and who was better known to the world at large perhaps as a fascinating companion than as a learned professor or a busy man of affairs. But those who knew Henry Smith best will acknowledge the justice of Mr. Grant Duff's description of his friend, and though his premature death has invested the words with a mournful significance, we recall them with pleasure as the most fitting tribute we can offer to his memory."

Bradby of Haileybury, whom I have seen only once or twice since I took my degree, and who gained the Balliol scholarship along with Henry Smith, sends me a full account of his funeral, and adds: "I saw Jowett for a little afterwards. He was very sad, saying it would make all the difference to Oxford. Henry held all parties and all studies together,—the great reconciler."[1]

14. Almost the first book I found on my table, when I reached Mr. Horsfall's house at Masulipatam this morning, was the earliest series of Miss Ingelow's poems, and I turned instinctively to an old favourite:—

[1] Jowett emphasised this in writing to me a little later and added: "You and I have lost one of our dearest friends—to me one whose loss makes life sensibly different. I have thought a good deal about him since his death, and he seems to me perhaps the most remarkable man I have ever known."

"The old Mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three;
'Pull if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best,' quoth he,
Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe the Brides of Enderby."

One could not have more appropriate reading in this place, where, in November 1864, some 30,000 people were swept away by a storm-wave. Colonel Hasted, who is with me here, was in the midst of the catastrophe, and wrote an account of it, which has been largely made use of in the forthcoming Kistna Manual.

From Masulipatam we sailed to Madras.

This tour, while extremely full of business interest, has had less of non-business interest than almost any other which I have made.

The beauty of the Chilka Lake, however, deserves to be mentioned, and the fine hill outlines which are visible all through Ganjam; nor, amongst the humours of the journey, should one omit to record the astonishing sermon of which we heard, in which the clergyman observed, "Salvation is freely offered to all,—even to the *repoulsive* native,"—and God knows he is *repoulsive!!*

and God knows how
repoulsive he is

17. Receive, on landing, the English Mail of 25th February.

Under date of 17th February, George Boyle writes from the Deanery of Salisbury, speaking of Henry Smith:—

"I heard no more until last Saturday, when, on my return from the Cathedral at eleven, my wife broke to me the terrible news. It was in your rooms that I first began to know what a man he was. I had met him once or twice before in Palgrave's, but ever since 1847 I think I have steadily increased in admiring regard for him,—the Admirable Crichton of our time. How we talked of him when we were in Ireland together;[1] but when, of late years whenever we met, did we not talk of him? It was, however, when you were his guest, or he was yours, that you knew him most. A real delight has gone from earth, and Oxford has lost the man of whom you said so well that he had not an enemy. I often have desired that he should have done more in literature. The Essay on Whewell and Brewster was one of rare promise. But one can only think of lines like W. S. Landor's on Rose Aylmer in connection with him."

William Spottiswoode, the President of the Royal Society, has sent me a good article by himself upon

[1] In 1855.

Henry Smith, published in *Nature*, and I have read in the *Spectator* another by Charles Bowen, now one of the Lords Justices.

The newspaper tributes to his memory from all sides have been creditable to the writers, and have conveyed to the public as much of the impression of his greatness as could be so conveyed; but it is difficult to put into words one's real thoughts about him. For myself, his whole being, and especially the extraordinary facility with which he did everything to which he turned his attention, gave me less the idea of his being *a superior man* than of his being a quite ordinary and every-day specimen of a kind of creature *superior to man*, who, without having a suspicion of the true state of the case, somehow found himself amongst human circumstances and accommodated himself to the situation as best he could.

I remember, when we were walking down Montserrat in 1864, asking whether he thought that he had more turn for mathematics than anything else. "Oh no," he replied, "I think I could have taken quite as kindly to half a dozen other things."

Something turned the current of our ideas—I think the sudden discovery that we might miss the

train at Manresa or some neighbouring station, and we did not recur to the subject for years. At length in Scandinavia, in 1873, I recalled our old conversation, and said to him, "Now, if you had been by any accident shut out of mathematics, what would have been your second choice?" "Well," he said, "I think classical archæology;" and I could quite understand its being so, remembering the intense interest in the antiquities of Athens which he showed, when we were there together in 1871.

He was, I fear, very tired. As we passed through Schleswig, I recollect his saying that he would not regret to be at rest, and that is nearly ten years ago. Personal ambition and the love of fame are dangerous but powerful stimulants. He was far above these, and simply did what his hand found to do. If it had been otherwise, we might have had a great man still; but we should not have had Henry Smith.

20. Admiral Hewett, who is commanding in these seas, called at Guindy yesterday, and to-day I returned his visit on board the *Euryalus*. Many as are the votes of thanks to which I have been a party, I never knew that the vote resulted in a material object; but in the Admiral's cabin were several very handsome pamphlets

in folio, beautifully printed, two of which were signed by Sir Thomas May, one of these being the vote of thanks of the Commons for Ashantee, in which I doubtless joined.

25. The surpassing beauty of the nights has been a great pleasure during Easter week. I have not been sleeping very well, and have walked up and down the verandah, out of which my room opens, from time to time. The glorious moonlight has killed out all the smaller stars, but the Southern Cross has been in great beauty, and yesterday evening after dinner Orion was quite magnificent. Nothing that I have seen in other lands surpasses the loveliness of Guindy in the silent hours.

31. Presided in the Convocation of the Madras University, and admitted the candidates to their degrees.

In an examination, by the way, which took place in connection with that Institution some years ago, one of the questions asked was: "State how the two points first marked on the thermometer are obtained."

The following was perhaps the wildest of some 570 wrong answers: "The two points were obtained by Sir Stamford Raleigh, when he was in Ireland."

Another ran thus: "If you dip the thermometer in a solution of hydrogen gas, you will obtain the first two points."

These pearls are to be found in a pamphlet published in 1877, and lately lent me.

April

Professor Lawson, who has come out from Oxford to take charge of our botanical affairs, has been staying with us a good deal, and I have had the pleasure of presenting him to many of my vegetable favourites.

These seventeen days at Guindy have been particularly pleasant. I have ridden much in the Park, where the Neem is in full blossom and the Banyan covered with its fresh green leaves. The spotted deer and antelopes hardly pretended to be startled as we cantered by.

The swimming bath I have had made in the building, which I remember in 1875 as a tealery, is a great addition to the general comfort, and we have had a number of small dinners, at which Mrs. Awdry has done the honours.

A great many officials and others assembled at

the station to say good-bye. Amongst them was Mr. Pogson. "What," I asked, "are the names of the two stars that point to the Southern Cross, which I have been watching so much lately?" "They are," he replied, "α and β Centauri; the lowest one is the nearest to us of all the fixed stars. Light only takes three years and a half to come to us from it."

4. Reached Ootacamund.

8. I came across a striking saying of Fiévée's: "La politique même dans les gouvernements représentatifs est ce qu'on ne dit pas."

10. As we were looking on at Polo, my wife reminded me of the beginning of Canto XXII. of the *Inferno*, which fairly, though unintentionally, describes the game.

13. English Mail arrives. Mrs. Craven writes:—

"I had *quite* resolved to be punctual this time, and not to let this month get so far advanced without giving you a '*signe de vie*'; but my time has been lately more taken up than ever, and quite recently very painfully by a short, but rather alarming, illness of my husband's, the first *he has ever had* since we married, *you know how many years ago.*[1] He is now quite well again, and, of course,

[1] In August 1834!

we are arrived at that time of life when illness must be expected; but the first shock of an anxiety, *never* before experienced, was to me very great; it made me realise (what I had never done before) that I was not the only one who was getting old. However, thank Heaven, I don't think his hitherto perfect health has received any serious check, and I hope that, with only taking some little more care of himself, he will continue to be much the strongest of the two, as well as the youngest, which a man only two years older than his wife ought to be considered. I send you a tardy thanks for your amusing and interesting account of your *Arabian Nights'* festival for the investment of your Maharajah. I wish Clara could have been present, as I am quite of my mother's opinion, that one is never too young to be allowed to see any grand or brilliant sight. Early youth is just the time to make *provisions* for *pleasant* future recollections, besides those years being the only ones in life when enjoyment can be unmixed and free from drawbacks. I always remember how I enjoyed the fine sights I saw in my seventeenth and eighteenth years, beyond whatever came in my way later in life in the matter of amusement."

Rutson writes:—

"We then went to see some of the Ashburnham MSS. It is an extraordinarily rich collection; but you can hardly imagine the pleasure that is given by two Missals, —one with miniature groups and landscapes by Perugino,

Francia, etc., called the Albani Missal; and another executed for one of the Medici. These are among those the nation is to buy. They are, I think, the most lovely things of the kind or of any kind I have ever seen."

Mrs. S. Buxton writes that she was not much interested by these, but very much by some of the autographs. "There was," she says, "a long letter from Swift, and a characteristic note from Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, commenting on her dismissal from Court; and a description of the battle of Drumclog, written the same evening by Graham of Claverhouse, and (best of all) the original return of the names of the Buckinghamshire people (there was one woman among them), who refused to pay ship-money. We were told that when this was shown to Mr. Childers,[1] he very properly remarked, 'The rascals.'"

20. English Mail arrives.

Rutson writes, under date 29th March: "I told Bowen your bit of educated native English. He reminded me of some one rendering—

> 'The paths of glory lead but to the grave,'

into—

> 'Ad tumuli fauces ducit honoris iter,'

---

[1] Then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

which, Monro said, would give to a Roman a notion of this kind—

'The road of civil office leads to the jaws of a hillock.'"

Sir F. Pollock sends news of the Breakfast Club:—

"We had a charming breakfast at my house last Saturday. The talk was more purely literary than it often is, and less about political matters.

"Henry Cowper had a story of Emerson's absence of mind and difficulty of finding words when getting old. Going out for a walk with his daughter, he said, 'Have you brought your—your—what's its name—your—thing that your friends steal from you—your—umbrella?'"

Lubbock writes:—

"I am glad you like Christ's[1] book, which seems to me most excellent. By the way, did I tell you of an indignant letter I had from an excellent countryman of yours, commenting on a reference in my *Ants* to Christ, which, he thought, referred to the New Testament?"

28. Glanced again at the Album mentioned under date of 17th July 1882, which its owner had lent us. The thing which Coleridge wrote in it on 25th June 1828 was *Youth and Age*, in which occur the lines:—

[1] The eminent botanist alluded came to see me some years ago at York House. I then learned that his full name was, strange to say, Christ-Socin.—(1898.)

"Hope leaves not us, but we leave Hope,
And quench the inward light of youth."

Lawson remarked very happily that the view of the great plain from the road towards Lamb's Rock reminded him of looking at the moon through a telescope.

30. A conversation at York House before I left England has had an interesting result. Acton has drawn up a list of ninety-eight books, which Lubbock has recently transmitted to me.

"This list is submitted," says Acton, "with a view to assisting an English youth, whose education is finished, who knows common things, and is not training for a profession; to perfect his mind and open windows in every direction; to raise him to the level of his age, so that he may know the (twenty or thirty) forces that have made our world what it is and still reign over it; to guard him against surprises and against the constant sources of errors within; to supply him both with the strongest stimulants and the surest guides; to give force and fulness and clearness and sincerity and independence and elevation and generosity and serenity to his mind, that he may know the method and law of the process by which error is conquered

and truth is won, discerning knowledge from probability and prejudice from belief; that he may learn to master what he rejects as fully as what he adopts; that he may understand the origin as well as the strength and vitality of systems and the better motive of men who are wrong, to steel him against the charm of literary beauty and talent, so that each book thoroughly taken in shall be the beginning of a new life, and shall make a new man of him."

If a grander sentence was ever written about education I never met with it.

May

1. Bagot told me that Dr. Bernays, lecturing at St. George's one day, drank off the contents of a phial before him, mistaking it for water. As he lost consciousness, he said to those who were supporting him, "Write upon my tomb it's *iodide* of mercury!"

He did not die, however, but lived to confirm to Bagot the truth of the story.

On our way to the Wellington Races, where I was expected to appear, I talked with E. F. Webster, Chief Secretary to the Madras Government, about Acton's list of books which I had shown him. "And

yet," he said, "after reading so many of them, we get no further than the words of Hamlet—'Farewell, the rest is silence!'"

He mentioned later in the day that a mahout had once said to him, "If you will tell that elephant to take off your ring, he will do so." And the wise creature did what was expected of him.

2. With Clara to see the Mère Supérieure of the convent, where she is learning French, and stayed for the Benediction. The order is that of the Missionaires de Marie, founded, in 1870, by a Breton lady, still alive in Rome, where they have a convent; but the parent-house is situated between St. Brieuc and Lannion. These two—the one here and a branch at Coimbatore—are, I think, their only establishments.

5. A day or two ago, at breakfast, Colonel K. Herbert mentioned that he had, in 1867, been staying at Mr. Sitwell's in Derbyshire along with General Blumenthal. The conversation turned on a war between France and Prussia, the danger of which seemed to have been for the moment averted: "If you had gone to war, what do you think would have been the result?" asked one of the party. "That

we should have been in Paris in six weeks," was Blumenthal's reply. Some doubt was expressed, and the General added, "If we do go to war, I shall be most happy to see all present at breakfast in the Tuileries—in the Tuileries I say, for I presume that they will give the Adjutant-General good quarters!"

6. Dr. Trimen dined with us and mentioned, speaking of the passion for collecting, that he had known a man who collected the patterns of the lids which cover the openings of coal-cellars in London pavements. He used to stop when he saw a new one, whip out his pocket-book, and make a sketch of it.

8. While writing to Mrs. Craven I chanced to open Alexandrine's copy of *Le plus court chemin*, and found, in her own hand, these words as true in intellectual and practical life as in the life of mystical devotion: "Nous ne ferons jamais rien si nous ne disons pas à chaque instant, et surtout chaque matin: Seigneur, faites que je commence aujourd'hui (ou à présent), car tout ce que j'ai fait jusqu'à présent n'est rien."

They must have been written when she was at Naples in 1840, seeing from her windows the Palais Acton and the Vomero.

She adds: "Il faut aussi dire: faites moi arriver (faites les arriver) au degré de perfection où vous me (les) voulez."

Captain N. Chamberlain dined with us and told several good stories of a Major Dyer, now dead. This officer had risen from the ranks, but could take extremely good care of himself.

One day a young officer, who saw him mounting his horse, said, "Dyer, do you know what you remind me of?" "No," said Dyer, "of what?" "Why," replied the other, "of the statue of George III. in one of the London streets." "Ah," rejoined Dyer, "and do you know what you remind me of?" "No." "Well, then, just of the dirty little street-boy looking at it!"

Again, he one day met a lady entering a ball-room. "Good evening, miss," said he. "Good evening, Major Dyer," answered his friend, very coldly. "You are looking very well to-night, miss," rejoined Dyer. "I wish I could return the compliment," said the lady, who detested him. "Oh, but you could, if you were to tell a lie as I did."

I observe that I have not noted that when we were in the Kistna District, Mrs. Hasted mentioned that

she was once lying on a sofa in a verandah of her brother's house at Pondichéry, when she saw a large black scorpion crawling steadily towards her. Too ill to move or to speak, she lay staring at the creature in utter helplessness, when a great lizard darted down from the ceiling, seized her dreaded foe by the tail and slowly swallowed him.

9. I have continued my examination of *Le plus court chemin*, reading every one of the passages which its former owner has marked. They are very numerous, and are exactly such as I should have expected to strike her as echoing the *ton de son âme* during that Neapolitan sojourn, so different from its predecessors.

Here is one which is interlined and marked on the side with red ink :—

"'Mais comme dit très bien Platon' en ce qui regarde les choses divines, il faut en croire les enfants de Dieu quand même ils ne donneraient aucune raison de ce qu'ils avancent. Il n'appartient qu'aux insensés et aux impies de rejeter comme fausses les choses relevées et secrètes parce qu'elles ne leur sont pas connues ; et de ne pas ajouter foi aux plus honnêtes gens lors qu'ils parlent de choses de Dieu sur ce que leur propre expérience leur en a appris."

Cardinal Bona seems to have been born in 1609, for he began his thirty-eighth year in the autumn of 1646.

13. Clara reads to me a review in the *Spectator* of a life of the late Lord Hatherley. I never knew, what I have learned from it, that Dr. Hook, of Leeds and Chichester, was a nephew of Theodore, who never made a better joke than is that relationship! Have I anywhere noted that Lady Hatherley told me, in her husband's presence, at Rendcomb, that she once saw two young squirrels run up him, mistaking him doubtless for a tree, while the mother sat chattering in alarm? Probably, she undervalued his amiability, having never heard Lord Westbury's account of him, "Our present Chancellor has a character *unredeemed by a single vice*."

All the afternoon rain fell furiously, but, in the early evening, it cleared, and I walked out with Colonel K. Herbert. On reaching the top of the hill above Government House, where, a little later in the year, the *Pedicularis Zeylanica* and the *Halenia Perrotetii* grow so abundantly, we beheld a remarkable spectacle. The clouds over the valley of the Moyar and the Mysore plâteau had arranged them-

selves so as to present the appearance of a scene in Greenland—glaciers, with a deep still fiord running up between them. A ship at anchor in the midst of it would have seemed, had we not known that it was an optical delusion, the most natural thing in the world.

Walked after dinner for a long time up and down the terrace with Mr. Webster, the Southern Cross, which I have rarely seen in this cloudy climate, standing bright over Elk Hill.

Mrs. Awdry has been reading to me, in these last days, passages from the third volume of the life of the late Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce), and I have to-day turned over the rest of its pages.

The most interesting—to me, indeed, the only very interesting—passage in the book is the following, under date of 1870, in the first days of the Franco-German War, and written, as I understand, by Dr. Woodford, now Bishop of Ely :—

"In the castle of Falaise, we stopped for a few minutes at the head of a flight of stairs, before entering the room in which William the Conqueror is said, probably without sufficient reason, to have been born, when I noticed a group of women busied in some employment, I knew not

what, beside a little stream in the valley. 'What are they doing?' the Bishop asked. 'Washing skins in the stream,' our guide answered. More than 800 years before, Robert, afterwards the Duke of the Normans, had looked upon the same scene as he returned from hunting, and Arlette, the tanner's daughter, had become the mother of the Conqueror. I remember well the Bishop's far-away look as his mind seemed to sweep over those centuries of change which had left unchanged that picture of village life."

How Arthur Stanley would have enjoyed such an incident of travel!

The things that have excited most attention in the volume, *inter alia*, the frank judgments of public men by each other, are to me no surprises. I should not have rated the late Lord Clarendon so highly as I do, if I had supposed that he thought better of the late Lord Derby than page 235 shows that he did, while the judgments passed upon Mr. Disraeli by the Bishop himself seem to me perfectly correct.

Considering the immense amount of scandal he has caused, the editor has *peppered* his work with wonderfully few things, at once new and good, and one of the best, the translation of Hearse by *Mors Omnibus*, belongs, as I have mentioned in a previous

page, to Sir George Rose, who ought to have had the credit of it.

It is an interesting and characteristic fact, observes the editor, that one of the greatest of the Bishop's University sermons was preached from no other note than the single word "Fog," written on the back of an envelope. Nothing *could* be more appropriate or suggestive. I remember Robert Chambers's account of a great sermon which the Bishop preached in St. Mary's at Oxford before the British Association, I think in 1847. "It was admirable; it was faultless, or rather there was only one fault, that it was a fallacy from beginning to end!"

My own experience was identical. His language was flowing and forcible, but nothing of any value remained on the mind "die Menschen zu besseren und zu bekehren."

His definition of a *drysalter* as *Tate and Brady* should survive all his sermons, except, indeed, that one, if it be authentic, which was contained in his reply to the rough who asked him the way to heaven. "Take the first turn to the right and go straight on!"

Another passage reminded me of a story, which

circulated at the time, and which has not, so far as I know, been preserved. At the great party held to open the Foreign Office, Mr. Disraeli, who was then Prime Minister, took the Princess of Wales to her carriage. As he returned, he saw his old friend, the Duchess of Somerset, erst the Queen of Beauty, waiting in the hall for her's, and said to her as he passed, "Isn't it like a play?"

I closed the book with the impression that so amiable and remarkable, though so imperfect, a personage who, in spite of his having, as one well qualified to speak said, "spent his life in deceiving himself and others," had so many gifts and good qualities, deserved a better fate than to fall into the hands of so injudicious a biographer.

17. Maskelyne says in a letter just received:—

"Writing to you again brings back to my mind our old link of love, Henry Smith, whom I find myself thinking more of and regretting more instead of less, as time puts its aërial perspective between me and my pleasant communion with him.

"I don't agree in your measure of his quality. I could not take a measure of it, it is true; but I had more to do with him than you had in the field in which he rose to a really high stature, Mathematics. I think if he had chosen

some other field, Philosophy, Economy, Philology, not perhaps active Politics, he would have been recognised as a big man; but, all ambitionless as he was as regards the ordinary rewards of success, he had one sublime ambition, namely, to soar sunward in the quest of some of the great results that mathematics have yet to yield to the human intellect. How well do I remember, in a walk with him nearly thirty years ago, his telling me that his ambition then was to be one day Savilian Professor of Geometry, and to add to human knowledge in that historic chair; and his patent scorn of the forms of ambition that lead to fame or to money as such quite startled me in those days; and in later times, in one of the long nights I used to enjoy with him in the little room I had at my disposal when I went to Oxford, I remember his standing up and, with glowing face and in his golden speech, solemnly telling me that when he was in the spirit of his mathematical generalisations he did look down with indifference on what the world values as symbols of happiness and success: a profound and lofty indifference. He had been, in his lucid way, opening some of the aspects of the transcendental mathematics, as seen by a man who was able to employ them, not only for dealing with the most complex problems of the physical world, but as the simplest and most elegant weapon for the treatment of more ordinary questions.

"People did not think Henry *original;* he seemed to lack initiative. He did not, however, in mathematics;

there he had all the nature of a poet,—glancing from heaven to earth and earth to heaven.

"Well, I won't go on; but it is a calm Sunday, and I feel as if in Church, and better than I generally feel there, when I think of that noble single spirit so great in the aspirations of his intelligence, so sweet in all the intercourse of life, who guided other men as a woman reins a horse by the very gentleness of her resolute hand."

Clara reads to me an article by Huxley in *Macmillan* for this month. I see he considers that the ancient Egyptians belonged to the Dravidian stock, and were its highest branch as the Australians are its lowest. I have been corresponding lately with him about certain deposits in this Presidency, an examination of which may add considerably to our knowledge of the aboriginal inhabitants of South India.

I write to-day to Bryce, finding from a paper in the same periodical that his estimate of J. R. Green's greatness as a historian and his likeness to Gibbon exactly correspond with my own. See this Diary for September 1874.

Amongst many equally just remarks, he likewise says, "Those who knew Green used to feel that they got from his conversation an even higher impression

of his intellectual powers than they did from his writings, because everything was so swift and so spontaneous. Such talk has rarely been heard in our generation,—so gay, so vivid, so various."

He died at Mentone less than a month after Henry Smith. Since I left England, Green the Hegelian, another most distinguished Oxford man, whom I knew much more slightly, has gone too.

24. With Sir F. Roberts to the parade in honour of the Queen's birthday. I wore the uniform of the Colonel of the Nílgiri Volunteers.

Official dinner of forty-five, at which I spoke. After it a Ball numerously attended.

English Mail of the 4th arrives.

Lady Reay writes: "London is dull and gloomy. The north-east wind still blows, and the world of society is chilled and dulled—dynamitisé and economising."

—— says, "By the by, had you ere leaving heard Gladstone's definition of a deputation, namely, 'A noun of number signifying many but not signifying much'?"

He also says, speaking of the inquiry which has lately been going on with reference to Industrial Schools:—

"I was deeply impressed with the prodigious contrast in feeling and thought between Great Britain and Ireland, especially coming fresh to the latter country from the Scotch part of my inquiry. One point of difference was very characteristic of the two peoples. In Scotland, the prevailing conviction was that the Industrial School system, with its many years of detention and exclusion from the 'world,' had been carried too far; that home—unless the very worst—and freedom were a better preparation for 'life' than a prison, however benevolently conducted.

"In Ireland, where the Industrial Schools are almost wholly under the management of religious orders, male and female—excellent people, skilful at their work—the 'world' was *the* thing to be avoided; the contrast with vice in ordinary homes brought far more evil than any possible good which might arise from domestic influences; the one thing was to seclude the children from all outer life,—to make them good and religious,—and to trust to the good impressions thus made to resist the inevitable temptations hereafter. It was the theory of Protestant and Catholic in direct antagonism."

26. The following curious note was sent me a few days ago by Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, the historian of the Madras Army, who resides here:—

"*Translation of a Phirman from the Grand Signor.*

"The Sultan absolutely forbids that any Franks' ships

be permitted, on any pretence whatsoever, to come to Suez, or to be concerned in any trade from Jeddo to Suez, openly or secretly. This is decisive.

"The Suez sea is reserved for the holy pilgrimage of Mecca, and all such as are content to admit Franks' ships to a passage, and do not exert themselves in preventing it, are guilty of infidelity to their religion, to their sovereign, and to all Muhammadans.

"Such as do not attend to this express command, so important to our State and religion, will most certainly meet with severe punishment in this world and in the world to come. Do, for ever, with all zeal and ardour, as we command.

"Our Royal orders are gone forth, and this is our Will."

Copied from Government Consultations, April 1781.

There is nothing in the context to show how the paper was obtained, or why it was entered.

28. Lubbock writes :—

"You have probably heard the comparison of the Egyptian war to a game at whist. Turkey shuffled, Arabi cut, England led and played the deuce, France played the knave, and claimed half the honours."

30. There are good papers on both Green and

Henry Smith in the *Fortnightly*, which arrived last week. Mr. Glaisher says of the latter that he was the greatest English mathematician since Newton.

Lubbock, just starting for a few days' botanising at and near Varallo, during the Whitsun recess, sends a delightful blunder, which he found the other day in looking over a French translation of his book on *Ants*, in time, alas! to prevent its being printed:—

High Elms,
Down,
Kent,

appeared as Les Hautes Ormes, Bas-Kent.

June

2\. Mrs. Awdry is re-reading to me the life of Natalie Narischkin.

When I was in Naples, for the first time, at two-and-twenty, I wrote to some one, I think George Boyle, that one could not look from any eminence, in or around the city, without seeing some spot associated with a folly or a crime. The statement was perfectly correct. And yet how many associations of a very

different kind have, in later years, gathered for me round Naples! With equal justice, if I had known all I know now, might I have quoted Keble's lines :—

"There are in this loud stunning tide
Of Human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

Pollock lately wrote to me from London that Madras was the very land of good things. I fear he generalised a little hastily; still one who likes to be amused is not absolutely famished.

Last year a man in Coimbatore asked me to "put his enemies in hell."

I have now on my table a petition addressed to—

"The Almighty God,
Care of
The Right Honourable
Mountstuart E. Grant Duff,
Governor of Madras,"

from market-people at Trichinopoly, dissatisfied with

the decision of their Municipality upon a small matter, with which the Government was unable to interfere.

A gentleman of high position to whom I recently sent my photograph rather prettily framed, and with an autograph letter, writes as follows to a common acquaintance, who sent the original to Captain Awdry :—

"I celebrated a splendid ceremony in honour of His Excellency by inviting all the gentry of this place, and receiving them in due manner with betel leaves and nuts, sandal rubbings, and such other spices as might meet them with extreme joy. Nautches of dancing-girls were merrily represented, fireworks inflamed, and salutes fired ; and an entertainment was given to the most part of the citizens.

"After performing everything necessary to commemorate His Excellency, I offered my best and sincere compliments of deep loyalty and devotion in the presence of the photograph placed on a throne specially prepared for the purpose."

Mr. Buck, Secretary to the Government of India, who is staying with us, has shown me the copy of a letter which he had seen directed to an officer in charge of a Christian village as : "Captain —— of the Heavenly Host Divinity Force, the Advocate-General of Divinity."

I extract, also, from some papers he has given me,

the following answers made in an examination at Calcutta :—

"Who was Cardinal Wolsey ?

"Cardinal Wolsey was an Editor of a paper named the *North Briton.*

"As Bishop of Yourk, but died in disentry in a church on his way to be blockheaded.

"Cardinal Wolsey was Governor of India (Wellesley ?).

"Cardinal Wolsey was said to be the spiritual guide of the Methodists (Wesley ?).

"What is the meaning of Ich dien ?

"Ich dien was the word which was written on the feather of the blind king who came to fight, being interlaced with the briddles of his horse.

"The Plantagenets put on head an ornament like broomstick, which was called Ich dien.

"Ich dien. The French called the Battle of Waterloo Ich dien.

"What is the meaning of Sheriff ?

"Sheriff was the English Bill of Common prayer.

"Sheriff, Latin term for 'shrub,' we called—broom worn by the first Earl Enjue, as an emblem of humelity when they went to the pilgrimage, and from this their hairs took their crest and surname.

"What is the meaning of 'Thanes ?'

"Thane was a title given to the merchants who have walked three times round the world."

Mr. Buck also gave me the following :—

"*Office Note.*

"Office cat, by reason of death of rats, daily growing lean. Will superintendent please increase the contingent allowance for her restoration to stoutness ?"

And this appeal against a fine by a native Christian—

"Your Honour may be right, I may be wrong ; I may be right, Honour wrong ; let Honour give me back the fine, and then at day of resurrection, when all hearts will be open, if I am wrong, I will most gladly, sir, return your Honour the money."

5. In his sketch of the work of the Geological Survey in Southern India, I observe that Mr. Bruce Foote says that the existing outlines of these Nílgiri Hills are almost entirely due to atmospheric erosion, acting over vast periods of time, the gneissic highlands of the south of the Peninsula being one of the oldest known portions of *terra firma*.

7. The European Mail arrives.

Lady Russell sends me kind messages from the wild hyacinths of Pembroke Lodge, sorely tried this year by a wintry May, and describes the defeat on the

Affirmation Bill as: "The triumph of all that is bad in the name of all that is good."

That is worthy of her late husband, and recalls to my mind the definition of a proverb attributed to him as "the wisdom of many and the wit of one," or his answer to Burdett, when the latter talked of the cant of patriotism as the worst thing possible, that, viz. "the *re-cant of patriotism was worse still.*"

I received also a copy of the *Clairon* of 11th May, in which, under the title of "Un Exemple," I find the following:—

"Au moment où l'on expulse, où l'on insulte, où l'on menace de toutes parts autour de nous, nos pauvres Sœurs enseignantes ou hospitalières, il est à la fois consolant et affligeant de voir comment leurs services sont appréciés, et quelle justice on sait leur rendre aux plus lointaines extrémités des Indes.

"Le Gouverneur actuel de Madras, M. Grant Duff, pendant une récente tournée dans son gouvernement, répondant, le 1er mars dernier, à une adresse du Maharajah de Vizianagram, accompagnée d'un rapport sur le progrès de l'instruction publique dans ces régions, s'exprime dans les termes suivants, qui nous semblent valoir, à plus d'un titre, la peine d'être rapportés.

"'Maharajah . . . je n'avais pas besoin de lire cet intéressant rapport pour être assuré que le possesseur de ce

noble domaine accomplissait le plus dignement possible les devoirs d'un des plus grands seigneurs de l'Empire Britannique. Mais j'avoue que j'ignorais combien ce collège était prospère, et jusqu'à quel point les élèves avaient déjà su répondre aux généreux efforts dont ils sont l'objet. Ce qui m'était également inconnu jusqu'à ce jour, c'est ce fait intéressant que celles qui, les premières dans cette partie des Indes, ont réussi à associer une dame indienne au mouvement de l'éducation populaire, ce sont les sœurs de Saint-Joseph, et je crois que tous ceux qui savent aimer et admirer le beau dans le monde moral, comme dans le monde matériel, seront aussi heureux que moi d'apprendre que cet honneur appartient à un ordre qui ramène notre pensée vers Saint François de Sales, et dont la maison-mère est située près de ce charmant lac d'Annecy, dont le souvenir est si étroitement associé, en Occident, à celui de la religion et de la civilisation.

" 'Je me souviens aussi d'avoir visité sur les rives de ce même lac, l'éminent historien M. Taine, dans une habitation dominée par le vieux château de Saint-Bernard et d'avoir appris, alors, que la dernière châtelaine de ce manoir, fidèle aux traditions du lieu, était morte victime de son dévouement aux malades et aux blessés pendant la guerre franco-allemande.

" 'Ces souvenirs, qui reportent ma pensée si loin de ces lieux, ajoutent encore pour moi à l'intérêt de la cérémonie à laquelle j'ai l'honneur de prendre part.

" 'Quant à la demande que le Maharajah vient de me

faire, de donner mon nom à une classe destinée à former des institutrices, qui doit être confiée à la direction des sœurs de Saint-Joseph, il est superflu de dire que j'y consens avec la plus vive satisfaction.'

"Mais pourquoi faut-il que ce noble langage soit tenu au bout de la mer du Bengale, par le représentant de la reine Victoria, tandis que les représentants de la France ne songent qu'à renier leur gloire nationale la plus pure, et usent de leur force pour l'anéantir, parce que cette gloire est celle de l'antique religion de la patrie, aussi bien que celle de la patrie elle-même ! . . .

"LOUIS GERMAIN."[1]

9. Speaking of a recent letter against Chamberlain, the Duke of Bedford said to —— "What an excellent letter. How one would have liked to have written it, and—to have put it in the fire!" Well might the friend who sent me the anecdote add, "Like the man, isn't it?"

The following passage, which was re-read to me to-day, had quite slipped my memory :—

"Le lendemain de sa mort, Natalie revint prier près d'elle. Ce jour était le 10 février, c'est-à-dire précisément l'anniversaire de celui où, cinq ans auparavant, à Bruxelles, elle avait revu Olga sur son lit mortuaire, et où

[1] Mrs. Craven.

elle avait prié près d'elle pendant ces longues heures dont elle se souvint toute sa vie. Elle ne les oublia pas, on le devine, dans ce jour où par un si puissant et courageux élan, elle venait d'unir étroitement son âme à celle de cette amie qui l'avait tant aimée en Dieu, et dans la vie et à la mort.

"On dira sans doute que cette coincidence de dates est un pur hasard, et nous ne voulons point en exagérer l'importance. Nous aimerions cependant à croire fondées les paroles de l'abbé Gerbet à ce sujet, et à penser comme lui 'qu'il y a des harmonies dans les heures, en faveur de certaines âmes, et que le temps si fantasque, si souvent rebelle à nos arrangements profanes, est sous la main de Dieu, un rhythme souple et docile.'"

13. Turning to-day once more over the pages of one of my copies of Joubert, before lending it to a friend, I lit upon the following :—

"Quelques mots dignes de mémoire suffisent pour illustrer un grand esprit.

"L'homme d'état est un messager à qui le temps présent est remis en dépôt, pour être rendu, tel qu'il est ou meilleur, au temps à venir.

"Les Jansénistes semblent aimer Dieu sans amour et seulement par raison, par devoir, par justice. Les Jésuites semblent aimer Dieu par pure inclination, par admiration, par tendresse, enfin par plaisir."

15. Mr Sinclair, great-grandson of Sir John Sinclair, the Agriculturist, mentioned to me, this evening, that General Frost, who commanded the Missouri Militia, at the commencement of the American War, had told him that General Grant had offered his sword to him (General Frost), and the Southern cause, in return for a Captain's commission. He refused the offer.

Captain N. Chamberlain, who also dined with us, told me that he had played in a polo match at Mhow, one afternoon, had then dined at the Artillery Mess, thereafter danced at a ball till the early morning, and finally ridden 174 miles to Goonah, where, on arrival, he attended the muster parade of his regiment.

16. In a deed of gift by Poorneah, the famous Minister of Mysore, I find the following exordium :—

"May that God, who, in his third incarnation, lifted the earth with his fangs,—that earth which may justly be compared to a large parasol, having for its knob Mount Maru itself,—save you!"

I find the following curious statement in a pamphlet by Mr. Leighton on the Indian gold-mining industries :—

"Shareholders should bear in mind the fact that in Wales 9363 oz. of gold were once obtained from 40 tons of

quartz, and yet gold-mining in Wales has declined year by year, until at present it can scarcely be said to have an existence at all."

17. The *Spectator* of 19th May has published a list of the persons who have died in England, within the last ten years, leaving personal property valued at £250,000 and upwards. There are comparatively few in the list whose names I have heard, and still fewer whom I knew. One of those I did know, and one of the wealthiest, was the same individual who said to Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble), "Do you know what I like to do best?" "No." "Shall I tell you?" "Yes." "To take off every stitch of clothing and sit in front of the fire."

That highest pleasure hardly required so gigantic a pedestal!

18. "On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun, dans la promenade à travers la vie."

This passage, which I find in the preface to the *Souvenirs* which Renan lately sent me, would make a good motto for the title page of this Diary,

for I have steadily acted upon the idea which it sets forth.

20. Colonel K. Herbert mentioned that he was one day inspecting a small stove, which produced considerable results with no more fuel than a sheet of the *Daily Telegraph*. "Do you always use the *Daily Telegraph?*" asked a lady, who was present. "It is not *necessary* to do so," said the tradesman, who was showing the invention, "but we use it *because it contains so much matter!*"

21. English Mail arrives.

Arthur Russell writes that the Irish Extremists say: "The Holy Father is infallible, but under the evil guidance of England he has adopted an 'erring tone.'"

22. To see Lawson's herbarium. He has about 1000 plants already dried, and has, in some five months, found 1300 species at Madras, in Ceylon, and here.

23. When the present Dean of Westminster's Lectures on Arthur Stanley were being read to me, it occurred to me to note that when I was once speaking to him of his delight in preaching on great historical anniversaries, or in remarkable places,

I said, "You preached, I think, at Constantinople on the anniversary of its capture by the Turks?" "Yes," he replied, "but which of all the sermons I ever preached do you think gave me the greatest pleasure? It was the sermon I preached to the Caravan, on the little plain at the foot of Mount Sinai; and what do you think I took for my text? "Now this Hagar is Mount Sinai in Arabia."

Two years this night since I last sat on the Treasury Bench.

26. It comes over me that I have nowhere written down the little-known words of Schopenhauer, which almost daily recur to me since Lubbock sent out to my wife that wonderful photograph of the San Sisto, which now stands upon an easel in the drawing-room here:—

> "Sie trägt zur Welt ihm und er schaut entsetzt
> In ihrer Gräuel chaotischer Verwirrung,
> In ihres Tobens wilde Raserei,
> In ihres Treibens nie geheilte Thorheit,
> In ihrer Qualen nie gestillten Schmerz,
> Entsetzt: doch strahlet Ruh und Zuversicht
> Und Siegesglanz sein Aug' verkündigend
> Schon der Erlösung ewige Gewissheit."

28. The European Mail arrives.

Errington sends me from Rome *De rebus Hiberniæ nuperrima apostolicæ sedis acta.*

Mrs. Craven, writing from Paris on 8th June, upon the same subject, says:—

"Of course, we are deeply interested in watching the effects of the Pope's Circular on those queer Catholics, the Irish! Its contents have often been repeated before, and really the simplest Christian common sense would suggest them and make them binding, and yet all the prestige of Papal authority will have to be exerted to get these strange people to admit that 2 and 2 are 4, for what is true for all the world is not true for Ireland according to their view, and the wrong done by an Irishman is not *at all* in their eyes like the same wrong done by any other man in the world. They are clever, dangerous, mad children."

Captain Evans-Gordon sends me an account of the Moorghias, a wild tribe in Marwar and the adjoining regions, which Colonel Martelli is trying to civilise.

He had collected a number of these people into a village and given them land, but they soon burned their houses, and came to him saying: "Nourisher of the poor, we will give you half the profits if you will let us plunder the country round!"

July

1. The sad news of the death of William Spottiswoode is confirmed by Lawson this evening. It was but a few weeks ago that he was writing of Henry Smith, and now he too has gone—

"God buries His workmen, but carries on His work."

I have taken my exercise mainly by riding and walking on the slopes of Dodabetta, but have fenced twice with General Morgan, a pupil of Angelo's. I have not had a foil in my hand, with the exception of once in the open air at Eden, since my departure from Petersburg in the end of December 1863 obliged me to decline the pacific challenge of the Duke of Leuchtenberg. Of course, one wants practice and gets easily tired, but I do not find that my right hand has quite lost its cunning.

This day completes twenty months since I took my seat as Governor of Fort St. George, the third part, that is to say, of five years.

Our relations with the Government of India have been up to this time of writing, since Baring's mission

in November last, all that I could desire, but this is not the place to enter into particulars about public affairs.

On the 5th of July I left Ootacamund accompanied by Captain Awdry, Dr. Mackenzie, and Captain Agnew.

We slept at Coimbatore, and then visited successively the Shevaroy Hills and Madras, whence we passed to Gooty and crossed the Kurnool District to its capital. We then went, *via* Nandyál, to Pacherla in the Nellamalai Hills, and, returning to Nandyál, followed the Kurnool canal to Kistnapuram. Thence we transferred ourselves by rail to Ranigunta, and saw Chandragiri as well as the sacred hills of Tirupati.

Leaving North Arcot, we next crossed the Nellore District, halting at Venkatagiri, at Gúdúr, and at Nellore town.

At Kistnapatnam we embarked on the Buckingham canal, tarrying at Dugarázpatnam, at the Sríharikót jungles, at Coromandel, and at Ennore.

From Ennore we drove to Guindy, where we remained two days, and then went on to Cuddalore, from which place we returned to Ootacamund on 4th August, having passed over some 1755 miles of country.

I recorded, after our return, my usual Minute, with

its appendix of addresses and speeches. Here, then, I merely jot down, according to my custom, a few things of no business interest.

My sister writes from Weimar: "By the way, our Princess[1] plays so admirably that Liszt says, 'Si elle avait pu être artiste elle serait une des premières.'" And again, "When I was so ill, I used to have *Le Récit* read to me in the night till they might give me my morphine. No other book would have been so tranquillising."

8. At Yercaud our party was joined by Dr. King, of the Indian Geological Survey. He told me, as we walked down the first slopes of the Atúr Ghaut, that, when recently in Europe, he had spent a month at Eden with the gentleman to whom Lord Fife has let the place. He knew, of course, all my old haunts—the Den, Carlincraig, the Riverside, the Bridge of Alvah, etc.

Night fell long before we had reached our camp; but we rode on by torchlight, for the malarious, though beautiful woods, through which we passed did not invite delay.

[1] Married later to Duke Johann of Mecklenburg mentioned on an earlier page.

9. On reaching Government House at Madras, the first thing I observed was that the faithful clump of *Plumeria alba* was, as usual, in full bloom. That of *Lagerstrœmia Reginæ* must have been at its best three or four weeks ago. Only a few spikes are still out, but I see this grand flower on the tree, for the first time.

I do not think that I have recorded the fact that we have in the Madras Museum the gold coin which Claudius struck *to commemorate the conquest of Britain.* It was found in the Madura District of the British Indian Empire,—a circumstance "qui donne à penser!"

Two or three days ago I received a letter from Dr. Trimen, in which he makes an appeal to me in favour of the Madras Government's using the form "Cinchona" instead of "Chinchona," which is, I think, kinder to Linnæus than to the Countess of Chinchon! We are at the worst not so bad as Montalembert, for, in a note to the introduction to his *St. Elisabeth*, I have this morning, at Tammarazpalli, read this piece of truly delicious nonsense:—

"Par exemple, la fleur qui dans toutes les langues de l'Europe s'appelait le *Soulier de la Vierge* a été nommée *Cypripedium Calceolus*. Citons encore un exemple notable

du grossier matérialisme qui distingue ces nomenclatures brutales. Tout le monde connaît cette charmante fleur bleu-de-ciel dont les lobes arrondis semblent un feston d'azur autour d'une auréole d'or, que les Allemands nomment *Ne m'oubliez pas*, et qui en France avait reçu le nom de *Plus je vous vois, plus je vous aime*, et plus généralement encore celui de *Yeux de la Sainte Vierge.* Le pédantisme moderne a remplacé ces doux noms par celui de *Myosotis scorpioides*, c'est-à-dire en propres termes, *Oreille de souris à physionomie de scorpion!* et voilà ce qu'on appelle le progrès des sciences!"

The *Myosotis scorpioides*, by the by, is not the true *Forget-me-not*, but the much-less conspicuous plant now known as *Myosotis versicolor*, because it is first yellow and then blue. The true *Forget-me-not* is *Myosotis palustris*.

Mr. Glenny told me to-day that the large black ant is called by the Telugu people "the benign one," because, unlike his red brother, he will not attack you without something which he considers provocation.

He added that they think it courteous not to say seven but six and one, because the word seven is similar in sound to the imperative of the word to lament.

We passed on to talk of euphemisms generally,

and I quoted the first verse of Faber's lovely lines on Therapia :—

"The sunny wisdom of the Greeks
All o'er the earth is strewed :
On every dark and awful place,
Rude hill and haunted wood,
The beautiful bright people left
A name of omen good."

18. The European Mail arrives.

Rutson writes :—

"Spottiswoode had looked tired and ill for many months. He was a representative man of the Victorian period you speak of in your Queen's birthday speech,—so eminent in science, so much in sympathy with his work people, so fair minded, so gentle, and so perfectly devoted to things that are good."

Writing under the date of 25th June, Mrs. Craven gives me an account of a recent visit to Boury, which is now in hands very different from those in which it was when I was there in March 1874. The present owner is a M. Zendt, an *industriel* of Beauvais, who married Mademoiselle de Boury, belonging to the family which owned the château before the first Revolution. "They are excellent people," and keep

up "every one" of the recollections which have made the place memorable.

25. English Mail arrives.

Webster of Edgehill, writing on 30th June, says:—

"While you will be journeying through a sweltering Indian plain, I have been, for the last two forenoons, enjoying the most delightful hours in a worshipping inspection of the De Romes, the Padeloups, the Deseuils, the Boyets, the Ruettes, Kalthoebers,—I cannot spare you one of them,—in the third part of Beckford's unparalleled library; and, indeed, I shall own that I only deferred the writing you till I should be able to say something of at least the first week's sale. But . . . I must defer my description of the great fights at the sale till its ending. Then I promise myself the gratification of tantalising you by telling you of the treasures of binding that have for ever escaped my hands, and have passed into hands better able to disburse the monstrous prices all will bring. In truth, it is a goodly sight to gladden one's eyes with, and the exquisite perfection that bindings reached in the great Frenchman's hands in the eighteenth century might rouse any one to a feeling of their loveliness. Those men were artists,—not workmen. I am inclined to say, indeed, that Deseuil has got an undue character as the paragon of the school, probably from Pope having so spoken of him; he is unequal; some of his little volumes are admirable (and it is in 8vos or 12mos rather than in a larger size

that binding is seen to advantage,—books should be handleable); but I was a little disappointed with the —well—roughness of others. For all that Deseuil is the name to conjure with, and a volume from his hand, not a bit better than one by De Rome (wrong, it is *Derome*), shall bring double the price. You see I know that I can run on with these effusions of Bibliomania to you, safe in the consciousness of your kindred feeling for the subject."

With reference to our descent from the Shevaroys, Dr. Maclean writes, "Spare me a line to tell me of the health of the party. I have been anxious, for we literally walked through a valley of the shadow of death."

I trust the real one may be as picturesque!

It was, however, the presence of Dr. King, the geologist, which differentiated this journey from all others I have made in India.[1]

To find, in fact, a month in which geology has played so prominent a part in my life, I must go back to the days when I travelled with Robert Chambers in Moray, before I was in Parliament.

August

2. English Mail arrives.

[1] See as to this my official Minute.

Kinglake tells me that Hayward and he were much amused by the examination papers mentioned in these notes for June last.

Speaking of one of these answers, Sir F. Pollock writes, "For the merchant who has walked three times round the world becoming a Thane, my son tells me there is a kind of warrant in a certain fragment of Anglo-Saxon law;" and he encloses a note from his son, from which I make the following extract: "If a merchant so throve that he fared thrice over the wide sea[1] of his own means, he was then thenceforth of thane-right worthy." *De veteri consuetudine promotionum*, a document of uncertain origin. Palgrave (*Rise and Progress*) thinks it poetical in form. From Palgrave and Stubbs (who treats it as credible), it has no doubt passed into popular manuals, and so to the poor Indian of "*over-tutored* mind."

In the same letter, Sir F. Pollock, writing with reference to Lansdowne's nomination to Canada, further observes, "Truly the Breakfast Club is the *Officina proconsulum*, and no doubt Goschen's election

[1] The "wide sea" is, I am informed by the same high authority, the North Sea as distinguished from the Channel.

will tend to bring him back into political office all the more rapidly."

Speaking in his capacity of Secretary of the Dilettanti, he says, "We hail, with the welcome of veterans in the field, the intended promotion of a School of Art and Archæology at Athens, which was started at a meeting at Marlborough House."

After our return to Ootacamund, I fell back immediately into my usual way of life there—with Councils on Wednesdays, rides, and walks in the afternoons, etc.

6. Miss Martin showed me to-day a passage in Joubert, for which I had long looked in vain. It occurs in Titre II. Les Chapitres: "Plus une âme est semblable à Dieu, plus une pensée est semblable à une âme, et plus une âme est semblable à une pensée, plus tout cela est beau!"

It was quoted to me in a slightly altered, and as I think improved, form by Mrs. Craven, when I asked her how it was that the letters of her sisters were superior even to those of Charles de Montalembert. See the paper in my *Miscellanies*, "Must we then believe Cassandra?"

10. European Mail arrives.

My sister writes, speaking of the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth :—

"It is supremely perfect, not luxurious—strange to say. All is very simply done, but perfect in good sense. For instance, the audience are so placed that every individual sees and hears perfectly. There *are no* bad places. Then they can all leave the building in three minutes ; then the orchestra is invisible ; then the stage is of immense depth and height ; then no applause is allowed.

"The scenery, incredibly beautiful, is nevertheless simply managed. There is a separate man for every rope in the place, and each rope has its name written beside it.

"Signals are given by electricity, and one can never tell where the music *comes* from ; it is *in the air* all round you, beneath you, above you, like the sounds in nature.

"The Director waits till the audience is so still that you might hear a fly sneezing.

"Then he gives three little taps ; then silence ; and then a sound—a tone—steals through the air so superhumanly lovely that it goes through 'Mark und Bein.'

"Parsifal has begun."

11. With my wife, Lawson, etc., on the slopes of Dodabetta, finding, amongst other new things, *Laportea terminalis*—a much more formidable-looking, though

not nearly so dangerous, a plant as the *crenulata*, which happily prefers the lower hills.

17. With Mr. Lawson and Captain Bagot to Kartairy, where we spent an hour or two in the Shola under the Fall.

We left soon after ten, and were easily back at Government House by five; but I suppose the difference in the temperature of the Kartairy Valley and of this place must have been something like twenty-five degrees of Fahrenheit.

It is not surprising that the general aspect of the vegetation was quite different.

European Mail arrives.

Mrs. Craven, writing from La Roche en Breny, says, "Madame de Grünne is here with her five fine children, as charming as ever. I certainly hope you will see much more of her hereafter, and place a visit to Brussels among the trips you will think nothing of, when, after your return, you will be visiting your European friends. I don't know any woman of her age who quite equals her."

19. Glance, as frequently of late, at the *Avant-Postes de Cavalerie Légère*, by General de Brack, lent me by Captain Chamberlain. It is a perfect specimen

of a first-hand book, written, not with the help of other books, but straight out of its author's experience—a model of perspicacity and good sense.

20. I have omitted, I see, to notice that a month or two ago George Boyle sent me a little volume containing translations of Tennyson's Epitaph on Sir John Franklin. Two Latin ones by himself are good ; but I have lit upon nothing equal to the Greek one by Canon Melville of Worcester, which Gladstone repeated to me at York House, and of which Melville sent me a copy just before I left England :—

> *σῶμα μὲν 'Αρκτῴαι νιφάδες λάχον, οὐρανίαν δὲ*
> *ἡμίθεος ψυχὴ στέλλεται εὐπλοΐην.*

I prefer this to any of the three versions signed by Melville himself in the book above mentioned.

Here I may record, as a curious sign of the times, that I have just received *Flosculi Graeci Boreales*, an Anthologia, edited by Professor Geddes of Aberdeen, and largely made up of contributions by youths from such places as the remote parishes of Strichen and Edinkillie.

The editor says in his preface :—

"Neque enim dubitare fas est, nisi frigidior multo circum praecordia steterit sanguis, quod in praefervido

ingenio Scotorum minime metuendum est, quin si Buchananus et Arturus Jonstonus palmam Latinae poëseos, suo uterque saeculo, principes tulerint, locus satis honestus in curriculo Olympico adhuc restet Epigonis occupandus.

"At nos, Scoti hodierni, tantorum luminum tardi sectatores, videmur, neglectis Graecis Litteris, Latinas quoque mancas ac dimidiatas reliquisse, adeo ut multis iisque emunctae naris hominibus ipsae Latinae Litterae vilescant. Nec immerito: haud enim poterunt florere Latinae Litterae, nisi ibidem simul fovebitur fax illa sempiterna, quae, Athenis accensa, Latium ipsum atque Europam totumque orbem terrarum irradiavit. Vale."

Personally, I had much rather see Professor Geddes's pupils reading Greek than writing it, for I am one of those who regard such "tours de force" as "elegantem quandam insaniam," to borrow a phrase of the Professor's own. Still the book marks an advance of civilisation in north-eastern Scotland.

22. Sir F. Roberts told us, at the Council luncheon to-day, that a high official in the Punjab, whose personal attractions were not equal to his ability, used to be called by the natives *Akhal bé Sakhal*—Wisdom without form.

25. Rutson, writing of Wenlock Abbey by the mail of 3rd August, which arrived last night, says:—

"Lady Catherine has adorned the line of ruins with a magnificent army of white lilies, and the gentle whirr of pigeons' wings, as the birds glide from the old walls to the smooth turf of the lawn, makes a pleasant sound on a hot afternoon."

I read this to my wife to-day, who remarked, "Anything would be pleasant on a hot afternoon!" and no wonder, for this is, according to Captain Agnew's reckoning, the eighth day on which we, denizens of the tropics, have not seen the sun!

27. I have been accused, and perhaps not without reason, of being "l'esclave de mes projets une fois arrêtés." So was Volney; but he lived to write the following striking passage:—

"Ceci me rappelle encore un singulier Hollandais, jadis Ambassadeur au Japon, et que j'ai connu à Paris, Titsingh; il me disait en février, 'Je partirai le 6 septembre prochain, à sept heures du matin, pour aller voir ma sœur à Amsterdam; j'arriverai le 12, à quatre heures.' Si cela manquait de demi-heure, il était malheureux. J'ai un peu été de cette étoffe, jadis; j'étais un homme précis: j'en suis bien revenu. Les projets sont à mon ordre, je ne suis plus à leur. Chaque année, quand l'hiver m'attriste, je parle d'aller en Provence, et quand je songe au départ, je m'enfonce dans mon grand fauteuil, et je fais plus grand feu

pour remplacer le soleil. La bonne chose que d'être en un bon chez soi ! . . . Usons de chaque jour sans trop de prévoyance du lendemain. La prudence est bien quelque chose dans la vie ; mais combien le hasard n'y est-il pas davantage ! 'Je suis le plus jeune du Sénat,' me disait Fargue, 'je ferai, etc.' ; nous l'enterrions dix jours après. Moi, j'ai compté mourir chaque année de 1802 à 1805, et me voilà en 1819. A la Providence ! prêt à tout."

28. Captain Chamberlain mentioned at dinner that a balloon one day descended in the parish of Claygate. The rustics, never having seen anything of the sort, believed that it came straight from heaven, and, when the aëronaut asked the name of the place, replied, with clasped hands, "Claygate, God Almighty !"

31. Mrs. Awdry has been reading to me Mrs. Craven's sketch of Montalembert, in the copy made doubly valuable to me by the inscription :

A. M. Grant Duff,
L'ami de mes amis.
Paris, March 21, 1874.

How well I remember Jules Simon recounting to me, just after the event, the story of Mademoiselle de Montalembert's announcing to her father her wish to go into a convent, and the dismay with which the

author of *Les Moines d'Occident* received the announcement!

It was gratifying in connection with that recollection to read the following passage:—

"Celle qu'il avait pleurée il la retrouva à l'heure où l'épreuve s'appesantissait sur lui. Il la retrouva, non plus comme un enfant, qui venait chercher son appui, mais comme un doux et ferme appui qu'il allait chercher lui-même, comme une âme forte et sereine près de laquelle il puisait le courage et la paix dont son âme avait besoin."

The weather has continued wet and cold. The English oak and the weeping willow are both under the impression that winter is imminent, and act accordingly, shedding most of their leaves. The Australian *Acacia dealbata*, now a weed here, has been, and still is, in full flower. The *Acacia Melanoxylon* is coming into flower, but it is as much less ornamental as it is more useful than its congener.

On the open grassy hills *Impatiens scapiflora*, which we must now, it seems, call *Beddomii*, is giving way to *Pedicularis Zeylanica.* In the garden a sweet-scented narcissus is abundant, and the camellia is also in full flower—sights strange to an English eye at

this season! I generally have in my room one or more specimens of the noble Nílgiri lily.

31. The European Mail arrives, bringing me a letter from ——, who, with reference to some remarkable historical answers, which will be found a few pages back, tells me that a young lady said to her, "I do not remember much about Cardinal Wolsey, but I know he had a son who fought in Egypt;" and mentions that a boy in a German school replied in her hearing to the question, "For what was Frederick the Great most famous?" "He fought the Thirty Years' War against Napoleon!"

A friend writes of Colonel Yule, the editor of *Marco Polo*:—

"He is now deep in revising the proofs of his (and the late A. Burnell's) *Discursive Glossary*, one of the most wonderful books I have ever seen, giving a complete, or at least all but complete, history of Indian words, which have gradually found currency in European books. It is a book in which you especially will take the deepest interest. But it will not be out this year, as his additions in the proof slips necessitate constant alterations in the type. It is tantalising to find how many words in common parlance appear to defy etymology; there is plenty of work left for generations of philologists."

John Warren[1] writes :—

"Your second letter of 29th June reached me in Shropshire, whence I have just returned from staying with the Leightons for a fortnight. Their park is all but in Wales (Montgomeryshire) and the Breiddan, or hill of the robbers, towers up from the plain about three miles due west, an isolated mountain peak or islet of alpine vegetation. Here I have just revisited *Potentilla rupestris*, *Lychnis viscaria*, *Cardamine impatiens*, and other lesser lights in the way of stonecrop and saxifrage. It was a comfort to reflect that these individuals were represented in Parliament by Stuart Rendel, with whom I was pleased to renew an old friendship of Eton and Oxford this year."

Professor Axel Blytt, to whom I had sent some seeds, before I started for my last tour, acknowledges them from Christiania under date of 3rd August, and, speaking of our excursion recorded in this Diary for September 1873, says: "Unfortunately, it was too late in the year, so you had no opportunity to see our rich Christiania flora in its best state."

September

1. I went this afternoon, with Lawson and Hollingsworth, to botanise on the lower slopes of Snowdon, finding a walk, which, though hard by, I

[1] Later Lord De Tabley.

had not seen before, and which is one of the most beautiful I have met with on the Nílgiris. The views of the valley of the Moyar and of the Mysore plâteau, before we passed into the woods, were enchanting, and the luxuriance of vegetable life would have impressed even those who cared nothing for the individual plants. The most striking effects were produced by *Strobilanthes Zinckerianus*, which was covered with its blue flowers intermingled here and there with a white variety. The mosses, too, were of surpassing loveliness, particularly those on the trunk of an aged *Meliosma*—a garden in itself.

I thought of a passage in Ruskin, which I lately re-read :—

"Mosses.—Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks,—creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honour the scarred disgrace of ruin, laying quiet finger on the trembling stones to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green,—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the rock spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass,—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes

of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace? They will not be gathered, like flowers, for chaplet or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the weary child his pillow.

"And as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us: when all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time; but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave."

Mr. James, who stayed with us at Guindy last spring, and has recently been travelling in the Himalaya, having seen at York House, some years ago, the curious brass lamp which the Crown Princess found in a fisherman's hut in the island of Föhr, and gave to me at Potsdam in 1875, has sent to bear it company a brass Lhassa teapot, which he obtained from the Chief Lama of a Buddhist monastery in Ladakh, together with a brass and copper jug of Leh manufacture, which belonged to the headman of the village in which the monastery is situated.

2. I listened to a sensible sermon this afternoon from Mr. Elwes on the difference between religion and godliness. A reference in it to Kingsley reminded me that thirty years ago that eminent person had said to me, with his curious stammer, "We shall never do any good, till we have got rid of those o-dious words Re-ligion and Christi-anity!"

Poor Kingsley, he was the most delightful open-air companion I ever knew. I was thinking of him only the other day, in connection with Alford's exquisite poem *Lady Mary*, which he agreed with me in considering incomparably superior to any of its author's other productions.

The name of Alford makes me think of some lines in a book which he published, consisting of pieces of poetry and prose suitable for translation into Latin or Greek:—

"When time shall turn those amber locks to gray,
My verse again shall gild and make them gay;
And trick them up in knotted curls anew,
And to thy autumn give a summer's hue.
That sacred power that in my ink remains
Shall put fresh blood into thy withered veins;
And on thy red decayed thy whiteness dead,
Shall set a white more white, a red more red."

I suppose the author is quite well known; but I have, by some strange chance, been trying to find out who he was, without success, for more than a generation.

There are few *motifs*, which touch me more than that which inspired this poem. Compare Corneille :—

> "Ils pourront sauver la gloire
> Des yeux qui me semblent doux,
> Et dans mille ans faire croire
> Ce qu'il me plaira de vous;
> Chez cette race nouvelle
> Où j'aurai quelque credit
> Vous ne passerez pour belle
> Qu'autant que je l'aurai dit."

3. —— mentioned at breakfast that Sir William Denison, speaking of an engineer officer whose blundering had caused some loss of life, said, "He should have been hung." "He *was* suspended for six months," replied the person addressed.

10. I had not realised that M. Paul de Saint Victor, whom I saw at Victor Hugo's in 1881, and who has died since, was so brilliant a writer. Sainte-Beuve quotes a saying of Lamartine's about him, "Quand je lis Saint-Victor je mets des lunettes bleues."

14. By last mail I had a letter from Coleridge, in which he speaks highly of an article in the *Quarterly* about Swift. That led me to turn to Thackeray's lecture in the *English Humourists.* I had quite forgotten the Dean's quotation, when the lady swept down with her train and injured the valuable violin :

"Mantua vae miserae nimium vicina Cremonae !"

which surely deserves the name of "the great pun," as well as that mentioned by Longfellow in *Hyperion.* "L'amour a vaincu Loth" (vingt culottes), sang one of the performers at the first representation of the opera of *Lot.*

"*Qu'il en donne une à l'auteur,*" cried a voice from the audience !

I do not think I have mentioned that Mrs. Awdry lately re-read *Hyperion* to me. When its writer died, I did not happen to light upon a single allusion to the book. And yet it is, to my thinking, one of the most delightful that has appeared in my time. Putting aside the *great* books, there is none I would rather have written.

Turning over the *Four Georges* of Thackeray, I

observe that he has fallen into the mistake which so many fall into about Blücher. That rough-tongued D.C.L. (for I think I am right in saying that Oxford made him one) did not say that "London would be an admirable place to plunder;" but looking from the top of St. Paul's, or rather I believe of the Monument, on the mean houses south of the river, he exclaimed "was für Plunder!" What rubbish!

16. I spent yesterday in bed—a rare thing with me—the ailments of which I have had more than my share in Europe, Asia, and (remembering the Nile) I may add Africa, not generally interfering with the day's work. This afternoon, however, I could not even read my mail letters with my own eyes, nor could I go downstairs to the farewell dinner we gave General Sankey, late Secretary in the Public Works Department, an able and excellent servant of the State, from whom I part with regard and regret.

I received to-day the first primroses I have seen in India. I had heard it stated that they would not grow here; but that statement is about as veracious as many others "quae volitant per ora virûm," in this land, which lies so far to the east of poor Strangford's "line of habitual truthlessness."

17. Amongst the list of books recommended by the great authority of Acton is the *Testament Politique de Richelieu.* I have been examining it carefully,[1] with a view to mark anything that could help a modern statesman to do his work better. There is, however, quite astonishingly little. Almost every page throws light on the policy of the great Cardinal, and would be valuable to one who was studying his times. There are also a number of perfectly true maxims of general application, but they have, for the most part, become mere truisms in the art of governing. Not many of these are put in such an epigrammatic way as to cling to the memory. I cite below a few of the best, but the book cannot be compared, as it seems to me, for one moment, as a guide for a man in public life, with the *Oraculo Manual* of Balthasar Gracian, which was written before the days of Richelieu, and whose author, the Rector of a college at Tarragona (see my *Miscellanies, Political and Literary*), can never have had the hundredth part of Richelieu's opportunities of seeing behind the scenes of the courtly and political stage :—

"Les plus grands Esprits sont plus Dangéreux qu'Utile

[1] In the Amsterdam Edition of 1688.

au Maniement des Affaires, s'ils n'ont beaucoup plus de Plomb que de Vif-Argent ils ne valent rien pour l'Etat.

"Il y en a qui sont Fertiles en Inventions, & Abondans en Pensées, mais si Variables en leurs Desseins, que ceux du Soir & du Matin sont toûjours différens, & qui ont si peu de Suite & de Choix en leurs Résolutions, qu'ils changent les Bonnes aussi bien que les Mauvaises, & ne demeurent jamais constans en aucune."

. . . . . .

"Le Conseiller d'Etat doit sçavoir que le Travail qu'on fait pour le Public, n'est souvent reconnu d'aucun Particulier, & qu'il n'en faut espérer d'autres Récompenses en Terre, que celles de la Renommée, propre à payer les grandes Ames.

"De plus il doit sçavoir qu'il n'appartient qu'aux grandes Ames de servir fidélement les Rois, & supporter la calomnie que les Méchans & les Ignorans imputent aux Gens de bien, sans dégoût, & sans se relâcher du service qu'on est obligé de leur rendre.

"Il doit sçavoir encore, que la condition de ceux qui sont appellez au Maniement des Affaires Publiques, est beaucoup à plaindre, en ce que s'ils font bien, la Malice du Monde en diminue souvent la Gloire, représentant qu'on pouvoit faire mieux, quand même cela seroit tout à fait impossible.

"Enfin il doit sçavoir que ceux qui sont dans le ministère de l'Etat, sont obligez d'imiter les Astres, qui, nonobstant les abois des Chiens, ne laissent pas de les

éclairer, & suivre leurs Cours; ce qui doit l'obliger à faire un tel mépris de pareilles Injures, que sa Probité n'en puisse étre ébranlée, ni lui détourné de marcher avec fermeté aux Fins qu'il s'est proposé pour le Bien de l'Etat.

21. Much talk lately of tigers. The three A.D.C.s went off the other day in force to slay one at the Droog who, however, "knew better." Captain Chamberlain saw one or more in the woods beyond Segur. Captain Agnew met with one in the same district, and now Flip, the adventurous fox-terrier, which my wife gave to Mr. Creed, has been killed by a tigress somewhere near Kartairy.

A lady, recently arrived, asked Awdry "if there was any danger from these animals."

"Practically none," was the reassuring reply, "unless, indeed, you leave milk about, when they are apt to come into the houses to lap it!"

22. Colonel K. Herbert mentioned at breakfast an amusing slip in English, which he had actually heard from the lips of a native, "thirty miles as the cock crows."

25. Glancing at a book called *Evenings on the Thames*, published in 1864 by the author of *The Broad Stone of Honour*, I find one chapter, the eleventh,

devoted to the little island opposite York House, a considerable portion of which belongs to me. In it occurs the following story :—

"An old French writer gives an amusing instance of the 'impatient zeal' of one, not sitting among rushes on a green bank, indeed, but on what he calls the 'fleurs de lis,' or, as we should say, on the bench or woolsack. 'I knew,' he says, 'a certain counsellor, fond of sentences of death, who used to doze sometimes on the fleurs de lis.' One day the President asking for the votes of the company, he roused himself up and said, half awake, that his opinion was that the man should have his head cut off. 'But it is a question of a meadow,' said the President. 'Let it be mowed then,' replied the counsellor."

26. In *Macmillan*, for this month, there is a kindly sketch by Mrs. Simpson of Madame Mohl, so often mentioned in these pages. She died last May at a very advanced age. In a note is the following masterly sketch of M. Mohl by Sainte-Beuve, quite new to me :—

"Un homme qui est l'érudition et la curiosité même : M. Mohl, le savant Orientaliste, et plus qu'un savant, un sage ! esprit clair, loyal, étendu, esprit allemand, passé au filtre anglais, sans un trouble, sans un nuage, miroir ouvert et limpide, moralité franche et pure, de bonne heure

revenu de tout; avec un grain d'ironie sans amertume, front chauve et rire d'enfant, intelligence à la Goethe, sinon qu'elle est exempte de toute couleur et qu'elle est soigneusement dépouillée du sens esthétique, comme d'un mensonge."

October

2. I have often taken up Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, but have in these last days looked through the book with more care than heretofore. Putting aside a few excellent but very familiar stories, I have found, however, less in it, of real value, than I had expected.

The good Dean has fallen into the error which Chamfort notices:—

"La plupart des faiseurs de recueils de vers ou de bons mots ressemblent à ceux qui mangent des cerises ou des huîtres, choisissant d'abord les meilleures, et finissant par tout manger."

Yet it would be well, perhaps, if a similar book were compiled for every province of Western Europe before the social mill grinds down all angles. Amidst much chaff, there would be found everywhere a little grain.

The best thing in the volume, not already known

to me, is, I think, the old Jacobite lady's method of drinking the health of the Chevalier de St. George, "The tongue no man can tame—James iii. and 8th!"—unless it be Lord Eldin's translation of the motto of the Celtic Club, "Olim Marte nunc arte," "Formerly robbers now thieves"!

As Clara was reading Childe Harold to me to-day, there came into my mind ——'s story of the lady who, hearing the Dying Gladiator mentioned, said "Poor beast." "You don't call the gladiator a beast, do you?" said some one. "Why, you wouldn't call it exactly a fish, would you?" was the reply.

I think this lady was the same person who, when Sir John Lubbock, the eminent father of a still more eminent son, observed, "Well Miss —— I am not a Solon but, etc." "Oh no, Sir John," exclaimed Miss ——, confounding the legislator with the goose, "no one ever thought you were!"

3. Colonel Henderson told me this evening that the Bishop of Peterborough had said to a great lady, who had scruples about allowing her pretty daughters to dance, "The Devil has invented quite enough real sins, to make it unnecessary for your Grace to invent imaginary ones!"

6. Webster of Edgehill writes :—

"I do not think I have said anything of the Beckford Sale, Part III. It deserved all said about the quality and price of the books in it. They were in perfect condition inside and outside ; the bindings as fresh as when new ; the editions, the plates always the choicest, every volume a bijou. The reputation of Deseuil was not advanced, however, on the comparison of his work with that of some other great craftsmen of the French school,—Derome, Padeloup, Le Gascon ; but it kept up the price of all books having his name, and I didn't get even one of them. I was content with certain productions of Derome, Padeloup, and Boyet of the eighteenth century ; and I am going to send you, by the Indian parcel post, a sample of the great inimitable collection which you may care for. I add that, while these French binders of the eighteenth century gave a solidity and a character of their own to their volumes, not easily described without handling them, it was in their gilding especially that their excellence is to be seen, and in the grace of the design of their tools on the back, sides, and the insides of their books. Modern binders seem to execute all their designs and ornaments by machines and so mechanically ; the men of the last and former centuries put them on by hand by 'petits fers,' and so, while sometimes irregular, they have more spontaneous freedom and individual character given to each book. The one is a manufacture, the other was an art,

as in the case of real Oriental fabrics and porcelain, before debased by working on a great scale for Europe; and while on a favourite subject I add, too, that, subject to what I have said about the too great monotony and want of freedom in the ornaments, nothing otherwise in the bookbinding of the early part of the last century exceeded the loveliness and finish of modern bookbinders like Roger Payne and Kalthoeber in England down to 1810, and since, like Bedford, Clarke, Hayday, Charles Louis, Rivière, or like Trautz Bauzonnet, Lortic, Duru, Capé, of the recent French school, so infinitely varied and charming in their handling of morocco."

On the morning of 9th October I left Ootacamund with some of my staff, and was joined at Coonoor by Mr. Lawson. By taking a special train at Mettupálaiyam, we reached Palghaut in the evening, and had time to stop for a little at Walliar.

Thence, on the 10th, we pursued our journey to Calicut, whence we passed to Tellicherry and Mangalore, which last place we reached by sea on the morning of the 14th. Thence we made an excursion into South Canara as far as Karkal and returned *via* Mangalore and Beypore to Ootacamund on the 22nd.

All this is detailed in my usual official Minute, and

I merely note during this fortnight a few matters of non-business interest.

14. At Mangalore the European Mail of 21st September met us.

Fries of Upsala (see these Notes for 1873) writes, thanking me for some seeds I lately sent him through Kew. He is now in charge of the Botanic Gardens and Museum.

George von Bunsen lately wrote from the steamship *Elbe* off New York to say that he had instructed a publisher to send me a copy of a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*, containing an article by him upon the Crown Prince. The faithless American has not done so, but I found the article in Mr. Sturrock's hospitable house at Mangalore.

It is full of striking anecdotes well told; I quote two.

"Long years ago, when the elder Bunsen was the representative of Prussia in England, the present Empress (then Crown Princess) was paying a visit in London. Bunsen, waiting for an interview, was looking over a number of engravings which various print-sellers had sent for her inspection. Amongst them there was a portrait of the Princess Royal and of

the present Crown Prince. These Bunsen placed side by side over an engraving of the battle of Waterloo, hiding all except the name *La belle alliance*, which was printed at the bottom, and is the one used in Prussia. Just at that moment the Crown Princess entered. They exchanged glances, but no word was spoken till long afterwards."

"After the Council of War at Bar-le-duc, when it was resolved to try to crush the organised French resistance before advancing on Paris, there followed an anxious period during which it was uncertain whether the movements contemplated could be carried into effect with precision. At length, as Moltke and his staff were approaching Sedan, an officer was observed riding rapidly towards them. He came up and stated that two German regiments, which he named, had met at a point in the neighbourhood. 'Will you have the goodness to repeat that again?' said the great strategist; the officer did so. '*Es stimmt*,' said Moltke, taking a pinch of snuff."

The enemy was in the toils!

22. The European Mail, which reached me on landing at Beypore, brings a letter from Mrs. Craven, who mentions that the unwise action of the Comtesse

de Chambord in excluding the Princes of the House of France from her husband's funeral has rallied the Blacases, Muns, La Rochefoucaulds, and all the most ardent Legitimists around the Comte de Paris.

Lord Houghton, who had taken his passage for India, to visit the Viceroy and myself, writes that he has been obliged to renounce his project in consequence of the strongly adverse opinions of Dr. Quain and Sir Joseph Fayrer.

He says, too, "I have lately been staying in a house with the Cravens, and the bright Pauline discoursed much of you and your pleasant letters; she bears her years with wonderful vivacity."

On this journey, Mr. Lawson took the place of Dr. King—botany, of geology.

28. Mr. Arthur Cayley's address to the British Association, which reached me by this Mail, sent by Mr. Thiselton Dyer from Kew, begins as follows:—

"Since our last meeting we have been deprived of three of our most distinguished members. The loss by the death of Professor Henry John Stephen Smith is a very grievous one to those who knew and admired and loved him, to his University, and to mathematical science, which he cultivated with such ardour and success. I

need hardly recall that the branch of mathematics to which he had specially devoted himself was that most interesting and difficult one,—the theory of numbers. The immense range of this subject, connected with, and ramifying into, so many others, is nowhere so well seen as in the series of reports on the progress thereof, brought up unfortunately only to the year 1865, contributed by him to the Reports of the Association; but it will still better appear when to these are united (as will be done in the collected works in course of publication by the Clarendon Press) his other mathematical writings, many of them containing his own further developments of theories referred to in the reports."

Then, after some remarks about General Sabine, who had long outlived the ordinary age of man, and with whom I had no personal acquaintance, he adds:—

"There is yet a very great loss: another late President and Trustee of the Association,—one who has done for it so much, and has so often attended the meetings, whose presence among us at this meeting we might have hoped for,—the President of the Royal Society, William Spottiswoode. It is unnecessary to say anything of his various merits: the place of his burial, the crowd of sorrowing friends who were present in the Abbey, bear witness to the esteem in which he was held."

Letter from Mrs. Bishop. Speaking of Ireland,

she remarks that she is "a sphinx in rags with a hysterical face, screaming to every one to answer her."

Of a photograph of Mrs. Craven, who has been spending twelve days with her, she says:—

"She appears quite as she is—and alas! seventy-five years old; but, I think, we who love her will rejoice to have a faithful portrait of her dear wrinkles and white hair. Her hair has grown whiter, as has her husband's. We talked much of you, whose friendship is a very pleasant light on her old age."

Rutson writes:—

"Mr. Ruskin came to Laidlawstiel for two nights after I wrote to you. I was delighted with his courtesy and charming manner and his eloquence. We went to Ashestiel. You should have seen the reverent way in which he approached, with his hat off, an old man who had worked for Scott, and how he expressed his sense of the honour of seeing a man who had known Scott, and how the sense of his having known Scott must make the man himself very happy. All this, said in a low and rich tone of Ruskin's beautiful voice, while he stood slightly bowed, made a memorable little picture—the man standing in his doorway, and Ruskin just outside the cottage. The man had a kindly recollection of Scott, but did not quite feel about him as Ruskin did. We saw the box in which the MS. was always sent by coach to Cadell's, and the proof

returned, and the chair in which Scott read at Ashestiel, and which (remembering it well) he borrowed in his last days at Abbotsford, whence, when he had actually died in it, it returned to Ashestiel, being brought back by the old man aforesaid. It had been a showery morning; but the afternoon was one of the loveliest ever known: and in its light we partly drove and partly walked to Traquhair,[1] getting our first view of it from outside the great gates, looking down the avenue guarded by the stone bears. From nearer at hand, Ruskin made a sketch of the house, which he declares (we not dissenting) to be a true work of art, faithful to the genius of the place, towers, height, and pitch of roof, size and mutual relation of windows, and strength of material,—all harmonising with each other and suited to the need of its inhabitants and to its situation among Scottish hills."

He also encloses from Max Müller the report of a lecture which he has lately delivered at Bristol upon Ram Mohun Roy, who is interesting to me, amongst other reasons, from the fact that he spent much time at York House in the days of Sir Alexander Johnstone, to whose wife that place was left by Mrs. Damer, and whose family sold it to the Comte de Paris.

I have seen it stated that he proposed to write a theological treatise in the form of a dialogue between

[1] See this Diary for September 1878.

a Brahmin and a Christian, walking up and down the terrace that overlooks the river.

By this Mail, too, I have a letter from Mr. Cook of Richmond, acknowledging some seeds I have sent him through Kew for his gardens at Cintra (see this Diary for January 1881).

30. With Lawson and Gamble to look for *Cryptogramma leptophylla*, which grows in Guernsey, and is included in Bentham's *British Flora*. It is an annual, and has, for the most part, died down, but we found one small specimen.

A rock, only a few feet round, on which we lighted during our search, was a perfect epitome of the vegetable world. Dicotyledons were represented, *inter alia*, by the pretty *Parietaria debilis*, new to me; monocotyledons by one of the *Commelynaceæ*, besides which there were ferns, mosses, liverworts, lichens, fungi, and algæ. Mr. Lawson explained to me the relations of the last three—surely one of the strangest of the "fairy tales of science."

Pollock writes, in reply to a question of mine:—

"Yes, the FitzGerald recently gone was the translator of *Omar Khayyám*, a man of great accomplishments as an Oriental, Greek, and English scholar, but most eccentric.

He lived in great retirement in the country, and I only knew him by a pretty regular exchange of letters for many years past. In addition to his Persian translations, he was the author of a good version of the *Agamemnon*, of some of Calderon's plays (I should have added a Spanish scholar too), and of some exquisite little essays. A strange but very delightful person. Aldis Wright has got together a number of his letters, and may perhaps attempt a memoir of him."

I trust he will succeed. How far Mr. FitzGerald's translation of *Omar Khayyám* is strictly accurate I cannot say, but putting on one side the question how much is due to the nineteenth-century Englishman, and how much to the eleventh-century schoolfellow of the Old Man of the Mountain, the poem which Quaritch published is one of the finest in our or any other language.

Captain Evans-Gordon writes from Akolia that when out the other day looking for wild pigs, he and his friends impressed a neighbouring Rajah's band to drive the creatures out of the jungle.

The band struck up "Home, Sweet Home," producing the most ghastly sounds. The pigs appeared to appreciate the words, for they stuck to their homes in spite of the noises!

November

4. The English Mail has brought from Mr. Webster of Edgehill some lovely books—two from the Beckford, and two from the Trebinoff collection.

The first which I chanced to take out of the box was the Amsterdam *Petronius Arbiter* of 1669, red morocco, with the gartered arms of the Earl of Sheffield on its sides, and from the Beckford Library.

The second was a French translation of *Marcus Aurelius*, published at Amsterdam in 1691, and also a delightful bit of morocco.

The accidental juxta-position of one of the most licentious and the most virtuous of ancient writers was amusing! An exquisite uncut copy of *Sallust*, Paris 1744, from the Beckford Library, French blue morocco extra, probably bound by Ruette or Derome, came next.

A pretty specimen of Padeloup's red morocco followed, and the large paper edition ot Burton's *Bookhunter* appropriately brought up the rear.

On the morning of 5th November, I left the Hills, where my wife (who is in very deep mourning) remains with the children, and started for Guindy,

thus bringing to a close my second year as Governor of Madras.

There have been no changes in the staff since Agnew joined us.

Sir Evelyn Baring's ceasing to be a member of the Government of India and Sir Louis Mallet's resignation of his office as Under-Secretary of State deprive of most valuable assistance those on whom rests the main responsibility for the well-ordering of this great country. From the latter I have heard by almost every mail since I left England.

My survey of South India, *à vol d'oiseau*, having come to an end upon 22nd October, the following paragraph from my English Tour Minute may find a place here:—

"I have seen, in just under two years, all our twenty-two district capitals, and have visited Travancore, Cochin, Sandur, and Mysore. I have travelled in the course of eight tours of inspection, occupying one hundred and seventy-four days, over something like nine thousand miles in and about the Presidency, and have received eighty-eight addresses, all of which will be found in the various appendices, the eight Minutes forming at once a useful guide for administrative purposes, and a curious historical record."

I appear to have made, during the two years,

thirteen speeches when not on tour, eighty-nine when on tour, of which last eighty were in reply to addresses—one hundred and two in all.

On the morning of the 6th we reached Guindy, and fell immediately into the way of life which we led in the spring. The garden and park were in the greatest beauty.

9. Went out by moonlight to see the first glory of the *Victoria regia*, whose great leaves are now covering my favourite pond, and whose flower opens at night. At sunset, when we returned from the swimming bath, a great bud was just unclosing. By 10 P.M. it had entirely expanded.

13. First Council of the season in Madras.

14. Who said "society should be a strong decoction of books?" Who described the election of 1874 as "Froth at the top, and beer at the bottom?" Who spoke of the "immense conversation of the sea?" happy phrases which I found to-day in a memorandum book of 1879.

It was Bastiat, I think, who wrote "Adieu! ce mot qui n'est jamais neutre," and Taine who remarked that "dix millions d'ignorances ne font pas un s[illegible]ir."

16. European Mail arrives.

In a long and very interesting letter, dated 24th October, Ollivier sends me from St. Tropez his views about the present state of affairs in France.

The immediate cause of his writing was a speech which I made at Yercaud, and which had, probably through Pondichéry, found its way to him.

Miss Lyall sends me from Venice a photograph with a view of the Casa Paolinelli, now Camerini, the exact position of which I was most anxious to ascertain. It is the house between the Hotel Bauer-Grünwald and the Hotel de l'Europe.

"There must," she adds, "be a charming view from its windows of the Salute. I am so glad to know the house where they were. Their short happiness was worth so many a long life. I envy those people, dead and gone, more than any living ones."[1]

Further on she says:—

"I have been to Torcello, of course, and to S. Francesco in Deserto and Burano and Chioggia—all the islands. How one feels, as you near Torcello in

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[1] *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. i.

that quiet little water-way between low banks, of an evening, as if one had left the world behind one!"

Again, speaking of Florence, she says:

"I visited E. B. B.'s grave and the Casa Guidi. I like the tomb and the place. The moon was rising between the dark cypress-trees, as I stood there, and the turf under my feet was full of little fragrant herbs, which gave out a strong scent at each step."

17. To the great Chembrambakam tank in the early morning. It is one of the largest we have, covering some eleven square miles. The largest of all is Cumbum in Kurnool, which is really a huge lake.

18. Cavendish brings in from snipe-shooting *Gloriosa superba*. Such are our weeds!

22. Mr. and Mrs. Franklen come here on a visit.

Maskelyne introduces her as the niece of "Mr. Talbot, whom you remember as the Father of the House," adding, "perhaps you *don't* remember him, for, though he is in most important divisions, I never knew above half a dozen members who knew him even by sight, and he is generally looked on as a sort of myth."

This does not surprise me, for it was years before

I came to know him by sight, and then not by accident, but by getting him pointed out by one of the few who did know him. Aberdare has always spoken to me of his ability in the highest terms, and has dwelt particularly on his great powers *as a speaker!*

24. European Mail arrives.

—— sends me the following anecdote, which was told her by a gentleman who was present:—

> "*Scene*—A bal masqué of ladies and gentlemen in Paris. Group of ladies still wearing their masks; group of gentlemen anxious to find out who they are. The young Duc de ——, whose name has an evil record, thinking he recognises Madame de —— an heiress, daughter of a sugar manufacturer, approaches her and says, 'Madame, je vois une tâche de sucre sur votre robe,' to which she answers, 'Monsieur, les tâches de sucre s'effacent très facilement, mais les tâches de sang jamais!'"

Lubbock tells me of a stormy meeting in the West Indies, which was described by a newspaper as having adjourned "*sine deo*"!

Let me note some of the characteristics of a Guindy day at this season: the clamour of the crows as the dawn approaches; the gradual flushing

of the Eastern sky; the fall of the heavy blinds let down in the verandahs, as the sun begins to rise behind the trees of the park; the little striped squirrels running up and down the ropes; the fresh soft air as we step into the garden; the *Ipomæa carnea* showing only a few flowers—the *Nyctanthes arbor tristis* surrounded by the blossoms which came out last night—white petals and orange tubes; the yellow *Gmelina speciosa* in bloom, and near it the graceful lilac *Duranta*, beloved of gorgeous butterflies. Further on is *Spathodea campanulata*, covered with its large red flowers towering up on the right just as we pass among the mangoes; then the broad walk, and beyond it the centre of the garden, too full of varied forms of beauty for me to enter into particulars, but in which I usually spend some time, returning to the house about 8 o'clock.

Then come the usual occupations of the day, interrupted, as far as I am concerned, only by breakfast (which takes place at nine) until the sun is westering, when it is time to start for a ride, accompanied by Cavendish or Agnew. To that succeeds the feeding of the horses with lucerne, and the swimming bath.

As we return from it, we usually diverge to see if

there is a new flower coming out on the *Victoria regia*, and hardly ever fail to exclaim with delight as, just when we pass the *Spathodea*, we catch the first view of the eastern of the three blocks into which the house is divided—looking sometimes white like alabaster, sometimes, when the sunset is a fine one, taking the softer hues of ivory.

The swift darkness of these regions is upon us ere we cross the threshold; and the jackals begin their defiant chorus, while I am being read to between six and seven. At quarter to eight comes dinner, and then, after a very brief interval in the drawing-room, which we only prolong on moonlight nights, we separate; the cicale, or some insects of similar habits, keeping up a din to which the ear becomes as soon accustomed as it does to a waterfall—

"For men may dwell by mountain streams, and all the summer round
Have music lingering in their ears till they forget the sound."

29. I lately chanced in volume ii. of the *Selections from the Calcutta Review* on an article, by Sir Henry Lawrence, of the year 1845, in which I found the following passage about my father:—

"He studied men and manners in the camp, in the cabinet, and in the peasant's field, as well as in the dusty records of his office. He examined the past that he might understand the present; and such we consider to be the duty of every Indian official, who would not be led by the nose by his assistants, European or native. Research of this kind has, however, its besetting dangers; it tempts men to become mere devourers of indistinct manuscripts, and it is apt to lure them into the wide waste of speculation, where, mounted on the hobby of some favourite theory, they challenge and combat the strongest evidence that will not take the road they themselves have chosen. Grant Duff escaped these temptations; he was eminently practical. His book is written with the candour of the accomplished soldier, combined with the kindliness to be expected from a disciple of Mountstuart Elphinstone. If the minute details of some portions of the Mahratta history, in some measure, fatigue the reader, he is rewarded by the fullest information on the character of a very peculiar people, too generally believed to be as the Sikhs, a modern sect, or like the Pindarees, to have been mere bands of marauders, instead of being one of the oldest races of the Indian peninsula. The record of that portion of Mahratta history that came under Grant Duff's personal observations, appears to us to possess the rare merit of thorough impartiality. Each topic and individual is treated manfully but courteously. Truth was his grand object. He sank no point by which it might be

ascertained or illustrated; but, while doing so, he uniformly treated his opponents with unassuming candour."

I have two letters from Coleridge. In the first, written at New York, he says of Niagara:—

"It is the very sublimity of motion as the Alps are the sublimity of repose, and what struck me perhaps most of all was its awful dignity and slowness. At a little distance it looks like a green curtain with white fringes. I speak of the Canadian side; the American side is distinctly disappointing."

And again:

"Far the most beautiful city in America, as far as I have seen, is Boston, and the State House is the most beautiful building in the country. At Washington, at Albany, at Chicago, and elsewhere, you see much grander and more costly structures, but this is in perfect taste and proportion; every interspace the right size, every moulding right, every decoration refined—a sort of Adam architecture of the best type. The situation is noble, and has been made the best of."

In the other, under date of All Saints' Day, coming across the Atlantic in the *Britannic*, he says:

"I am reading the *Æneid* right through once more with increased and increasing admiration. The perfectly

amazing and exquisite beauty of the style grows on me, but the story, the characters, the narrative—all are of the very highest order. . . . It is like Mozart at his very best. Do read the sixth book over again.

"I have read, as you ask me, four plays of Euripides on my outward and homeward voyage, but the book was too big to take with me on my journeys. He *does* paint women—the only one of the Greeks who does—and what exquisite, pure, lovely women his are! Iphigenia, Alcestis, Macaria, Helen, I should say even Phædra, and certainly Andromache, and, in the same sort of beautiful sunny light, Ion and Achilles and Hippolytus. Schlegel, indeed, made the very wonderful discovery that he was not Sophocles, but who discovered that he hated women? There are no such lovely women as his in antiquity."

My sister, on the eve of fifty, writes:—

"You see the Entwickelungskampf of us ex-monkeys *is* really particularly serious just now. But one is so sure that everything will be always getting better. I only choke with rage that I cannot be there to see how it all goes on. Just to think how splendidly all *has* gone on during one's conscious forty years. I envy all the young folks who are in the van, and can have a heave at the battering ram under the Forts of Folly!"

Mrs. Craven, who is nearly a generation older, wrote to me on 25th June:—

"I wish I could be as sanguine as you are as to the state and *real* progress of the world. In many respects I admit it. But against that what wild and senseless views and aspirations and destructions! I see clearly where progress and transformation can take place, but also where human nature has already done its best. There is not, it seems to me, to be in the future any greater moral beauty, or indeed physical beauty, than has already existed, and Art also, I believe, has long before now reached its limit of perfection."

Mr. James Arbuthnot mentioned at dinner that a man travelling in Wales had been pressed by his hostess to write something in the hotel book. He wrote—

"Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo."

The lady was much pleased!

December

6. Mr. Jacob, the Simla stone-merchant, whose story suggested, no doubt, the novel called *Mr. Isaacs*, which was read to me during my tour last summer, appeared this morning, and I made a good many purchases from him.

9. They sang in the Cathedral this evening No.

379 of Hymns Ancient and Modern. As they did so, it occurred to me that I had some historical association with it, and remembered, before it was done, that it was the Chorale of Leuthen "Nun danket alle Gott;" the hymn, of which a line having been accidentally sung by a soldier on the evening of the battle, was gradually taken up by the whole of the army of the Great Frederick, which had conquered on that bloody day.

Miss Martin read to me some passages from Lichtenberg.

The following is as true now as it was in his day; he died 1799: "Eine Gleichheit und Freiheit festsetzen, so wie sie sich jetzt viele Menschen gedenken, das hiesse ein eilftes Gebot geben wodurch die übrigen zehn aufgehoben werden."

Vauvenargues says: "Il est faux que l'égalité soit une loi de la nature. La nature n'a rien fait d'égal. Sa loi souveraine est la subordination et la dépendance."

10. Looked the other day at a review in the *Westminster* of Lord Ronald Gower's *Reminiscences*. Speaking of a visit to Hughenden, he says that Mr. Disraeli remarked that "he felt the satisfaction of an

English landlord coming out very strong, on a Sunday afternoon, in showing his guests his territorial possessions, his pigs and his poultry, his farm improvements and machines, his stock and his steading." That has not to my ear the ring of Disraeli's talk. Much more "truthlike," if not more "true," was the story which was told at the time of his having taken a visitor round his place, and then said to him, "We have walked far, too far, but the pride of a proprietor upon Sunday afternoon—is boundless!"

I presided at the anniversary of the Saidapet Agricultural College, and spoke.

12. Layard has, with his usual kindness, sent me from Venice a further account of the Casa Paolini or Paolinelli:—

"The house in question," he says, "is of the fifteenth or end of the fourteenth century. It is small, and the façade is occupied by one large Gothic (Venetian Gothic) window. It is nearly opposite the church of the Salute on the Grand Canal. There is an escutcheon upon it, which bears the arms of Cotignola or Codignola, as written by the Venetians. I find that the Venetian Senate, on the 4th October 1446, sent to the celebrated Condottiere and their Captain-General, Michele de Cotignola, after the victory he had gained over the Milanese, to congratulate

him upon it, and to say that 'in signum amoris et gratitudinis deliberavimus eum in numero nostrorum nobilium aggregare, et de nostro majore consilio creare, et praeterea ei donare unam pulchram et honorabilem domum in Venetia, vel in illo locorum nostrorum qui ei magis placebit.' It is most probable that the Paolini House was the one thus given to him. In 1448 he was disgraced and imprisoned by the Republic and died without leaving apparently any descendants—the family, or the Venetian branch of it, becoming extinct. I have failed to ascertain, although I have had the archives at the Frari, and in S. Mark's Library examined, into whose hands the house subsequently fell. All I can learn is that about fifty years ago it belonged to a family named Paolini, who let it out in lodgings. Rawdon Brown lived there in 1835 and 1836. He afterwards bought the Ca Dario on the opposite side of the Grand Canal. It passed into the hands of a family named Paccierotti, who also let it out in lodgings, and it is now generally known to the gondoliers as 'Ca' or Palazzo Paccierotti. It was subsequently bought by a Paduan named Camerini, to whom it now belongs, and who, I am told, occasionally lives there himself. The house is charmingly situated, with a beautiful view. Rawdon Brown used to point it out to me in former days, as the pleasantest house he had occupied in Venice. Perhaps I have given you more information than you required. If not, and you require any more, pray do not hesitate to make use of me. Miss Lyall, I presume, has told you

that Rawdon Brown died last summer. He was a very old friend of mine."

Letters from Ootacamund announce the death of Prinny, our companion in the *Rome* and the friend of the whole household.

14. English Mail arrives.

Mrs. Greg sends the following, obvious enough but quite new to me:—

"What is a woman worth?
Double you—O—man
W—o—man."

15. I have had a new avenue laid out, running from this house to the gate which leads to the Marmalong Bridge. It is formed chiefly of *Dillenia speciosa* and *Anogeissus acuminatus*, the latter being seedlings from the very fine tree in the compound of Mr. Price, the Collector of Chingleput, which was probably planted by my maternal grandfather.[1]

Some time ago, Dr. Bidie sent me a botanical drawing of *Ainsliaea angustifolia*, a species from the Khasia mountains which commemorates his name. A Burman species is called *Ainsliaea Brandisiana*, which, considering how close were my official relations last year with Dr. Brandis, is amusing enough.

[1] Sir Whitelaw Ainslie.

We have had tremendous rains. Our familiar Adyar, which has generally just water enough to wash clothes, looks like the Rhine.

16. Two gentlemen, Major Mansel-Pleydell and Major Symons, dined here to-night: the first had kept four tame tigers, while the second had had his collar-bone broken by a kick from an angry male ostrich at the Cape of Good Hope!

18. Sir Frederick Roberts had a parade and march-past of about 2200 men on the Island to-day, which I attended officially.

20. The usual ball in the Banqueting Hall—always a pretty sight.

21. European Mail arrives.

My sister writes :—

"Think of us on the afternoon of the 24th December. At four o'clock, as the red sun has sunk behind the Ettersberg, and there is a last glow through the park trees, the great bells of Herder's Stadt-Kirche give the signal, and all the bells join. At that moment, the *fleissige Hände*, that are nailing up the *Tannen-Guirlanden* all over the house, and decorating our ideal wonder of a tree, stop work and all listen in silence to the *Heilig-Abend Glocken* with their memories, and their promises of happy hours and days. The same bells tolled as Goethe was carried

to his grave, and rang in Christmas for him and for Schiller in their happy times together,—rang to call Luther to preach in the Stadt-Kirche on Christmas Eve,—rang to call Sebastian Bach to play the organ on Christmas Eve,—rang for Jean Paul when he went to church on Christmas Eve, for Karl August, for the Frau von Stein on happy Christmas Eves, when Goethe came to her house to the *Bescheerung*,—rang for Corona Schröter when she sang on Christmas Eve before the Court and Goethe. And when they are ringing again and you have this, I'll think of you!"

A correspondent sends, on the authority of Baron Solvyns, a Belgian's criticism on the French and the English: "Le Français commence par avoir une bonne opinion de soi-même; l'Anglais par avoir une mauvaise opinion des autres."

From him, too, came the following: "A German asked a German the name of an English friend. 'His name,' replied the other, 'is Lord Smith, *but it is spelled—Johnson.*'"

The usual reception of natives, etc., in the Banqueting Hall, with fireworks on the Island opposite, beyond the branch of the Coum, which bounds the Government House park.

—— concludes an amusing letter by saying, "I

think I am beginning to *maunder*, and the result will not be a *Treasury*." She sends me also "all allowable sweetness" from the charming ——, an excellent and most useful formula.

23. Captain Bagot having written to ask me to send an epitaph for poor Prinny, I have suggested this :—

PRINCEPS,
Catellorum facile princeps
Hic quiescit.
Tam cari capitis desiderio,
Minime consepulto.

I told Cavendish, on the steps which lead down to the garden, a piece of his family history which I came across to-day in Sir James Mackintosh's *Memoirs*.

The Duke of Devonshire, in 1816, brought over to London a poodle who had been taught to growl at the words "Vive le Roi." Lord G. Cavendish, in exhibiting the creature's accomplishments, addressed it so roughly that he got his nose scratched. "That is," said Tierney, "the first blood a Cavendish has ever shed for royalty!"

As we drove to the Cathedral, I quoted to Miss Martin the words of Father Taylor, which Charles

Norton once told me, and which I do not think found a place at the time in this Diary. "Not able to do it,—too weak to do it,—did not eighteen centuries ago twelve weak pairs of arms take up the world and carry it to God?"

I wonder if any one has noted the epigram against Gladstone, attributed to Shilleto, the great Cambridge scholar, which came into my head to-day:—

> "Unde mihi lapidem, peterem quo laetus eum cui
> Inditur a laeto nomen et a lapide?"

A letter from Miss Smith to my wife, mentioning that the Rector of Lincoln is writing his autobiography, has carried my thoughts to Oxford, and Miss Martin read to me Faber's lines of which I am so fond:—

I

> "City of wildest sunsets, which do pile
> Their dark-red castles on that woody brow!
> Fair as thou art in summer's moonlight smile,
> There are a hundred cities fair as thou.
> But still with thee alone all seasons round
> Beauty and change in their own right abound.

II

"Whole winter days swift rainy lights descend,
Ride o'er the plain upon the swelling breeze,
And in a momentary brightness blend
Walls, towers, and flooded fields, and leafless trees:
Lights of such glory as may not be seen,
In the deep northern vales and mountains green.

III

"Coy city, that dost swathe thy summer self
In willow lines and elmy avenue,
Each winter comes and brings some hidden pelf,
Buttress or cross or gable out to view:
While his thin sunlight frugal lustre sheds
On the straight streams and yellow osier beds."

My wife, writing under date of 23rd December, says:—

"As Hampden and I returned, the evening was very beautiful. Elk Hill cut clearly against a primrose sky and the valley filling with blue mists, while the after-glow still shone on the yellow-green of the *Melanoxylons*. In the foreground a group of natives were gathered round a little temple. One had lighted a censer from which a blue smoke was curling, another holding a lamb ready for the sacrifice. The scene, almost on Christmas Eve, brought a curious group of associations to one's mind."

Lawson said incidentally that it was quite possible that some of Morrison's plants, alluded to in this Diary for September 1880, had been gathered by Morrison upon Naseby Field, as it would appear that he sat under a hedge reading a botanical book during the battle!

Charles Norton recently wrote from New England, under date of 17th November:—

"There is much to say about many things that must be left unsaid. A letter is a scanty syllabus of discourse. Its main service is as an expression of remembrance and a suggestion of sympathy. Its two best words are Euge and Farewell."

I should have said the same till I came to the East. Now I find that not a few of my friends in the West can do much better in their letters than say Euge and Farewell.

28. From a newspaper, lately forwarded to me by Mr. Webster of Edgehill, I see that the first set of Burnett Lectures, established, in consequence of the action taken by him, by Sir J. Clark and myself (see these Notes for 1879), has been begun. The subject is "The undulatory theory of light, and the organ

of vision." The lecturer is Professor Stokes of Cambridge.

26. Lawson mentioned at breakfast that the son of "The Railway King" had been known at Christ Church as the Prince of Rails!

Professor Kuenen of Leiden gave, it appears, the Hibbert Lectures last year, and I have just been glancing at them. His conclusion has a peculiar interest for me, because it is so much more hopeful and so much more in accordance with my own views (see "Must we then believe Cassandra?" in *Miscellanies, Political and Literary*) than was a long letter which I received from him in (I suppose) 1875, upon the same subject. Unluckily that letter is not in India, but laid up amongst my papers at home:—

"These lectures deal with the past, not with the future, of religion. But I may be permitted, in conclusion, from the point of view we now occupy, to cast a single glance forward. As long as nations remain approximately on the same level of social and spiritual development, so long the continued existence of their religions, if not absolutely assured, is at least highly probable. This is the very reason why the problem as to the future of Christianity is so much more serious than that which concerns either Islam or Buddhism. This is why it is so specially serious now,

when so much is being superseded and is passing away,—when a new conception of the world is spreading in ever-wider circles,—when new social conditions are in the very process of birth. What Paul writes of himself and his contemporaries, we may, in a somewhat modified sense, apply to ourselves, for in us, too, 'the ends of the ages meet,'—the ends of the old and of the new. What has Christianity to expect from this revolution? The need of it is keen as ever. It is not for less but for more Christianity that our age cries out. The question only is, whether it will be able to take it to itself, and find in it power for life, unbroken yet. For those who identify Christianity with the ecclesiastical form in which they themselves profess it, this question can hardly be said to exist. They expect the world to conform to them. They have no need to be re-assured or encouraged. But those too,—and they are many,—who have no such confidence, may be none the less at peace. The universalism of Christianity is the sheet-anchor of their hope. A history of eighteen centuries bears mighty witness to it, and the contents of its evidence and the high significance they possess are brought into the clearest light by the comparison with other religions. We have good courage, then. Not yet is the vital power exhausted which manifested itself so clearly in the rise of the Catholic Church and again at the Reformation of the sixteenth century. To this our own experience bears witness, and this the future will proclaim!"

27. In the afternoon to the Observatory with Miss Martin, Captain Agnew, and Mr. Webster, the Chief Secretary. We saw the comet of 1812, not at present a very striking object, Venus just now very distant from us, Saturn in great splendour, and Aldebaran. I asked Mr. Pogson how long light took to come to us from him. "Certainly over a hundred years," was the reply, "but how much longer, I know not." New to me, too, was the cluster in Perseus—a celestial rendering of my table the day Mr. Jacob came. Still more interesting was Alcyone which *may*, we understood, be the centre round which the universe revolves.

Lady Reay has sent me *Fors Clavigera* for November 1883, and I quote one or two passages in which Mr. Ruskin describes the country round Laidlawstiel, with which I have so many pleasant associations:—

"Towards the bottom of a dingle, here and there, a few feet of broken bank may show what the hills consist of; but the great waves of them rise against the horizon without a single peak, crest, or cleft to distinguish one from another, though, in their true scale of mountain strength, heaved into heights of 1500 or 2000 feet; and

covering areas of three or four square leagues for each of the surges."

. . . . . .

"Much rain falls over the whole district; but over a great part of its falling time, in the softly diffused form of Scotch mist, absorbed invisibly by the grass soil; while even the heavier rain, having to deal with broad surfaces of serenely-set rock, and finding no ravines in which it can concentrate force, nor any loose lighter soil to undermine, threads its way down to the greater glens in gradual and deliberate confluence, nobody can well see how; there are no Lodores nor Bruar waters, still less Staubbachs or Giesbachs; unnoticed, by million upon million of feebly glistening streamlets, or stealthy and obscure springs, the cloudy dew descends towards the river, and the mysterious strength of its stately water rises or declines indeed, as the storm impends or passes away; yet flows for ever with a serenity unknown to the shores of all other mountain lands."

30. On the 28th, we transferred ourselves from Guindy to Government House, Madras.

Next morning we went to the Central Station to meet my wife and Clara. Breakfast was hardly over when Dr. Mackenzie came to tell me that Davis, my valet, was attacked with cholera, and that we must forthwith return to Guindy. This we did. The case

ended fatally at 4 A.M. to-day. He was a negro from the Gold Coast, and the best valet I ever had, though I have been fortunate in that behalf. He appeared in my room at Parell on 31st October 1881, and I have hardly ever given him an order since. Everything I wanted, while he was there, seemed to happen as I wished it, without anything being said.

A red sunset—clouds half-veiling Venus and the crescent moon. The air was cool, in the earlier seventies, and, from time to time, we heard the gurgling cry of the great owl, the call of the spotted deer, and the dry rustle of the palmyra.

My second Christmas Minute, briefly recording the principal changes which have been made in this Presidency, during 1883, was to-day finally passed for publication.

1884

January

1. M. de Rancé published in 1639, when he was twelve years old, an edition of *Anacreon*, with a dedication in Greek to Richelieu, who was his godfather. When in later life he entered into religion, he destroyed all the copies he could, except one which he gave to a friend, "non comme un bon livre, mais comme un livre fort propre et bien relié." I have, mindful of my *Petronius Arbiter*, just sent this fact to its kind donor.

6. European Mail arrives.

Rutson mentions the sudden death of the elder Doyle (son of H. B.), and adds :—

"He had become quite a great friend of mine. You know his gentle ways and the quiet leisureliness that went along with the humour that delighted so many thousand

people in his drawings. He seemed quite well that evening, and was talking about the exhibition of Sir Joshua's, which is to take place in January."

Mr. Lear writes from San Remo, with accounts of various seeds I sent him to try: "A great many came up, but many died. Among common Madras things, *Ipomœa pes capræ* and *pes tigridis* found an early grave, while *Solanum trilobatum* has grown 'alarmingly,' and has been named by his gardener *Bestia feroce!*"

He says, too—and on this subject he is a first-rate authority—"After all, there is no more beautiful and strange landscape than in India."

—— sends me from Wiesbaden a Belgian's account of a dinner which he had had at an English hotel, "*A* soup, one fish, three plates and a desert!"

Miss Lyall, dating from Venice, says:—

"After writing to you last, I went to your S. Giorgio in the sea-weed, and looked, *à votre intention*, at the sun setting behind the blue Euganean hills, and then at Venice lying flooded in the rosy light. The Campanile is gone, and the little island looks very desolate; but there is still the high wall and the gracious Madonna leaning forward to bless."

Of the neighbourhood of Florence, she says :—

"Oh the loveliness and peace of that country ! I never can say how much I felt its beauty : the olive-covered hills—the broad valley of the Arno studded with red Tuscan willows—the course of the river tracked out by the slender poplars tipped with gold in the afternoon sunset—and the little old-world cities on the hill, Lastra and Beata Signa."

12. English Mail of 21st December arrives.

Rutson writes :—

"I have been spending a few days at Duffryn. The sunsets were glorious. The red-russet after-glow lit up the mountain sides, and, before that, the bars of deep colour and the seas of pale orange—pale green and violet—were as fine as you can ever have seen them in England. These luminous sunsets and fine dawns have made this December unlike all others."

Lubbock, who is studying an animal of a higher type, as he studied bees and ants, writes : "My dog is getting on. He brings me the card with 'food' on it, when he wants to eat, quite nicely."

14. From Friday morning to yesterday evening the house was in a whirlwind—Sir Donald Stewart, Lady Stewart, Miss Stewart, and I know not how

many warriors, passing through to Bangalore, on their way to the Camp of Exercise.

I heard yesterday from Captain Evans-Gordon, who writes from Central India, that a lady, whom he knows, was walking close to Watson's Hotel in Bombay, and, being struck by the appearance of a building opposite, asked an English maid whom she met what it was. "I am not quite sure," was the reply, "but I think it is the Indian Contingent!"

He mentions also that Miss Stewart having appeared at a Fancy Ball as a portrait *after* Gainsborough, a young Cavalry officer observed, "Gainsborough must have been very hard-hearted not to let her catch him!" I passed this on to the young lady's mother.

15. Last Sunday Mr. Black preached at the Cathedral on Esdras II. To-day and yesterday Miss Martin has read the book through to me.

I wonder if it occurred to any one to preach a sermon on the following text when the second Empire fell in September 1870:—

"II Esdras, chapter xi. 45-46.

"Therefore appear no more, thou Eagle, nor thy horrible wings, nor thy wicked feathers, nor thy malicious heads, nor thy hurtful claws, nor all thy vain body.

"That all the earth may be refreshed, and may return, being delivered from thy violence, and that she may hope for the judgment and mercy of Him that made her."

18. With Colonel Herbert to inspect the military sanitarium of Poonamallee, about which some questions have arisen.

19. A letter from Lord Ampthill, a Mail or two ago, announced the probable advent of the old Austrian statesman Baron de Hübner, and a telegram from Arthur Gordon, who has succeeded Longden in Ceylon, and with whom I have just been exchanging letters, intimated in the beginning of this week his departure from Colombo. He arrived this morning, escorted from his vessel by Bagot, and found us at breakfast. Conversation soon turned upon interesting things, and he mentioned, before we had risen from table, that the family of Prince Massimo was descended from the Counts of Tusculum, who were themselves sprung from the Gens Anicia. He did not seem to have heard the reply attributed to the Prince Massimo of that day, who, when Napoleon asked him if it was true that he was descended from Fabius Maximus, is reported to have said, "I cannot prove it, but it is a rumour which has prevailed for the last thousand years

in my family!" Upstairs, in my verandah, we fell talking of Austrian politics, and he spoke very highly, amongst others, of Heinrich Clam Martinitz, the great speaker in his section of the Conservative party.

Inter alia, he told me, too, that Metternich had said to him, long before the crash of 1848 came, "I foresee that all this will tumble down, and bury me in its ruins."

20. English Mail arrives.

Rutson writes:—

"We drove over to Walton Hall, the house of Waterton, and of many Watertons before him, for they were great people once in the West Riding. Now even Walton has been sold, but the wall that Waterton built to protect his birds and beasts (like our friend the Rajah of Bhurtpore)[1] still towers above the other park walls. . . . Walton is a stately house, on an island, in a lake of some little size, down to which the land slopes from every side. Mr. Waterton's tall crucifix still faces the front door, and dominates the ancient landing-place, still marked by the ruins of a sixteenth-century portal, half buried in yews and hollies."

Hübner's recollections go back a very long way. He met Montalembert in Rome in 1832 when he

[1] See *Notes of an Indian Journey*: London 1876.

went thither about the *Avenir*. Probably, the last letter, which Montalembert ever wrote was to him about his life of *Sixtus V*. After it was written, in a singularly clear and beautiful hand, the Sœur who was in attendance said, "Monsieur le Comte, it is your time to go to sleep;" and he died the next morning. Baron de Hübner gave the original letter to Madame de Montalembert, but retains a photograph of it. He knew Gerbet also at Rome in 1832, and visited him at Perpignan, when he was Bishop there.

I asked him who said the happy thing about the silver-wedding of the Empress of Austria, "Vingt cinq ans de manège;" but he had not heard it.

It was he himselt who first observed of Napoleon III., "Il ne parle jamais mais il ment toujours," though this *mot*, like so many others, does not pass current with the image and superscription of its real author.

His mention of Lord ——, long our Minister at Berlin, reminded me of the name given to him on account of his admiration for the great singer Mademoiselle Sontag—"Milord Montag."

21. We had the string-band at dinner, and afterwards sat in the front verandah listening to a very pretty selection of Scotch airs which my wife has made

for it. We remembered, as we breathed the soft delicious air, Keats's description of this evening in a northern climate:—

"St. Agnes' eve,—Ah bitter chill it was!
The owl for all his feathers was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold."

I learn, by the way, that the little owl, who makes so much noise here at nights, bears one of the proudest names in the animal creation: Athene Brama, if you please—nothing less!

My thoughts turned, as they often do in my present position, to the poem of Anastasius Grün, which begins:

"Abend ist's, die Girandolen flammen im geschmückten Saal,
Im Crystall der hohen Spiegel quillt vertausendfacht ihr Strahl."

"That describes a scene familiar enough to you," I said to Hübner. "Ah yes! every evening of my life at one time," he replied; and no wonder, for he was brought up at the feet of Metternich, whom the remarkable poem, from which I quote, describes. It will be found in the *Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poetens*, and is well worth turning to.

After I had come back from a Legislative, followed by the usual Executive, Council, and had finished my last paper, Miss Martin read to me the concluding part of the brief notice of the life of the Marquis de Valdegamas (Donoso Cortes), prefixed to the translation of some of his writings published in three volumes at Paris in 1877.

When we had got into the train and had started for Bangalore, I said to Hübner, "Did you ever, by any chance, come across Donoso Cortes?" "Oh! yes," he replied, "I was with him when he died!"

Another subject of which we talked this afternoon was the Princess Lieven. He put far above her, and above all women whom he had ever known, as a political intelligence, the Countess de Lebzeltern, a Russian lady, wife of an Austrian diplomatist, and mother of Alexandrine de Lebzeltern, who was a great friend of Natalie Narischkin, and married the Vicomte des Cars.

23. Accompanied by Baron de Hübner and some of my staff, I reached early this morning the Bangalore Residency, where we are the guests of Mr. Lyall, brother of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West, and of my travelling companion from Berlin to Dover in November 1875. The day went mainly in

a visit of ceremony to the Maharajah of Mysore, and in an inspection of the Camp of Exercise; but I. had time also for a good deal of conversation with Hübner. In reply to my question how he chanced to be present at the death of Donoso Cortes, he explained the circumstances. He had gone with his Prussian colleague, Count Hatzfeldt, to ask for Donoso Cortes, who was then Spanish Ambassador in Paris, and known to be very ill. They reached his house; the *concierge* was absent. They entered the hall—not a creature to be seen. Presently a bell was rung violently and the Sœur Rosalie, who was nursing him, came down saying, "All the servants are gone. His Excellency is dying. There is no one to go for the doctor." Count Hatzfeldt undertook that duty, while Baron de Hübner followed the Sœur, and was with the great orator when he breathed his last.

24. We fell talking this morning about Thiers, and Hübner related how, when Thiers was President of the Republic, he had gone to dine with the great man at Versailles, in a house which he only used for entertainments. Arriving somewhat early, and finding no one at the door, he walked upstairs, and established himself before the fire in the owl-light. Presently he

was aware of a man approaching him quietly and with great precautions. Knowing that his host had to be protected against assassins, and unwilling to be the martyr of a cause which was not his, he observed, "I am not Monsieur Thiers." "I know," replied the advancing stranger, "that you are not Monsieur Thiers, but what I want to know is *who* you are." "By what right do you put such a question?" said Hübner. "I am Monsieur Thiers's butler," was the reply; "and I," rejoined the other, "am Monsieur de Hübner." "Ah! Monsieur le Baron," said the other, much relieved, "here is your name at the head of the list."

The name of Thiers naturally led us to that of Mignet, who had been very useful to Hübner in collecting materials for his *Sixtus V.*, and of whom he spoke with great respect and regard.

After breakfast we went by railway to Kistnarajapuram, whence we drove some miles before we reached the place where we met our horses. I mounted Renown, and rode to the saluting-point, where a long procession was formed, which passed slowly along from right to left—first of the Infantry, then of the Artillery and Cavalry, which were drawn up behind the Infantry, and at some distance.

I was near the end of the procession, and on my extreme left was Sir Frederick Roberts, then Sir Donald Stewart, while on my right were General Hardinge (the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army), and on his right the Maharajah of Mysore.

Behind us came a large gathering of general officers from all parts of India, and then my personal staff.

This inspection over, we cantered back to the saluting-point, where the whole force marched past—8733 officers and men—the Infantry coming first, then the Cavalry and Artillery. The wind, which was happily behind us, blew away the dust, of which there was abundance. I stood in front, with the three Commanders-in-Chief just behind. The effect of keeping the eye on so large a body of men in motion, with sufficient attention to answer salutes, was that everything, for a little after the march-past was over, seemed to swim before one; but the sensation soon went off.

The military men present were much pleased with the appearance of our Madras troops, who are thought to have done very well in the manœuvres, so I was glad to be present, and—if it be true that the three Commanders-in-Chief met to-day for the first time in

all our annals, on an occasion of this kind—it was fitting enough that they, the representatives of force, should meet round the Governor of Madras, who, as ruling the oldest and for a long time back the most peaceful of our Presidencies, might be taken as the symbol of that policy which is the other and even more powerful stay of our supremacy in this country—even more powerful I say, for a nearer inspection has only deepened the conviction which I expressed in 1869, when making my first Indian financial statement: "It is impossible to keep too continually before us the fact that India was not won, is not held, and never will be held, by force alone. It was won, it is held, and it always will be held, while our Empire lasts, partly by force, but largely, much more largely, by policy."

25. Much conversation with Hübner. He spoke very highly of the Bohemian *noblesse*, amongst others of George Lobkowitz. Altogether, the younger generation of nobles in Austria seem to be taking much more to serious pursuits than their fathers did. I mentioned to him, in the course of the day, the amusing story, true or false, of the gentleman who appeared at the Court of Vienna wearing a superb order which puzzled every one extremely. At length, the

Emperor, who had failed completely to discover what it was by consulting various experts, had the stranger presented to him, and congratulated him on the beauty of his decoration. "Glad your Majesty likes it," was the reply of the American wearer, "I invented it myself!" I cannot remember who was my authority for this anecdote; certainly well imagined, if not true.

He had not heard a story which I repeated to him of Persigny's leaving Napoleon III. in a rage, with the words, "Adieu, sire, vous serez vendu par Fould, jugé par Troplong, et pendu par Magnan;" but on this he recognised the *cachet* of great probability. I heard it in Paris some twenty years ago.

He told me, in the course of our walk, the following remarkable story with regard to a man whose name will be found in these notes under the date of 1861.

On the 31st October 1848, Vienna surrendered to the Imperialists. The next day there was a large breakfast at Hetzendorf behind Schönbrunn, every one present being of course in high spirits. When it was over, Hübner strolled in the garden, and, falling in with the *Auditor* or Military Judge, was told by him that six young men, who had been found attempting to corrupt the soldiers by giving them money, were

just about to be shot a little way off. Hübner walked accordingly with him in the direction indicated. Arrived at the spot, he saw, amongst others, a youth, more dead than alive, with a rope round his neck, the end of which was in the hand of a savage-looking Croat. "Who is that?" asked Hübner. "A Herr von Haymerle," was the answer. Haymerle, thought Hübner, surely that must be some connection of such and such, remembering an old and very respectable official of the Vienna Foreign Office, the Hammond, in fact, of that Institution, who had married a widow named Haymerle. "I should like," he said, "if possible, to save that young man's life." "Well," said the Auditor, "you must be quick about it, for the Marshal is just going into the city, and they must, according to orders, be shot two hours after their identity has been 'constaté,' which has been done." Hübner ran as fast as he could, and found Prince Windischgrätz getting into his carriage. He told him the circumstances, or what he believed to be such, for it does not seem clear that the connection existed, and the Marshal said, "Well, well, let the scoundrels go about their business." Years passed away, and Haymerle, who, when I knew him, was Austrian Chargé

d'Affaires at Dresden, had become Prime Minister. Baron de Hübner, who opposed his foreign policy, sat down, in the year 1881, after making a long speech against it in the Delegations, when, after the applause of his own friends had subsided, a voice from behind Haymerle was heard to say, "Baron de Hübner is the most inconsistent of men; he saved the Prime Minister in 1848, and he has killed him now." Killed him, of course, politically, the speaker meant, but sure enough the poor man died very soon afterwards.[1]

I gathered from Hübner that the three principal events of Austrian political history, in which he had taken an active part, were—

(1) The bringing of Prince Felix Schwartzenberg from Italy to Vienna in 1848, after which he accompanied the Emperor Ferdinand to Olmütz, walking most of the way on foot with the present Emperor;

(2) the accommodation with Hungary after Königgrätz;

(3) the fall of Andrassy.

[1] In 1887 I went to Vienna and made Hübner take me over the scene of this anecdote. As we walked he said, "I remember the shadow which my figure cast as I ran across this piece of ground."

25. English Mail arrives.

John Webster of Edgehill writes :—

"I am charmed with your brief reference to Bossuet and his grand *Oraison* on Condé, as noble and sustained a composition as human lips ever uttered. Nothing was ever more dignified than the conclusion; and did you recognise in the fine passage describing Condé in battle 'Semblable à ces hautes montagnes,' the germ of Goldsmith's lofty simile, 'As some tall cliff?'"

Lady Reay writes :—

"We came here from Peckforton, Lord Tollemache's very fine modern castle on a high-wooded hill rock commanding the county of Cheshire, over which we took long drives.

"When I arrived one evening late in the dimly-lighted hall and stone corridors, I thought I was in a monastery, and that my bed of dark carved oak pillars, with a canopy far away in the ceiling, must have seen the last solemn sleep of many an Abbot! but the castle is modern in erection, though very old in thought and association, being Edwardian in character."

26. Talking with M. de Hübner about wealth, I repeated to him the happy saying that there is no country in the world in which a poor devil of a millionnaire is so badly off as in England; and he

told me a remark made to him by the late Baron James Rothschild: "Foyez fous, l'argent est une bonne chose quand on ne l'a pas!"

He mentioned also that the Prince of —— at Rome, showing him over his palace, had pointed to a picture and said, "Ma grand'mère ——, maîtresse de Robespierre"!

He mentioned also that sitting between —— and —— he had one day said to the latter, "Qui est ce vilain petit homme?" "C'est heureux," was the reply, "que vous avez adressé cette question à moi sa femme, et non à la Princesse sa mère!"

He told me, too, that the Princess Metternich was reported to have said one day to Napoleon III., when he complained of headaches, "I do not wonder at your having headaches. Perhaps if you occupied yourself with your own affairs only, and not also with those of other people, you would have fewer."

It is to this Princess Metternich that is attributed the happy description of the Ministers of Education, Public Works, and War, as the Ministers of "Instruction Publique," "Construction Publique," and "Destruction Publique."

We talked, too, of the beautiful Princess

Metternich, the wife of the statesman, who scandalised the diplomacy of Europe, and almost brought about a rupture of good relations between Austria and France, by saying to M. de St. Aulaire, the Ambassador of Louis Philippe, when, looking at her beautiful tiara, he said, "Oh! Princess Metternich, you are wearing a crown!" She replied, "And why not? it is my own. If it weren't my own, I wouldn't wear it!"

27. We left Bangalore last night after receiving the return visit of the Maharajah, and reached Guindy early this morning. In the course of a long walk with Baron de Hübner in the gardens, he mentioned that in 1832 he had been very intimate at Rome with an old German painter of the name of Koch. With him he had frequently walked to the Porta Pia, and had observed that Koch had the habit of plunging the stick which he carried into a fountain hard by the gate, and then turning round. "Why do you do this!" he asked. "Because," was the reply, "I used to take this same walk with Goethe fifty years ago, and he always did so."

28. I asked Baron de Hübner whether he had been fortunate in meeting many remarkable people in the religious houses, of which he has visited so many in

distant parts of the world. "More," he said, "amongst the women than amongst the men;" and then went on to give a most interesting account of a young Sœur de la Charité, who had nursed him through a rheumatic fever in Paris when he was writing his *Sixtus V.*, describing her holding above him an autograph letter of Philip II., whose difficult hand he spelt out as he lay flat on his back.

29. He mentioned, too, one of these days, having gone up at the time of the last Paris Exhibition in the Ballon Captif. It floated over the burnt unroofed Tuileries, and looking down he saw the whole ten years of his diplomatic life in Paris pass before him, in the very rooms in which each of its events had occurred!

31. Sir Donald Stewart, accompanied by Colonel Chapman and Lord Alwyne Compton, arrive.

I had, as on the 13th, much conversation with Sir Donald, but now, as then, it was largely of a business character, and I pass it by.

The Viceroy, Lady Ripon, and a large staff, landing this afternoon with appropriate ceremonies and amidst an enormous concourse, drove with me to Guindy, where the house and gardens were lighted up, and the

principal people came to meet them. We sat down to dinner, a party of forty-three.

February

1. Before Hübner left us to-day, I was glad to be able to show him that, although we have lived in such different camps, the only time I ever had occasion to mention him I did so in a very complimentary way. The following passage occurs at page 172 of my *Studies in European Politics*, published in 1866, just before the outbreak of the war between Prussia and Austria :—

"Bach was dismissed in August 1859, and was succeeded by Count Goluchowski, a man of much inferior ability, who had been Governor of Galicia, but who did not do anything as Minister to justify the respectable reputation which he brought into the Government. M. de Hübner became, at the same time, Minister of Police, and showed, during his short tenure of office, far more consideration for the press, and far more desire for reform than his predecessor. Both he and the Foreign Minister, Count Rechberg, are believed to have seen, even at this period, that concessions to Hungary had become absolutely necessary. Indeed, M. de Hübner is said to have resigned his portfolio in consequence of the rejection of his plans for effecting something in this direction."

I have gathered, from recent conversations with Hübner, that if Rechberg had stood firm, an accommodation with Hungary might have been arrived at.

The Viceroy departed in state for Hyderabad, Hübner going with him.

9. At noon on the 2nd, I left Madras, accompanied by several members of my staff, by my colleague Master, the Chief Secretary, the Under-Secretary in the political department, the Chepauk Agent, the ladies of our party, and others, *en route* for Bolarum near Hyderabad, which we reached in some thirty hours.

The ceremony of investiture, which took place in the durbar hall of the palace, on the morning of the 5th, rather disappointed me. This court has discarded, too much for picturesqueness, the barbaric pearl and gold, having become, if not Europeanised, at least Stamboulised.

The illumination of the city and the Hussain Saugor Tank near it, at night, was very fine; that within the palace magnificent—in its way I should think unsurpassable. It would have been difficult to use white marble staircases, great platforms of the same material, light, darkness, water, architecture

outlined by lamps, to greater effect, for however great are the resources of the West, they could not command the accessory conditions, the February sky of South Central India, the cocoanut palms rising into it, nor even the masses of Arab and African soldiery.

There was a review on the morning of the 6th, to which I accompanied the Viceroy; but the troops on the ground were not much more than half as numerous as those which we had at Bangalore. The only advantages which it had over that remarkable display were—

(1) the presence of a powerful elephant battery;
(2) the fact that the bands being nearer, the tones of "Bonnie Dundee" were less drowned by the *quadrupedante sonitu*.

In the afternoon we went through the city on elephants, a mode of conveyance which, now that the streets have been widened and the lawless disposition of the population checked, is no longer *de rigueur*.

In the centre of the town there is a good deal that is striking, and many pretty little arched windows; but the remoter portions of it are waste and farmyardy, like Debreczin, that advanced post of Asia in the heart of Europe.

The population is interesting and varied, but looks far less barbarous than I had expected. On the 7th we attended at night an enormous dinner given to the Nizam by the English residents here, which is memorable to me as having been the occasion of my saying good-bye to Baron de Hübner, whose society, although I have enjoyed many things very much since I came to Madras, has been incomparably the greatest pleasure I have had since I left Europe. We met several times after we reached Hyderabad, but always amidst the "storm and stress" of a great public occasion, so that his words to me before he left Guindy were only too true :—

> "Die schönen Tage in Aranjuez
> Sind nun zu Ende."

He left on the morning of the 7th for Poona with Sir Donald Stewart.

On the morning of the same day the Nizam, who had previously visited the Viceroy, came to see me, accompanied by Salar Jung (just made Prime Minister at three-and-twenty), the eldest son of the personage known to Europeans as the late Sir Salar Jung, one of whose houses we are occupying, by the old Dewan

Peshkar, by Kurshid Jah the Amir-i-Kubir and others. In the afternoon, I returned the visit by arrangement at the Mir Alum Tank, about which the Viceroy, our own party, Lady Anne Blunt (Byron's granddaughter), and her husband—who since they dined with us at Guindy have been travelling in Northern India—steamed with the Nizam for some time. Far off rose the picturesque fort of Golconda, which, though famous in the Muhammadan annals of Southern India, is more famous as the mart for the diamonds which were found in Kurnool, Bellary, and various other places, of which Golconda itself was not one.

The journey back was very hot, and did not, as on the 2nd, take us through the picturesque valleys of North Arcot by daylight. The wide tanks, the intense green of the rice-fields, with the precipitous irregular peaks and walls of the Cuddapah Quartzites towering above them, were very striking as we passed northwards, and we stopped on that occasion to see at Balapally the cage in which the pointsman is kept, reversing the usual order of things, to protect him from the tiger, who wanders through the forests at his own sweet will. In my journey last week through these I was accompanied by Mr. Higgens,

who pointed out to me *Anogeissus latifolius*, one of our important trees which I have, however, not yet seen distinctly or gained satisfactorily from the eternal darkness. Dining at Cuddapah, we were talking about the roots and stumps of *Pterocarpus santalinus*, which our forest officers are sending into the market.

"Where do they go to?" I asked. "Chiefly," replied Mr. Higgens, "to Europe." "To make red ink?" I innocently suggested. "No, sir," he replied, "chiefly, I believe, to make claret!"

Before passing from our Hyderabad expedition, I ought to note that we paid a short visit to Mrs. Neville, the wife of Major Neville who commands the Nizam's reformed troops, and in whose company Mrs. Greg (then Miss Wilson), my wife, and I spent a singularly bright and amusing evening, in the August of 1871 at Trieste. Her father, Charles Lever (who was then Consul-General at that place), Henry Smith, and Greg are all now gone.

Mindful of her having told us then that she had first shot a burglar, and thereafter nursed him through illness, I asked her if she had shot any more burglars?

"No," she said, "but I have arrested some;"

whereon she gave an account of her husband and herself, without arms, capturing a party of Heratees, on whom they came one day, in the neighbourhood of Hyderabad, robbing on the highway.

8. The English Mail reached us on the 8th, not far from Wadi.

Pollock suggests for Tennyson's supporters "two Muses, all proper, for he has certainly never written a line he could have wished to blot for its impropriety." Browning, he adds, is much pleased by having been recently saluted as the *Great Commoner*.

To-day, too, came a book, privately printed by Milnes Gaskell, called *Records of an Eton Schoolboy*, and containing an account of the Eton and Oxford life of his father. It embodies the MS. to which I have referred, in describing my visit to Thornes, in these Notes for 1880; but I had not previously seen the Oxford part of it, which is full of curious little bits about men who, later in life, became very eminent.

The following story I recollect reading in the MS.: "A Mr. Fountayne Wilson, in presenting an anti-Catholic petition, is reputed to have said: 'Sir,

this House should look to the agricultural interest; this House should look to the commercial interest; this House should look to the shipping interest; this House should look to the moneyed interest; this House should look to the landed interest; but this House should not forget our 'oly religion.'"

The following, in a letter from Gaskell to his mother, page 145, is noticeable: "the man who, with the exception of Herbert, is more deservedly popular than any one I know—Manning of Balliol. Manning is very unassuming, and perhaps the best-informed man in Oxford."

On page 163, in another letter from the same to the same, are these words: "I have had a long letter from Gladstone: he is very bitter against the Reform Bill, and laments our difference of opinion."

On page 164 occurs this passage: "Herbert[1] and I have made a very comfortable agreement. I have undertaken to shelter him in my cellar during the Commonwealth, on condition that he makes me a sharer in the general amnesty after the Restoration."

On page 174, in a letter from Arthur Hallam to Gaskell, we have the following: "In some things

[1] Later Lord Herbert of Lea.

'he,' *i.e.* Gladstone, is likely to be obstinate and prejudiced; but he has a fine fund of high chivalrous Tory sentiment, and a tongue, moreover, to let it loose with. I think he may do a good deal."

Lady Reay, writing from Petworth, says that a lady having asked one of Lady Leconfield's children "What is your name?" "Reginald William," he replied. "Ah," said the other thoughtfully, "William is a great name in your family;" the allusion being, of course, to Sir William Wyndham. "Yes," remarked the boy, "there is William the footman, and William the under-coachman."

We reached Guindy somewhere about 7 o'clock this morning, not so dilapidated as we might have been, after a journey so rapid, and so much locomotion over and above the actual journey; for the prevalence of cholera, in and around the Residency Compound at Hyderabad, sent the Viceroy to the Bolarum Residency, and us to the house I have already mentioned, which was close to it.

From the 4th to the 7th inclusive, we certainly did not cover less than from 130 to 140 miles in driving to and fro.

14. On the evening of the 9th, the Viceroy, with

his suite, returned and remained with us at Guindy till the 13th.[1]

From Bangalore there came to meet the Viceroy, and to stay with us, Mr. and Mrs. Lyall with Major Wylie, the Assistant Resident.

We had as many people at dinner as we could manage, except on Sunday the 10th, when we had a quiet little party of twenty-eight.

On the 9th, 11th, and 12th respectively, we sat down fifty-one, fifty-three, and fifty-one.

A large number of persons also came to breakfast on several of these days.

The house and gardens of Guindy were illuminated every night, while on the 11th we had a concert directed by Dr. Macleane, and on the 12th a ball. My wife also held a reception on the 11th in the grounds of Government House, Madras, after

[1] Those who arrived and departed with Lord and Lady Ripon were—Mr. H. W. Primrose, Private Secretary. Captain Lord William Beresford, V.C., 9th Lancers, Military Secretary. Surgeon-Major J. Anderson, C.I.E. The Rev. Father Ker, Post Captain (retired) R.N. Captain the Honourable C. Harbord, Scots Guards, A.D.C. Lieutenant F. S. St. Quintin, Bengal Staff Corps, A.D.C. Lieutenant C. R. Burn, 8th Hussars, A.D.C. Lieutenant Pollen, Royal Engineers, A.D.C. Mr. Durand, C.S.I., Acting Secretary to the Government of India, in the Foreign Department. Captain Hext, Royal Navy, Director of Indian Marine. Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson, C.S.I., Madras Staff Corps, Special Political Officer, remained with us a little longer.

the Viceroy's levée, which took place at half-past four in the Banqueting Hall.

On the 10th, I went with the Viceroy to the Convent, and thence to Vespers and Benediction.

On the 11th, he received a variety of formal visits; I, those of the Maharajah of Mysore and the Princess of Tanjore, besides which there were all the usual accompaniments of Viceregal or gubernatorial progresses—interviews, institutions, addresses, and the like.

The only *contretemps* was the illness of Lady Ripon, who was unable to appear at all either on the 11th or 12th, and had to be taken on board the *Clive* by Dr. Anderson early on the 13th. We had a slight alarm about the Viceroy's health on the night of the 11th, but it came to nothing.

Yesterday, after luncheon, I drove with the Viceroy to the pier, saying good-bye at the place where I welcomed him to this Presidency on the 31st January. Shortly afterwards, the *Clive* slipped from her moorings, and the visit to which South India had looked forward, with so much interest, was a thing of the past.

I have added, in these last days, a good deal to

my knowledge of persons. Various matters of business have been settled, or put in the way of settlement, while another step has been taken in the policy, on which I have all along acted, of bringing this great province into closer relations with the Supreme Government. I have also picked up various facts which will all fit into their places; but the prayer of Lichtenberg, "O lieber Gott, etwas auf's Zettelchen," has not been abundantly answered!

Lady Ripon told me that, immediately before the Boulogne attempt, Louis Napoleon was occupying her father-in-law's house in Carlton Gardens. A housemaid, who had been left by the family, kept writing to them that these foreigners were clearly up to some mischief. Large quantities of arms were, she said, being brought into the house, and they had also got a tame eagle, who was taught to perch upon a cocked hat, by having a piece of meat placed upon it. This creature was usually kept below, but was sometimes, which the housemaid considered highly inappropriate, brought upstairs.

Her letters were treated as of no consequence, but turned out prophetic.

Father Ker, the Viceroy's Chaplain, was in the

Navy before he became a priest and a member of the Society of Jesus. Speaking of Ruskin and his Catholic side, he said to me characteristically, "Ah! I hope he will *steer in* before he dies."

Lord William Beresford, of whom, in the rush and hurry, I saw less than I could have wished, gave to some of my staff a very interesting account of his having found the body of the Prince Imperial.

This morning Mr. Alexander Agassiz came to breakfast. Charles Norton wrote to me some time ago about him, and, when I saw him at Bolarum, he led me to hope for a visit of some length; but having been suddenly recalled to America, he could only spare an hour or two for Guindy. He spoke highly of the daughter of the Emperor of Brazil, chiefly on her father's authority, and had, like many, been much struck with the curiously isolated position of that monarch.

Speaking of some eminent persons who want, or are thought to want, initiative, he used a phrase which was new to me, and is expressive, "They have no *snap* in them."

He had found Ootacamund curiously like the hills near San Francisco in which opens the Golden Gate.

19. This morning Mr. Hanbury Williams and Mr. Atherton, who joined my staff as extra Aides-de-Camp, when the Viceroy was expected, and who have done their work very well, leave us. The first is in the (43rd) Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and was an A.D.C. to General Hamley at Tel-el-Kebir, where he had a horse shot under him. The second is in the 12th Lancers, and is a son of Sir William Atherton, who was for a time Attorney-General in the last Palmerston Administration.

22. So great has been the recent "Sturm und Drang," that I have not had a quiet half hour in the garden for some five weeks. This and yesterday morning, however, I walked there, and observed what plants were most conspicuous.

Lawson, dating on the 19th, tries to make me understand the weather they are now enjoying there, by saying: "Imagine yourself standing with your face to the east on the coast of Durham in March with the wickedest of east winds blowing."

He tells me, too, that the late frosts have not only injured the Cinchona and even the coffee, but have "burnt" in many places the shola trees.

It is true there are alleviations, for he adds, "The

violet bed at the end of Mrs. Awdry's house is like the blue end of the spectrum, and scents the air for yards around."

As Agnew, Cavendish, and I were riding in the Park this evening, we came across a large Russell's viper (*Daboia elegans*) coiled up close to the road. The first-named dismounted, and, if he did not make an end of it, must have at least produced upon it that effect which the Queen's coachman supposed he produced upon the fleas when he brushed the skye-terrier. "You don't kill them in that way," said Sir Charles Russell, who beheld that remarkable operation. "No," was the reply; "it don't kill them, but it terrifies them uncommon!"

Undesirable fauna have been a little too prominent here of late. *Echis carinata* was killed last week in the very middle of the house. A bandicoot had a fight two nights ago in Cavendish's own bedroom with his own cat, and towards the end of the year Agnew and I saw a wolf chasing a young antelope close to the farm.

23. European Mail arrives.

Madame Renan writes of her husband:—

"S'il n'écrit pas à ceux qu'il aime le plus c'est que sa

vie entière est remplie par la tâche d'écrire pour tous ceux qui veulent entrer en communication avec son esprit. Ses vraies lettres, ce sont ses livres. Mais ne croyez pas qu'il n'aime pas ses amis de l'affection la plus constante ; il leur donne avec son cœur ses fréquentes pensées, toute une part idéale qui est peut-être ce qu'il y a de plus réel.

"Que de fois en particulier nous parlons de vous pour qui il a une si rare estime ! Que nous voudrions être en ce moment auprès de vous, au Guindy, non pas au Guindy de la Bretagne mélancolique que nous connaissons, mais à votre beau Guindy de Madras, que nous nous figurons si lumineux, si chaud, si splendide ! Que nous aimerions à vivre sous votre ciel merveilleux, à passer des journées en rêveries en face de la plus belle nature, interrompues par de longues causeries sur les choses intellectuelles ; c'est le plaisir divin par excellence, et nous avons gardé un si attachant souvenir de celles que nous faisions quand vous veniez nous voir et de celles que nous avons recommencées à Twickenham, que nous voudrions bien en jouir dans votre royaume de l'Inde.

"Mais hélas ! quel moyen d'y arriver quand on est lié au collège de France, à l' Académie, à mille travaux auxquels la vie ne suffit pas ?"

He sends his Address at the Lycée Louis le Grand last August, in which occurs a passage on pessimism of quite supreme merit.

23. Dyer writes of Madagascar :—

"English missionaries seem to have got a firm footing in the interior, and are pouring upon us a perfect avalanche of materials. As the island has always been a *terra incognita* to the botanist, the amount of novelty is very great. A vast box arrived a few weeks ago, which survived the bombardment of Tamatave.

"I have taken pleasure in stirring up my excellent colleague, J. G. Baker, whose special department is the Indian Ocean, to work up, with all speed, the new collections for publication. The French savants advertised long ago a flora of Mauritius. But as J. G. B. says, rather grimly, it can only *now* be worked up at Kew."

Of my own South Indian *envois*, he says: "Seeds have descended upon us in a perennial shower. The fountain was mostly sealed to us till your vigorous wand smote the rock of seclusion. We have distributed the residue punctually, as you wished."

28. Our drive took us this evening to a point in the Poonamallee road, whence we wandered for half an hour amongst the rice-fields and betel-topes, with scant results.

The "new moon with the old moon in her arms" was exceedingly beautiful over the after-glow, and under the evening star.

In the cloudy skies of Scotland, this phenomenon,

here so familiar, is rare, and passes for a portent. I remembered "The Grand Old Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens."

March

1. To the Observatory, soon after sunset. The newest object to me was Mars. I could not distinguish the snow which my wife saw distinctly at one of his Poles.

I looked again at Venus, but, as Mr. Proctor happily observes, "there is an annoying glare and much false colouring about the lovely lady."

2. English Mail arrives.

A letter from Kinglake tells me that Hayward, whose name so often appears in these pages, passed away very tranquilly on the morning of 2nd February. The devotion and kindness shown towards him were something quite extraordinary.

One evening, during his illness, but before the time when he took to his bed, he said, and emphatically repeated, "We know nothing." Then after a pause, he added, "There is something great."

Lubbock writes: "Fancy their having found in

Lincolnshire a new species and genus of Umbellifers (*Selinum caricifolium*), new at least to England!"

3. I spent the last hour of daylight in a remote part of the Park, where our botanical plunder was much greater than in the excursions of last week—too great, indeed, to be recorded here; but I note, amongst characteristic sights, not elsewhere mentioned, the paddy-birds going to roost on a tree protected by water, during the largest portion of the year, from all ordinary dangers, the young green coming on the *Pongamia glabra*, the Palmyras standing up against the after-glow, and the pools in the now rapidly-shrinking tanks reflecting its golden glory.

4. As we walked in the Park this evening, we came across the harmless green snake, *Passerita mycterizans*, in a bush of *Acacia Sundra*. He allowed both Cavendish and myself to touch him gently, without moving. One was caught the other night, and doomed to be preserved in spirits as a specimen; but we ruled that he was far too pretty, and he was allowed to escape into a tree.

—— kept one of this species without food for three months, and though thinner (!), he was quite lively when he was liberated at the end of that time.

A few mornings ago, a man brought a fine specimen of the large, but non-venomous, *Ptyas mucosus*. A Russell's viper was slain in the Park, supposed to be our friend of the 22nd February, and a huge cobra with twenty eggs was dug out from under a Banyan near the house.

7. European Mail arrives.

Mallet, who, although his name rarely appears in these pages, has been, I think, since I left England, the most constant of my many admirable correspondents, writes to me usually about Indian political matters or about current English politics, both subjects which I exclude, as far as possible, from these Notes. By this Mail, however, he sends me from Antibes some extracts from the correspondence of his grandfather, Mallet du Pan, one of which I copy :—

"THE FRENCH PEOPLE

"Le Cardinal Mazarin connaissait bien les Français lorsqu'il disait, *qu'ils chantent pourvu qu'ils payent.*

"Aujourd'hui la Convention dit de même. *Qu'ils pleurent et me maudissent, pourvu qu'ils n'osent pas m'attaquer.*

"Simultanément cruelle et frivole (le caractère national), servile et licencieuse, impétueuse dans ses plaintes, et les oubliant le lendemain sans motifs. Aussi

légère dans ses souffrances, que dans sa prospérité, incapable de prévoyance et d'aucune réflexion, vendant le matin comme les sauvages le lit où elle doit coucher le soir, telle fut de tout temps cette nation, telle on la revoit en ce moment, telle elle sera jusqu'à la fin des siècles !"

Bickersteth tells me that, as soon as the news of the death of Cetewayo arrived at the Colonial Office, Herbert and Meade paid a visit of condolence to Evelyn Ashley, who inhabits, I suppose, my old room. Finding him out, they left on his table their cards with deep mourning borders, and drew down his blinds !

My sister writes :—

"We are having a sort of miracle winter. The primroses I have had brought hither from Lausanne are in flower, and my grass is full of snowdrops. Both would flower in the course of nature—some five weeks later.

"It is a sad fact that the winter climate of Weimar causes one, as far as vegetation is concerned, to look back with tender longing to Aberdeenshire !

"I have spent eight years in sorrowful experiments, and discovered that no evergreen shrub can survive, save *Berberis aquifolia*. So I make the most of that. It is a beautiful shrub at all events. All my ivy has to be muffled up in fir branches. The dear *Vinca minor*, fetched in great quantities from the woods—is cheering

to look at during the winter—grows well. The grass can, by no means, be turned into anything but—hideous grass. So I cram it full of snowdrops and *Leucojum vernum*, of primroses and violets, crocuses, hyacinths, early scarlet and late crimson tulips, single daffodils, *Scilla sibirica*, winter aconite, and *Gladiolus communis*, thus turning the horrible grass into a bit of southern country to the amazement of all Weimar.

. . . . . .

"I have planted my whole house with creepers—and clematis at intervals all round it—glorious flowers, some pale mauve, some white, some dark purple, come out in the most exciting way in the end of May. Everything one plants takes three whole years *sich zu besinnen*. The beautiful standard roses of Thuringia *horchen gar lange!* as the gardeners say, but they come at last! in the third or fourth year.

"The brilliant *Azalea mollis* has the blessed quality of standing this winter, and *Prunus chinensis*, and the lovely Siberian Crab.

"As to Cydonia, it does not flower for fifteen years!

"*Forsythia, Deutzia, Weigelia, Cytisus* all do very well. I am trying to 'einbürgern' the *Gentiana acaulis* and the Cyclamen.

"In short, I make myself delightfully unhappy and happy in my garden."

Yule writes regretting that he had not seen

Malabar, and remarking that my account of it in a letter to him tallied with that given, so long ago, by Ibn Batuta.

Pollock sends me an account of the first meeting of the Breakfast Club for this season, and, after treating of various topics, adds :—

"And now followeth a story—quite new to me, and told me by a Norfolk man. Fresh, however, as it was to me, it must have happened, if at all, before the year 1830, for it was then that Alexander resigned the place of Chief Baron, to be succeeded by Lyndhurst, after his first tenure of Chancellorship.

"Alexander, C.B., and Gurney, B., were on the Norfolk circuit together—the first, a man of the world; and the second, rather a precisian in religious matters.

"They had to travel from one Assize town to another, and the question was, should they travel on a Sunday.

"Alexander saw nothing against it. Gurney thought it would be exceedingly wrong, and setting a bad example.

"Finally, they came to the compromise that they should travel on the Sunday, but stop to attend morning service. Accordingly at the place selected for the purpose, they left their carriages at the inn and walked quietly to church.

"Nothing happened, till the clerk gave out the psalm to be sung from Sternhold and Hopkins—

'O! all ye judges of the earth,
Whose hands with bribes are stained.'

"On which Alexander turned to Gurney and said: 'By God—they've found us out!'"

8. I have been looking over *Henry Greville's Diary*, published by Lady Enfield, and have found a good deal that has interested me. He tells the story of Thiers's conversation with Sir Henry Bulwer, in 1840, rather differently from Kinglake, who repeated it to me. This is my version of it. Thiers had been talking in a very menacing way about war. Bulwer heard him to the end, and then said, "Very well, I may tell my Government you said to me that if such and such happened, you would declare war." "No," said Thiers, "do not say that I told you so; *say you read it in my countenance!*"

Good, too, is the story which I repeated to Cavendish of his grandfather, Lord Durham, who, when he went to Canada, took with him so large a number of musical instruments as to astonish the town. "Don't you know," said Sydney Smith, "that he has gone to make Overtures to the Canadians?"

Mrs. Furnell, who is staying here, told us that an Australian horse-dealer, speaking of the fighting qualities of certain fox-terriers, said, "They fly at each other's throats, and then they hold on quite quietly, just like a prayer meeting!"

12. A letter from my wife tells me that poor Hannibal has been murdered. It is exactly two years and five months to-day since he invaded the *Rome* off the Bay of Carthage, fated like his great namesake to die far from his native land. A dose of poison at Libyssa; a cat at Ootacamund—*sic transit gloria!*

13. A lady, talking to me to-night, quoted her old Irish Catholic nurse, defending her Church from some aspersions, as having used the phrase quite new to me, "*Paper never refuses ink; don't believe all you read.*"

14. Some one asked at breakfast, "Which is the snake of which the natives say that when it bites you, it does not wait to ascertain the effect, but goes straight off to the burning[1] ground, climbs a tree, and sees the last of you?"

The most conspicuous flower at this moment in

[1] See *infra* under date of 27th November 1886.

the Park is the pretty *Carissa Carandas.* It is nearly related to the periwinkle, not at all to the jessamine, of which its little white stars nevertheless always make one think.

The jackals are exhibiting a "shocking tameness." One stood in front of us, as we rode to-day, and shook himself like a dog. In the interest of our fawns, their numbers should be diminished. Have I anywhere mentioned that, when the first were shot, the French cook asked Evans-Gordon how "ce gibier là" was to be cooked!

15. The sunset excursions noticed above, and others which have not been noticed, to the waste region near the lattice bridge, to the forsaken bungalow at Pulikani, to the country behind Saidapet, have had such scant botanical results, as to have led me to the conclusion that, at least at this season, walks in the Park, poor as is its laterite soil, are much more profitable In it, too, one has always pleasant sights—a group of spotted deer, a herd of the black antelope, a mungoose crossing the road, a large owl startled out of its tree by our approach, and so on.

The cooing of the pretty little doves belongs rather to our morning rides than to our evening walks.

17. To say good-bye to Lady Turner, the wife of the Chief Justice, who is going to England in bad health—a powerful influence for good lost to Madras society.

20. English Mail arrives.

—— sends me an account of Peel's taking the chair as Speaker, and mentions that his beard strikes people as inappropriate. "We must move a vote of tonsure," said Biddulph.

25. As last year, the stars are a great pleasure. When we walk on the terrace after dinner, Orion is very glorious. So is the Great Bear. Jupiter and Mars are just overhead. When I look from the verandah of my rooms, now in the garden-block of the house, a little after ten, the Southern Cross is rising over the solitary Casuarina ; the False Cross is straight opposite me and higher ; Canopus is nearer to the garden.

Later in the night, when I return, as I often do, to the verandah, the Scorpion has become a splendid object in the south-east, and the Southern Cross is standing nearly erect, where the False Cross lay inclined.

27. The European Mail arrives.

My sister, writing of a German lady, who was receiving a large party of *la jeunesse*, says :—

"One of her young Englishmen was telling her a story, and sitting on the sofa beside her. Now she prides herself on her English, and must have heard that the English, when surprised, occasionally say, 'Oh dear! Oh dear!' Wishing to encourage her young Englishman, she was heard by all the young people to say sweetly to him as he told her the story, 'Oh darling! Oh darling!'"

Presided in the Senate House in my capacity of Chancellor of the University of Madras, and admitted the candidates to their degrees.

It was mentioned by the Surgeon-General, in the course of the proceedings, that out of 1346 graduates, 899 are Brahmins—a significant fact. There are, I think, only 7 Mahomedan graduates, but 117 native Christians.

29. With Mr. Price, the Collector of Chingleput, to Vellicherry, just outside one of the Park gates, where I saw the Monegar or headman, the Karnam or accountant, the Taliari or policeman, the Vetti or gatherer of revenue, and watched a potter, a weaver, a carpenter, and a jeweller working at their respective trades.

The first made me think of *Omar Khayyám* :—

"For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a potter thumping his wet clay;
And with its all-obliterated tongue,
It murmured, 'Gently, brother, gently pray.'

Listen—a moment listen!—of the same
Poor earth from which that human whisper came;
The luckless mould in which mankind was cast,
They did compose and called him by the name."

Later in the day I re-read the last part of the poem, and my thoughts wandered to the window of the Casa Paolinelli, and the watcher who sat there in February 1836.

It was on the night between the 12th and the 13th that she wrote :—

"Nous sommes assurément vis-à-vis de Dieu moins que la pâte dont le potier fait différentes choses, ou la cire que le sculpteur façonne à son gré. Je suis moins devant Dieu que le grain de poussière qui voltige devant moi. Ne dois-je pas lui être tout aussi indifférente? . . .

"J'avais de pensées pareilles hier assise sur la fenêtre devant cette belle vue, et alors, soufflées peut-être par un des anges qui s'intéressent à moi, sont venues à mon esprit ces paroles si consolantes '*que le nombre de nos cheveux est compté.*'"

To-night we lingered on the terrace till Orion had gone down, and Canopus was almost below the horizon. Mr. Stiffe, the Port Officer at Calcutta, pointed out the Northern Crown, with α-Coronæ showing very bright, just clear of the house, as we stood close to the garden gate, near the great entrance. Then came Arcturus, while beyond him high up and towards the south were the four bright stars of Corvus. The Southern Cross and both its pointers were already up before we went to our rooms. Sirius looked especially beautiful, seen through the delicate foliage of the Casuarina.

April

2. Before breakfast to inspect the Napier battery. All the three batteries, which I have been pressing on, are now as good as finished. Each is armed with two twelve-ton guns.

3. English Mail arrives.

—— writes: "Have you heard a clever translation of 'Is life worth living?' That depends on the liver.' 'La vie en vaut-elle la peine? C'est une question de foie (foi)!'"

Pollock writes of Kinglake: "He was most agreeable, and said a good thing of Gordon. 'He is a madman, and the only danger is that he may have a lucid interval.'"

Pollock also mentions that, on 25th February, he went to Mr. Toole's theatre to see him in a burlesque of Claudian, in which he makes up his face into an exact imitation of the actor who plays that part. After the previous piece was over, he went, as usual, to Mr. Toole's dressing-room to talk to him, but was told that, on this occasion, it was impossible. "Mr. Toole is on his back," they said, "having his nose built up!" Pollock adds:—

"Tantae molis erat Romanum condere nasum!"

Massey, who was Financial Member of the Viceroy's Council, and with whom I sat in Parliament, both before and after he went to India, was not devoted to that country. When he was running it down one day, a lady said, "At least, Mr. Massey, you will admit that the flowers here are charming." "No," he replied, "they are the only things in the country which *don't* smell." What a slander!

Many people are too neglectful of "curious odours,"

as they are, for the matter of that, of "strange dyes, strange flowers or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend."[1]

8. We left Guindy yesterday afternoon, and reached Ootacamund to-day.

10. Everything is terribly burnt up; the gardens in a sad plight.

11. European Mail arrives.

Mrs. Sydney Buxton, who has been taking infinite pains to promote emigration from the most wretched parts of the west of Ireland, writes :—

> "This time we felt more disheartened than ever. To start with, the Bishop of the Diocese issued a Pastoral to be read from every altar, in which we were described as vultures, and though I am bound to say his own flock figured in it as carrion, still that was but poor consolation!"

She also mentions that when some one said to —— that sending a common friend of ours to Constantinople would be rather like putting a bull into a china shop, she replied, "Yes, but if one wants the china broken!"

Mrs. Greg, writing under date of 19th March, from the Hôtel des Avants, which stands at the foot

[1] See *Studies in the Renaissance*, "Conclusion."

of the Dent du Jaman, describes Mont Fleury whence she had just moved :—

"To the left," she says, "we looked down upon Chillon and the delta of the Rhone, with the magnificent Dent du Midi towering above it, and to the right on the lovely little bays of Montreux, Clarens, and Vevey. Facing us on the opposite shore of the lake was a grand pile of mountains, varying as mountains do with every day and every hour of the day."

18. European Mail arrives.

Mallet writes :—

"We," *i.e.* he and Acton, "talked of Mallet du Pan. Taine has written a preface, which has been published in the *Débats*, and is admirable. He says four men understood the Revolution — Rivarol, Malouet, Gouverneur Morris, and Mallet—the last the best. The book will be out in a week, and I shall try on my return to send you a copy. I am reading *Rivarol*, by M. de Lescure, very interesting. I did not know he was so considerable a man. Acton agrees with me about Amiel, but did not know him."

—— writes :—

"Huxley observed to ——, 'We have now to study not the laws of dynamics, but of *dynamitics*.'"

19. I have been looking at Amiel *Fragments d'un Journal Intime*, to which Mrs. Ward and Mallet have called my attention. I have marked these, amongst other passages :—

"La partie négative de l'œuvre des Humanistes est bonne, elle dépouillera le Christianisme de toute une coque devenue extérieure ; mais Ruge et Feuerbach ne peuvent sauver l'humanité. Il lui faut des saints et des héros pour compléter l'œuvre des philosophes. La science est la puissance de l'homme et l'amour sa force ; l'homme ne devient homme que par le cœur. Savoir, aimer et pouvoir c'est là la vie complète.

"Le Matérialisme utilitaire, le bien-être aride, l'idolatrie de la chair et du moi, du temporel et de Mammon sont-ils le terme de nos efforts, toute la récompense promise aux labeurs de notre race ? Je ne le crois pas. L'idéal de l'humanité est tout autrement haut. Mais l'animal reclame le premier, et il faut d'abord bannir la souffrance superflue et d'origine sociale avant de revenir aux biens spirituels."

20. Looking at the *Anecdotal History of Parliament* this morning, I lit upon a notice of Mr. Disraeli's speech in 1872, about the "exhausted volcanoes." I do not think I have mentioned that when some one asked Mr. Torrens what the leader of the Opposition meant by speaking of the Ministry as "exhausted

volcanoes," he replied, "Used-up *craturs* to be sure!"

A far better joke than the one on which it was founded!

Someone mentioned this evening the reply made by a Parsee to a Bishop in England, who said, "I am surprised that you worship the sun." "Oh you should see him!"

22. My wife with Clara goes off this morning to England, accompanied by Mrs. Awdry. Clara came down at 7 o'clock to be with me, as usual. The last words she read to me were Clough's:—

> "For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
> Seem here no painful inch to gain;
> Far back, through creeks and inlets making
> Comes silent, flooding in, the main,
> And not by Eastern windows only,
> When daylight comes, comes in the light;
> In front, the Sun climbs slow, how slowly,
> But westward, look, the land is bright."

26. Cavendish and I left Government House about half-past three on the 22nd, and returned thither soon after twelve to-day. We slept on the first night at the Avalanché bungalow, on the 23rd

and 24th in tents at Sispara, and again last night at Avalanché. Mr. Hollingsworth was with us throughout; Messrs. Lawson and Gamble, with Mr. Wedderburn, Acting Head Assistant Collector, during most of the time.

The views of Malabar and the Wynaad, from the ridge that leads up to Sispara peak and other points along our route, were beyond all praise.

Lovely, too, were three little woods near Avalanché, as to which I copy a passage from my longer account:—

"On the morning of the 26th, we rode once more through these lovely woods. I thought, as we did so, how unlike they were in their beauty to those described by Heber—

'So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod!
Yet who in Indian bowers has stood,
But thought on England's "good greenwood;"
And blessed beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade;
And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again?'

"Here there were no palms—not one blade of grass—but the most exquisite evergreen foliage of all

shades. The withered leaves along the path carried my mind to Faber's lines on Bagley—

'But thy main glory is that winter wood,
With its dead fern and holly's Christmas green,
And mosses pale, and trees that have not strewed
Their withered leaves which yet perchance are seen,
Struggling to reach the spring, as though for them
New sap would rise from out the grateful stem.'"

Our route this morning lay across sparkling streams, along hillsides, and through pleasant woodland scenery, past the spot known as McIver's Bund.

I had thrown into my despatch box, before starting, a pamphlet which Professor Asa Gray had sent me, containing a review of a book by De Candolle. In it, I found yesterday afternoon the etymology of the French word[1] for our not less absurdly named Jerusalem (Girasole) Artichoke. The *Helianthus tuberosus* is indigenous to the valleys of the Ohio and Mississipi; but the French imagined that it came from the Brazils, and called it after the Tupinamba, a tribe in that country with which they had relations.

Mr. Wedderburn mentioned that he had heard

[1] Topinambour.

Jowett say in a sermon, "A man who had lived through the eighteen Christian centuries, would have excommunicated himself two or three times over."

We found on our arrival the English Mail.

It had brought my wife's article on the "Investiture of the Nizam," which appears in *Macmillan* for this month; also a very interesting letter about Balliol from William Fremantle, who is now a lecturer there, as well as Canon of Canterbury.

He says that he thinks the study of modern History and Political Economy makes way, as does also that of Law. The Theological School, in which men can now take their degree, is still small; but he believes it will become more important. The old *Literæ Humaniores* school still retains its pre-eminence, and the best men in it are very good.

May

1. Went to show myself, as usual, at the Wellington Races, and saw Cavendish win very prettily on his Arab pony Corrèze.

2. European Mail arrives.

Rutson writes :—

"The spring is advancing delightfully. Every day is lovely. The islands on the two lakes at Bretton are covered with masses of daffodils, and the bare places in the woods with wood-anemones, which abound there even among the long grass. Our own distant Hambledon Hills, one recess of which you visited with me four years ago—that which contains the Priory of Mount Grace—are assuming their warm-weather hues of delicate purple, blue, and gray,—the one beautiful thing we boast of besides our primroses and periwinkles."

John Webster of Edgehill begins his letter thus :—

"Before I say one word about human matters, let me tell you how surely and truly you reckoned on my sympathies in your mention of poor 'Guard' and his memorial locket. I carry back my first acquaintance with him pretty far—to our first visit to Eden, I hardly know how long ago, when he essayed to get into the drawing-room through the door that opened to the ground. My last sight of the 'grand old' beast was in his decay at York House, but with his loving devotion to you unabated. Peace be with him!"

Morley, who disagreed with much that the Premier said, writes :—

"Gladstone's speech in reply to Northcote on Thursday last, 3rd April, was one of the most marvellous scenic performances ever beheld—the passion, the infinite

resources of voice, the swift alternation of sunshine, thunder, cloud, and lightning over his face, the subtle and vehement gestures, the tragic cast of a face haggard by illness—all made an effect that you can hardly imagine. I thought to myself that I should never have such a half hour in my life again."

Pollock mentions that Browning, wishing to build a house, took steps to find the price of a piece of land at Kensington. On learning that it was £6000, he told the agent that that was more than he could afford. The agent reported this to the owner, a London tailor, who replied, "What, Mr. Browning, the poet of whose works I am so fond! He shall have the land for £3000."

Pollock proceeds to quote Milton's lines about "the great Æmathian conqueror," and to ask, as getting a house built is assuredly more than getting one spared—whether Browning is, indeed, greater than Pindar or Euripides?

He also tells me that he was present, the other day, when, in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, ozone was, for the first time, produced in a liquid state. It is of a deep blue colour, and is a most destructive agent, rapidly corroding almost all substances.

In a long letter from Kew, full of interesting things, Mr. Morris mentions that *Cicer arietinum* secrets pure oxalic acid in large quantities, and also tells me that it was unknown in the West Indies till our own times. He himself introduced it there.

My sister writes :—

"How delightful society *would* have to grow, to be as charming as an evening with Schiller or Goethe or Shakespeare, or even an evening of genuine laughter at a clever *Lustspiel!*

"And here one can see *Wallenstein's Tod*, and have the best place in the house for three shillings. The poor pay sixpence!"

5. It is exactly two years and a half this morning since I took my seat as Governor. As to public affairs, it will be for others to say, after making themselves acquainted with the facts, whether I have or have not remembered the saying: "L'homme d'état est un messager à qui le temps présent est remis en dépôt pour être rendu tel qu'il est ou meilleur au temps à venir."

The great machine has moved with less friction than I had any right to expect. My colleagues have been agreeable and helpful; most of my leading

officials good, and some excellent. The seasons have been plenteous, the revenue buoyant, and I have had no difficulties either with the India Office or the Government of India.

As for criticism, if I have my fair share of it, I have not at fifty-five to learn the truth of the warning:—

> "Sollen dich die Dohlen nicht umschrein,
> Muss nicht Knopf auf den Kirchthurm seyn."

With regard to private affairs, I have thus far not the slightest reason to complain of the Fates and the Destinies, who, much against my own will, sent me to India. I have seen and learned much. I have dropped, save through death, not one important link in my European "relations," and am more intimate with some of my intimates than I was when I went out of the Thames. The average health of our household has been at least as good as in Europe. I have pushed the fortunes of some deserving persons. I have made, I hope and think, more than one friend, two and four-legged; while in my intercourse with the less-agreeable portion of the society amongst which my lot is cast, I have at least enjoyed the

proverbial blessedness of those who expecting nothing "shall not be disappointed."

On the whole, I should be only too happy to compound for the rest of my term of office being neither worse nor better than that which is gone by; and I go forth to meet the Future in the spirit of the toast which Yorck drank to his officers before the Battle of the Nations:—

> "Anfang Mittel und Ende
> Herr Gott zum besten sende!"

May (*continued*)

6. Miss Moxon has been reading to me some chapters of Maxime Du Camp's *Souvenirs littéraires*. The following account of his meeting with Auber, the composer, then eighty-six, in May 1871, amidst the horrors of the Commune, is one of the few things which interested me much :—

"Nous parlâmes de l'heure présente ; il levait les épaules avec un geste où il y avait plus encore de dégoût que de découragement ; il me disait : 'J'avais neuf ans, je m'étais sauvé du magasin de mon père qui était marchand d'estampes, et j'ai vu passer la voiture dans laquelle était enfermé Louis XVI., le 21 janvier 1793. Je me rappelle bien la révolution ; nous ne mangions pas tous les jours à notre appétit ; le pain manquait souvent à la maison : c'était sinistre, mais c'était moins criminel, c'était moins bête que ce que l'on fait aujourd'hui.' Longtemps nous causâmes ; en le quittant, je lui dis : 'Au revoir !' Il secoua le tête : 'Non, adieu ; je suis sur mes fins ; le vieux cerf est forcé ; je mourrai mercredi ou jeudi prochain.' Il se tint parole ; le jeudi 11 mai, il était mort doucement, comme un homme qui s'endort de fatigue. 'La tâche de la longue journée est finie, il est temps d'aller dormir,' a dit Shakespeare."

7. Colonel Winsloe dined here last night and left with me his paper on the siege of the little fort at Potchefstrom, twenty-five yards square, which he defended against the Boers. It was published in *Macmillan* for 1883, and gives a clear account of a most memorable feat of arms.

9. English Mail arrives.

—— sends this charming *appréciation* of her friend, Madame de Forbin, whom I first met at M. de Mun's in 1875:—

"Remember her as one who used to be particularly fond of you, and followed your fortunes with the greatest interest. She went to Rome, then to Naples in January, a living shadow. In February she came home to St. Marcel, and the light went out on the 28th, Dr. Döllinger's birthday. She was superior to her books, her surroundings, her party, and her destiny, which meant her to live and die in ideas and predjudices, most of which she exchanged for an independence of judgment, and intellectual superiority, which made her delightful and suggestive in a rare degree."

Rutson sends me from Duffryn some very pretty lines which the author of the *Epic of Hades* has addressed to Aberdare.

The first eight run as follows:—

> "What shall be written to the man,
> Who, through life's mingled hopes and fears,
> Attains to-day our little span
> Of seventy years;
>
> "Who, with force undiminished still,
> A Nestor stands among his peers,
> Full of youth's fire and dauntless will,
> At seventy years?"

The *refrain* is kept up through the ten verses, some of which show great insight into their hero's character; but Aberdare is happily only sixty-nine, not seventy.

14. English Mail arrives in less than nineteen days from London—the earliest I have yet seen.

Mrs. Bishop writes:—

> "Cambo—a real Paradise. Why are we not all Basques? They must be superior to the Aryans. Such farms and fruit-trees and order and prosperity and respect all round. We drove a pony-chaise to the Pas de Roland and found ferns and flowers carpeting and curtaining the gorge made by his spear."

Dyer, writing under date of 14th April, says that some of the seeds I sent in March have gone to Demerara, and adds: "You will have left your mark

on every botanical establishment in the empire and not a few out of it, where tropical things can be grown."

16. When Miss Moxon was reading Bayard Taylor's notes on the second part of Faust to-day, I came across the fact, hitherto unknown to me, that the mysterious Cabiri of Samothrace were the same as the Hebrew Kabirim, the mighty. Strange that these personages, who carry one back to the hoariest Grecian antiquity, should be so closely connected, at once with my recollections of Seville and my recollections of Hyderabad! Of Seville and Hyderabad I say, for the Guadalquiver is simply "the great river," and my visitor of 7th February, the Ameer-i-Kubir, is simply "the great noble."

It amused me, too, to observe that I had a link with the classical Walpurgis-Nacht in Elie de Beaumont, whom I can well remember as an old gentleman in Parisian society during the winter of 1859-60. He spoke to me as slightingly of the Abbeville discoveries — then the last new thing in his science—as Goethe did of him!

Castelar is quite right when he says in his Corinthian way:—

"As a wave passes over another wave, as a new leaf comes forth upon the naked branch, as new stars shine forth in the immensity of the heavens, so do new generations awake to life and change the scene of the world, and raise altars to the ideas for which their fathers raised scaffolds, and convert the victims of yesterday into priests, and open the fancy to the breath of new illusions, the sentiments to the love of new hopes, the spirit to the faith in new ideas."

22. Mr. St. Loe Strachey sends me the last *Quarterly* containing an excellent article by himself on Mountstuart Elphinstone. Mr. Strachey was a Balliol contemporary of my eldest son or nearly so—a fact which makes one feel ancient.

24. I received this morning from my old friend, the Rev. J. R. Byrne, who was one of our Reading Party at Oban in 1850, an uncut copy of the first edition of the *Fortunes of Elphin* by my acquaintance of long bygone days, Mr. Peacock.

It bore the following inscription:—

Viro admodum honorato
M. E. GRANT DUFF
Apud Indos exsulanti
Proconsuli privatus
Quantulum quanti desiderii monumentum

Hunc libellum
d. d.
J. R. B.
Ad XIII kal. Maii MDCCCLXXXIV.

Colonel Wilson dining here, a few days ago, mentioned that he had seen a good deal of his uncle, Christopher North, in his old age. He never spoke of politics, but Colonel Wilson's impression was that he had given up his old opinions.

25. Miss Moxon reads Mat Arnold's Boston lecture on Emerson. The first few pages, which are autobiographical, are peculiarly interesting to me, for the Oxford therein described was the immediate ancestor of that which I knew. I came under the fascination of Newman's writings before my college days—as far back as 1844-45, and Carlyle had more influence on me before than after I went up to Balliol in 1847. Emerson's *Essays* I read then and with some admiration, but they never, whether through their fault or mine, said much to me.

Here is Mat Arnold's description of Newman:—

"Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then,

in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtile, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still, saying: 'After the fever of life, after wearinesses and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.'"

26. Hanbury Williams mentioned at breakfast that he had known a fox hard pressed take refuge in a badger's earth and, getting behind the badger, force it to fight his assailants.

28. Bagot, confirmed by Cavendish, mentioned at dinner that Mr. Gillan, a well-known master of hounds in Scotland, had leapt a water-jump of thirty-nine feet.

29. English Mail arrives.

John Warren writes, with reference to an absurd visiting-card which I had sent him, "as the first fruits of the book-plate movement in this Presidency":—

"The confusion between the *ex-libris* and the visiting-card is *not* confined to India. France and England supply abundant instances. In this country there are several of these intermediates from the hand of Bartolozzi, pretty

enough, though perhaps a little woolly and effeminate. And in France these kinds of tickets, when executed by well-known engravers of the last century, such as Eisen, Marillier, Boucher, are now up at famine prices. With the best wishes in the world one can't say much for your prince's lion rampant, for the tuft at the end of his tail sadly exceeds all anterior leonine probability. If he went to a native goldsmith and gave up English heraldry, he could surely turn out something better."

Dyer writes :—

"We have sent part of the superfluity of those packets to Fries, to Mr. Cook, and to the United States of Columbia. What a grand mixing of the earth's flora we are making you responsible for!"

Rutson writes :—

"Last Tuesday I was at a spectacle which will interest you. It was the opening of the Museum of Classical Archæology at Cambridge. How often you have told me how young men ought to read their classics with coins and statues by their side! This last, so far as it can be done by casts, admirable casts, is in course of accomplishment at Cambridge. Many have arrived; many more are on their way. At the inauguration, Newton (following Sir F. Leighton and Lowell and Jebb) made a most touching speech, showing how his life had been directed to classical art, and to getting his countrymen to appreciate

it; dividing his forty-two years of work into four decades in this respect, and ending with a modest little 'nunc dimittis.'"

My sister, writing of a young actress, to whom she is much attached, says:—

"Yesterday towards evening I was called out from entertaining guests, at afternoon tea, and found —— in my bedroom—her hands full of wild flowers.

"She said, 'I have been in the Goethe Garten; I always go there to ask Goethe's blessing before I dare to play Gretchen—and now I have come to get yours, and these flowers are from his garden for you.'

"I kissed her forehead and her eyes and the lips that had so much to say to all who will hear to-night—and she went quietly away—looking like a little child."

Bossuet's *Oraison Funèbre* on the Duchess of Orleans was read to me this morning. Stately as it is with its "Madame est morte," its "Je le sais," and much else, there is nothing in it to equal *Les morts* of Lammenais "Ils ont aussi passé sur cette terre," or the wonderful "cri de l'âme" which I re-read here on the 25th, its forty-eighth anniversary, as I read it in the original, in Paris, ten years ago:

"Seigneur autrefois je vous disais nuit et jour."

It is creditable and suggestive that even in this *genre*, our age can more than hold its own with the past.

June

4. After Council Miss Moxon read to me the sermon preached by Bossuet on the profession of Madame de la Vallière, just 209 years ago this day. The finest part of it is, after all, the text "Et dixit qui sedebat in throno—Ecce nova facio omnia."

5. —— asked last night at dinner "What is the difference between temptation and eternity?" "The first is a wile of the devil; the second is a devil of a w'ile."

English Mail arrives.

—— tells me that Laveleye, who was in London when he wrote, speaking of Mallet, said "il me semble qu'il pousse des soupirs moins profonds qu'à l'ordinaire."

My sister writes:—

"Those who have never assisted at these Faust evenings are far from being able to conceive what an event in life they are; and the oftener one has passed through them,

the grander the impression from year to year. I think I must have been fifteen times now through Faust.

"Wohlverstanden! The second part is the greater, and Otto Devrient, whose Bearbeitung has made the performance possible, is himself Mephisto, Mephisto incarnate—the incarnation of the mischievous man of the world, *sans* ideals, as Faust becomes the man of the world and of action with ideals.

"The second evening of Faust is one of the greatest of all intellectual gymnastics, and of poetical bewitchments surely the greatest in the world."

8. A day or two ago, Miss Moxon read to me the following very striking passage from Sainte-Beuve's account of Horace Vernet:—

"On était au mardi 22 février; il avait audience du roi Louis Philippe aux Tuileries. Horace dit au roi, en lui parlant de ce départ qu'il désirait retarder: 'Mais il y a de l'émotion dans Paris; je suis officier de l'état major de la garde nationale; je désirerais ne pas quitter au moment où il peut y avoir des troubles à réprimer.' 'Quoi! des troubles! mon cher Horace,' répondit le roi; 'y pensez-vous?' Au même moment quelque chose d'inusité appela l'attention du roi; debout à l'une des fenêtres de son cabinet, un binocle sur les yeux, Louis Philippe cherchait à se rendre compte d'un mouvement de troupes, d'une espèce de charge de cavalerie qui se faisait autour

du palais Bourbon. Il fit appeler un Aide-de-Camp et demanda ce que c'était ; il lui fut répondu que ce n'était rien, quelques polissons qu'on dissipait. 'Vous voyez bien, mon cher Horace,' lui dit le roi en se remettant à marcher, 'je suis plus fort que tous les rois d'Europe ; je tiens Lord Palmerston dans ma main, je l'écraserais au besoin ; aucun roi en Europe ne peut bouger sans ma permission.' Ces paroles ou leur équivalent se retrouvent dans *l'Histoire* de M. Garnier-Pagès ; le roi, soufflant sur de la poudre répandue sur une feuille de papier, avait dit en se tournant vers Horace : 'Quand je voudrais (et d'un geste il montrait le quai), cela se dispersera comme ceci.' "

"Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae."

I received a letter this morning from my excellent friend ——, in which he says: "If I were to make shoes of my skin for your Excellency in exchange for these favours, I would think that I had not trespassed the limits of my gratitude."

7. Captain Bagot leaves us for England, intending to be absent for six months. His place will be filled by Hanbury Williams, who has been living here, as a guest, for some time.

My sister writes :—

"Goethe meant us to suppose Faust to be one hundred

years old when he sinks into the grave, and the Engelschaaren sing—

'Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
Den können wir erlösen.'

"I think you must be 'strebend dich bemühend' more than Faust ever did, out there among your thirty millions."

This was written on 20th May. While it was finding its way hither I was saying in my Queen's birthday speech :—

"I am quite aware that although our administration becomes ever more intelligent, the most anxious study, at once of the facts of India, past as well as present, and of the conclusions of the wisest statesmen and political philosophers, in the most advanced countries of the world, is absolutely indispensable. We must never rest, never—as rulers—say to the moment, 'Stay, thou art so fair.'"

A curious coincidence or rather, considering our relations to each other, *not* a curious one.

12. Lady Reay writes:—"We go next week to Ophemert for ten days' seclusion and the enjoyment of Waal lights—the effects of sunlight, cloud-light, cloud reflections on that beautiful river."

18. Mr. Davison, one of the best Indian ornithologists, breakfasted with us. He thinks that the

Indian birds may number about 2000 species, that there may be on these hills 500 species, or at least as many as in all Europe, while on the Nílgiri plâteau there may be over 300.

Only two species are peculiar to these hills—the so-called laughing-thrush, which is no thrush but *Trochilopteron cachinnans* and the pretty little pipet (*Pipastes montanus*), which has hitherto only been found close to Ootacamund. Its nearest ally is an African pipet.

My sister writes :—

"Last night I saw old old Liszt direct his own *Salve Polonia.*

"Little as I love his music, I did admit that this composition is a poem. One does hear and see a spectral nation—frantically resisting annihilation, in one's mind's eye, whilst the music is going on.

"And the old man—the ghost of himself, feebly directing with the right hand that once had such cunning—the long black hair of the past now snow-white, and the ungovernable mouth now feebly smiling!"

24. Miss Moxon has finished reading to me *Le Petit Carême.*

Sainte-Beuve says of Massillon: "Il plaira à ceux

qui n'ont pas les impatiences d'un goût trop superbe ou trop délicat, ni les promptes fièvres des admirations ardentes ; qui n'ont point surtout la soif de la surprise ni de la découverte."

I suppose I have one or other of these—probably the last, for Massillon gives me no pleasure.

For that matter the "amplificare rem ornando" which Cicero calls "summa laus eloquentiae" never does.

My taste in scenery is very different from my taste in literature, for I can enjoy not only the "Rhône impétueux," but the "cours tranquille du fleuve français, de la royale Seine baignant les rives de plus en plus élargies d'une Normandie florissante," to which last the great critic I have just cited, very properly compares the style of the good Bishop of Clermont.

Some one quoted at dinner to-day a Scotchman's account of himself: "I'm open to conveection but I'm a dour deevil to conveence."

25. Yesterday and to-day have been surpassingly beautiful. I wish some poet, with the kind of eye for scenery that Faber had, would describe these hills and their marvellous cloud pictures. Agnew and I stood the other day under a clear sky when, as Lawson

described it, the two winds (the north-east and south-west) were butting against each other, seeing as many as four widely separated storms raging round the horizon. From one came, faint with long journeying, the muffled roar of the thunder.

The official report made at Council to-day told of thirteen inches of rain at Cannanore, but up to this time the south-west monsoon is light as well as late.

On the morning of 28th June I left Ootacamund with several of my staff and did not return for nearly four weeks, having in the meantime visited Madras, whence, striking northward, we traversed a large part of the districts of Cuddapah and North Arcot to Kuppam. From that place we went to Bangalore, where Captain Awdry left us, for a time, and Mr. Rees of the Civil Service took his place as Private Secretary.

From Bangalore we transferred ourselves to Erode and the Palanis, whence, again passing by Erode, we returned to the Nílgiris.

All this is, as usual, detailed in a Tour Minute (the ninth of its kind), and I introduce here only a few items of non-business interest.

29. We reached Guindy this morning.

Hardly any rain has fallen, and the lawns are sandy

deserts dotted with *Dipteracantha dejecta* and *Evolvulus alsinoides*.

We drove straight to the swimming bath and admired, on the way back to the house, the grand *Cassia fistula*, which is loaded with its faintly fragrant clusters of great yellow flowers. Ten days ago the spectacle would have been even more delightful, for on some trees many of the clusters are partly withered—primrose instead of laburnum-coloured.

In the afternoon I opened the new drainage works for Black Town, received an address and spoke in reply.

Later I gave a small dinner at the Madras Club. Mr. Whiteside, who was one of the guests, mentioned that his uncle, of the same name, with whom I sat long in the House of Commons, was driving on one occasion with Mr. Justice Keogh, after he had become unpopular. They passed the monument of an early friend of that versatile politician. "Ah! I wonder," he said, "what kind of a stone they will give me?" "*Brimstone*," was the encouraging reply.

July

2. The European Mail meets us at Kondipuram.

My wife, writing to me from London, tells me that of Longfellow's three daughters, mentioned in the lines which I have so often repeated—

> "Grave Alice and laughing Allegra
> And Edith with golden hair,"

the last is dead, but the two others are at Newnham in Cambridge, over which I went, with the Arthur Russells, in 1879.

Clara says that Pixie, one of the pair of ponies who, long before she was born, came to Eden from Shetland in 1866—too unsophisticated to know that oats were good! and who is still alive at Winwick Warren in Northamptonshire (after having lived with us at Hampden, Knebworth, and York House)—followed her all about as an old friend.

My sister sends me from Weimar an epitaph new to me:—

> "Ci-gît qui fut toujours sensible, doux, fidèle,
> Et jusqu'au tombeau des amis le modèle.
> Il ne me quitta pas quand je perdis mon bien ;
> —C'était un homme unique ? Hélas ! c'était mon chien."

In another letter by this mail she says:

"I have got my writing-table in a corner now.

"It is covered with dark-red silk plush. At this Pfingst-tide it has a bank of splendid crimson peonies (the *Pfingstrosen* of Germany) and yellow iris—behind it, rising against a background of the beautiful *Maien.*

"The *Maien* is a small birch-tree, which is planted in the rooms on the morning of Pfingsten, whilst other *Maien* are planted before the door of the houses.

"About the room I have huge posies of iris and dark-red double hawthorn and groups of *roses de Meaux* and of blue cornflowers."

Dyer, writing about some Brahmin beads made of *Ocimum sanctum* I had sent to Kew, says: "Do you know Gubernatis's book on *Plant Mythology*? The *Tulasi* cuts a great figure in it. The Basil plant is the centre of a perfect web of myths running down to Keats's *Pot of Basil* in Europe of our own time."

4. In camp at Ráyachóti this afternoon I read in Gleig's *Life of Sir T. Munro* two letters, dated from this place, which is however rather wildly spelt.

To his brother, on the 12th February 1804, Munro writes: "We are now complete masters of India, and nothing can shake our power if we take proper measures to confirm it."

This was just after Assaye, as to which, writing on 6th February, to General Wellesley, he says: "I will

not say that you might have been defeated at Assaye ; but you will allow that we have sometimes had, and may have again, generals who might have lost such a battle."

5. To-day, in the old Fort of Guramkonda, Agnew finished reading to me a novel which we began at Guindy on the 29th ultimo. It was written by Sir Henry Pottinger, the son of one of my predecessors, some thirty years ago, in the Government of Madras, and who thirty years before that was attached, along with my father, to Mr. Elphinstone's Mission to the Court of the Peishwa. It is called *Blue and Green*, and was published in 1879. I never heard of it, till it was casually mentioned to me by Mr. Lawson, I think the day we went to look for *Mesua ferrea*, but it is the most striking book, hitherto unknown to me by name, which I have read since I came to India.

Colonel Rolland, Deputy Inspector-General of Police for the Northern Division, told me to-day that he attempted, along with a friend, to climb the Golden Rock near Trichinopoly. A kite, who had, I presume, her nest hard by, disgusted by their intrusion, soared into the air and nearly succeeded in dropping a stone of some size upon their heads. More fortunate than

Æschylus, they both survive to tell the tale, which, in the mouth of a less-reliable narrator, might have provoked the caution which I heard given the other day with reference to an equally true, but equally startling, statement: "I think he should not tell that story west of Suez!"

7. We found, as we walked, a small snake which looked like *Hypnale nepa* and was slain; but Mr. Gamble found on examination the *loreal shield*, which is the certificate of ophidian respectability.

Mr. Theobald, said to be a first-rate authority, observes: "On a snake being brought in, the first point to ascertain is whether or no it has a loreal shield, *for the rule is absolute, and without exception, that every snake possessing a loreal shield is harmless.*"

As, however, it requires some practice to handle a snake and some quickness of eye to determine, with perfect certainty, whether the loreal shield (that is, the shield behind the nasal shield or shields) be present, it is hardly surprising if most persons, when they see an unknown snake, act upon the Cromwellian maxim "Stone dead hath no fellow," or adopt the practice which my old friend Colonel Jago formulated to me in the words "When I see a snake I make tracks!"

10. English Mail arrives.

J. Warren, who is Clara's godfather, mentions that my predecessor in this Government, Lord Harris, was his godfather—a curious circuitous link. He tells me, too, that Franks has inherited, in the British Museum, the whole kingdom of the beasts, birds, and shells which have migrated to South Kensington.

Mrs. Greg writes from Monte Generoso, whither she went to meet Lubbock and his bride :—

"I wonder if you know this place? You must, and yet I do not remember when you were here. We are in the midst of hills all fresh and green with early summer woods and meadows, which roll and toss themselves into every conceivable shape, as if to tell of the delight with which they hold the lovely blue lakes in their embrace. Beyond rise the more distant purple ranges, soft and calm and beautiful—and the whole is clasped by that wonderful circle of snowy ramparts beginning to the south-east with the great walls of the Engadine and ranging through the peaks of the Oberland round to the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa. The circle is only broken to the south where the plain of Lombardy spreads itself out with Milan in the mid-distance, while far away the snows of the Apennines mingle with the clouds. These last I have to take a little on trust, but all the rest is clear even to my vision, and on a morning like the present I think it is the most beautiful

scene I have ever beheld. I am writing out of doors, and have only to lift my eyes to see a large portion of this wonderful panorama."

George Boyle, who has spent some time this spring at Pau, tells me, on the authority of Madame Gaillard, that, with reference to the Salisbury circular of a few years back, Gambetta had said to her, with a sigh, "I should like to have written it, for it has been a power for a quarter of an hour!"

He writes too at length about Hayward, and adds:

"I would give many a sugar-cane
Mat Lewis were alive again."

Speaking of Frere, he says, "He told me that he had known moments, at the Mutiny time, when he thought all was over, and had to face the question of the excuse for men who end their lives."

With reference to Frederick Maurice's *Life*, lately published by his son, he says: "It brought back to me a certain hot evening in Red Lion Square when the Working College scheme was launched, and when Maurice after a long speech ended with 'my Father worketh hitherto and I work'—wonderfully. I was

your guest in Seymour Street for some days ; alas, it is just thirty years ago."

He mentions further that he went to Gabas in the Pyrenees solely for Stanley's sake, for Stanley once said to him and Pearson of Sonning, who rallied him on only caring for places with associations, "There is one place I have no association with, and would like to see again—Gabas in the Pyrenees." Then he dwelt on the snow, the pinewood, and the *Pic du Midi*, but Pearson said, "After all it is only because the Pic looks on one side on Spain and reminds you of the Cid and Charles V. and on the other on Navarre, and makes you think of Ivry, that you care for it."

I am a little of Stanley's way of thinking.

How he would have pined for some association worth recalling amidst even the most beautiful scenery of Southern India !

15. In an article on Professor Jebb's *Sophocles*, by Professor Butcher, which was read to me to-day, I observe that the writer complains that Jowett suggests that in the days of Thucydides and Sophocles language was in so fluid a state that words might mean almost anything.

That reminds me of a joke made by poor Dutton,

the elder brother of the present Lord Sherborne, who was killed soon after leaving Oxford by an accident on the Wengern Alp.

He declared, after listening to one of Jowett's New Testament Lectures when we were at Balliol together, that Jowett maintained that St. Paul used the word *νόμος* in seven senses; in the first it meant God, and in the last the Devil!

17. The European Mail reached me at Ammayanáyakanúr in the early morning.

My sister returns to the subject of her garden, and writing on 23rd June, says: "One of its great interests just now is the family of clematis. One gets excited about this family, it is so varied and so lovely in its *Erscheinungen* since it has been developed by education. There must be a clematis Girton somewhere; these flowers are so going ahead. I have, in this bedevilled climate, already managed a verandah covered with great things as lovely as passion flowers nearly. Some are dark, some lighter violet, some palest lilac, some white and violet, some pinkish, some pinkish white, and some, like white camellias almost—double, and all lovely."

19. By last mail came several pamphlets from Asa

Gray, to whom I have been sending Nílgiri and other seeds. I see he reckons the Phanerogamic species of North America as probably between eleven and twelve thousand.

At Kodaikanal, which we reached on the evening of the 17th, we stayed for four days with Mr. Levinge. At his house I met Father St. Cyr, an old French Jesuit who had in early life known Ravignan; but has been settled on the Palanis for many years.

The vegetation resembles that of Ootacamund, but with some curious differences. *Eugenia Arnottiana* (of which the well-known "Umbrella-tree" near Marlimund is a tolerably favourable specimen for the Nílgiris) is here a giant. One specimen is amongst the largest trees I ever beheld, and affects most curiously that peculiar buttressed growth which is so characteristic of some of the genus *Terminalia*.

23. The English Mail reaches us at Erode, on our way from the Palanis to Ootacamund.

—— writes:

"I have lost a dear friend lately, if I may say so, in ——, Reverend Mother of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at ——. Well-born and bred—a beauty and a general favourite in her day at Rome, where her family

lived, she gave up all to settle down to the humdrum teaching of poor children, for such it is. I have seldom known a person who moved so exactly and easily as she did in obedience to the Moral Law, as a planet to the Physical. Such an uneventful life, but she was to be rated, like S. Theresa, for what she *was*, and not for what she *did*. May I quote from memory the epigram of Schiller's I am so fond of :

'Adel ist auch in der sittlichen Welt ; gemeine Naturen
Zahlen mit dem, was sie thun, edle mit dem, was sie sind.'

"She died in the full belief that I was on the high road to conversion, and I had not the heart to undeceive her. But as I said to ——, this involves the enormous assumption of an authority conferred by whom ? by a member of the Godhead ; on whom ? on some Syrian peasants, who transmitted it to certain ecclesiastics of the Dark and Middle Ages. 'Barbati infantes !' knowing so little as they did of the mode of nature's operations, how and what could they know of the infinitely more abstruse mysteries of the position and destiny of man, and the relations between him and God ? And then pass the threshold, and you are confronted with a cycle of 'miracles.' Nothing like running these things to earth, to their inception ; nothing like a Dogmengeschichte for a solvent of one's faith in dogmas. They did not drop down from heaven to us in their present shape. Forgive my making you 'hear sermons.' But as one grows older and the

inevitable end approaches, life becomes 'more and more a *meditatio mortis*,' and these claims to know all about it, get —perhaps for the first time—a serious hearing."

24. We returned to-day to Ootacamund to find the dry weather, so unusual at this season, still continuing.

The tour I have just concluded has been one of the most varied I have made in this Presidency, and took us through a strange succession of climates. The subject most in my mind during its continuance was Forestry.

29. Another walk with Mr. Davison, but without much result. He mentioned incidentally that the only bulbul who has a song is the Persian one, and cited the name of an African bird which certainly beats in difficulty the name of any plant I have met with—Jacamarhalcyonoides Galborynchus!

Rutson writes: "Is there anything in India more beautiful than the view of Warwick Castle from the bridge, and the stately willows of enormous height that border the Avon between the bridge and the castle?"

Certainly nothing in its own kind.

Clara tells me of a girl who, asked in an examina-

tion who Dante was, replied "A god in the infernal regions."

G. Bunsen, writing of my sister, whom he had seen at Weimar, says "she is queenly in her beauty."

As she was born on 27th April 1834, time may be said to have dealt kindly with her (see these Notes for 1857. I wonder if our *Venus Victrix* of those days is as well preserved !)

Of the Emperor, he tells me that his "physicians had used their eloquence in vain to induce him to abandon for once and all the idea of attending the two great parades of 29th and 30th May on horseback. 'Let me try in the Park.' He rode his best horse in Bellevue Gardens ; but the effect was disastrous. 'Well, now, your Majesty will consent to employ a carriage ?' says the doctor. 'Won't your Majesty remember that Frederick the Great did the same ?' 'I know perfectly that he did ; but only "*in seinen allerletzten Lebensjahren*" !!'"

Mrs. Boyle (née Gordon of Ellon) sends me her *Days and Hours in a Garden*—an extremely pleasant book, which Mrs. Awdry read to me at Guindy this spring.

The following passage relates to the month of July

—in which she despatched it from Huntercombe near Maidenhead—the site of the garden described. I select it on account of the reference to the clematis :—

"Purple draperies of clematis (Virgin's Bower) in many shades, from the deepest violet softening into gray, make the old brick walls beautiful ; or the same clematis droops from trellises, or clambers up the trees in many parts of the garden. Almost always it so happens that the tender green of vines mingles with the purple. There is something almost unpleasing in the arrangement of the four petals of *Clematis Jackmanni!* but much must be forgiven for the sake of such grand colouring. No climbing plant comes near the vine perhaps in perfect grace and beauty of line. The fruitful vine gives delight to the eye in far larger measure than Virginia creeper, or any other of our green hangings upon the walls of a house. The vine is more obedient and yet more free, and its intelligence is greater. Thinking of the vine as of a person, one would say that her foliage shows all the variety of genius. Scarcely will you find two leaves alike in shape or size or colour. The youngest leaves are half transparent and golden-green, or reddened by the sun ; on some the light lies cold and gray. If the vine is trained round the window, the leaves, seen from within outspread against the light, glow like green fires. The very shadiest recesses of the vine are full of light. And then the tenderness and strength of her slender beautiful

tendrils! How they reach out like sentient hands! And when they have found, how strong and firm their clasp! Then, who does not know and love the curious aroma of her small green flowers, bringing back to memory the smell of a Southern vineyard? Very soon now, autumn suns will swell the clustered fruit, and purple bloom will begin to show between the leaves. A vine is one of the only plants whose every leaf well nigh may be painted with care in a picture and yet not seem too much made out. Yet rarely indeed can human hand give the fine thinness and yielding texture of a vine leaf."

August

5. I do not think I have noted the fact that over the place where poor Hannibal lies I have put the lines, adapted from Ovid:—

> "Hannibal, huc Libycis ales deductus ab oris,
> Occidit; exsequias ite frequenter aves!"

Three more months of my Indian life gone by—six months less to pass here than I have passed—even if I stay out my time!

"Pereunt et imputantur"—"The hours perish and are counted against us."

I am having the *Letters* of the Princess Alice read to me—a book well calculated to suggest that reflection which comes—sooth to say—so often of itself.

There have been no changes in our mode of life during this quarter except that we have used the band much more than formerly, and that, when on the hills, it has played many more national airs, especially Scotch ones.

7. English Mail arrives.

Pollock tells me, under the heading of *quisquiliae quaedam*, that the son of Mr. Justice ——, being asked at Cambridge what was the jurisdiction of the Amphictyonic Council, replied, "It resembled that of a judge in chambers!"

He mentions, too, that a young man at Oxford replied to the question, "What is a final cause?" "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back"!

This second answer, although he vouches for it the high authority of the Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence, seems to me a little too good to be true, reminding me of a story of my undergraduate days, to

the effect that some one, asked in a scholarship examination what speeches produced the most remarkable results in ancient and in modern times, answered, "In ancient times 'Let there be light,' in modern times 'Up, guards, and at them'"![1]

A. Russell writes: "We breakfasted with Gladstone this morning. Millais, who was there, classed the five following heads under the same type: "Seneca, Savonarola, Dante, Cardinal Newman, George Eliot."

My sister, writing of her cottage in the Thüringerwald, says:—

> "From every window we see the hills and the forest and the green meadows. Morning and evening the cows go by to the upland pastures with the cowherds and dear friendly dogs. We feed the dogs at our gate under the weeping ashes. The cowbells tinkle and clang *derweilen*; we close the gate when the bulls march by."

11. I continue to purchase Indian coins, and have just acquired a very handsome gold coin of Shir Shah—the Afghan king of Delhi, before whom Humayun fled. He reigned from 1540 to 1545 A.D., and is said

[1] It is true, nevertheless. It was told to the Corpus Professor by the Examiner himself.—1898.

to have received his name from having killed a tiger with one sword-cut.

22. English Mail arrives.

A letter also came to me to-day from the State House of Massachusetts. I did not know the motto—

"Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem."

John Webster of Edgehill writes from the House, under date 21st July :—

"Let me say of Gladstone what he well deserves. He is master of the situation ; he could with a word or two have opened the flood-gates of agitation and sent the stream full against the Peers. He did no such thing, and his whole speech and attitude, ever since the Lords did their work, have been in the highest degree statesmanlike and conciliatory. It may be said that he could not have done otherwise. But a significant aside from him would have been caught up at once, as much as open speech : and he has done everything that even he, with his unequalled influence over the people, their unrestricted, unmoved confidence in him (which I have always insisted on, in writing to you, as the chief guide in estimating our immediate future), that even he, with all his eloquence and sympathies and command of the nation, could and should have done, to keep the unavoidable agitation in a safe channel.

"One sees blemishes in him as a tactician and very, very great mistakes in Eastern policy (that, of course, is only my opinion), but the power and charm of the man are wonderful.

"I never had a finer opportunity of watching him than at his Foreign Office speech last week. I was directly in front of him, and the expression of his face, of his marvellous eyes, of his whole countenance, the dignity, calmness of manner, the grace and command of every fitting phrase as it came spontaneously from him was catching, irresistible. Truly there is but one Gladstone and he has no prophet.

"He is working with fiery materials and with some workmen not easy to keep firm in hand. But they all know, we all know, that the people are with *him* and with nobody else, and that conviction keeps us all straight. I am not sure that he is one who attaches any *clientèle* of personal friends from attachment to himself individually, as some men have done, but with the Liberal people of the nation he is absolutely and more entirely their idol than even in 1880."

Dyer writes: "I am glad to hear the *Arracacha* arrived safely and, I hope, in good order. It is a historic feat to transfer a product of one world to the other, even if it is no more than a humble esculent."

Arracacha esculenta is an Umbellifer allied to the parsnip, which was introduced into Jamaica in 1822 from the neighbourhood of Santa Fé de Bogotá.

23. Glanced through a notebook of 1875-76.

Who was it who, when she was told that a certain Belgravian clergyman made his penitents lay aside their rings in Lent, said: "What, my dear, even their wedding rings!"

It was Emly, I think, who told me the story of a Catholic friend of his, before the Stanleyan period, being interrupted at his devotions in Westminster Abbey by a verger, who said, "Come, come, we can't have you *praying about here!*"

Who described the Duke of Cumberland as one "qui timet omnia praeter Deum"?

Who remarked when Abdul Aziz disappeared from the scene: "Autrefois on assassinait les Sultans, maintenant on les suicide"?

In a newspaper notice of the life of the Mother-Superior of the House of Mercy at Clewer (Harriet Monsell), whose husband died at Naples, I came on the following sentence: "Thanks for the rose from my home, the only spot on earth which I ever call or shall call home. I build up, as God permits me,

homes for His children; but mine is within those rails and that bright sunny land."

'Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.'

24. Mr. Rees has been reading *Hypatia*, and I asked him to copy for me the lines which I recollect quoting in October 1857 from memory *nearly* right. I have never happened to see the book since; but I have learned to believe that he was one of the wisest of men who, in dying, left as his advice to mankind, "Verify quotations." The passage runs as follows, and still seems to me very admirable:—

"That last drear mood
Of envious sloth, and proud decrepitude;
No faith, no art, no king, no priest, no God;
While round the freezing founts of life in snarling ring,
Crouched on the bareworn sod,
Babbling about the unreturning spring,
And whining for dead gods, who cannot save,
The toothless systems shiver to their grave."

26. Reuter telegraphs the terribly sad and, to me, altogether unexpected news of Ampthill's death.

27. Mr. Rees read to me the other day an amusing passage from a book by Mr. Monier Williams with regard to two of our Vishnuvite sects—the men of

the northern and the men of the southern school—the Vada-galai and the Ten-galai :—

"After Rámánuja's death, his numerous followers corrupted his teaching in the usual manner, introducing doctrines and practices which the founder of the sect had not enjoined and would not have sanctioned. Then, about six hundred years ago, a learned Bráhman of Kánjívaram, named Védántácárya, put himself forward as a reformer, giving out that he was commissioned by the god Vishnu himself to purify the faith—to sweep away corrupt incrustations, and restore the doctrines of the original founder. These doctrines, he affirmed, had been more carefully preserved by the Northern Bráhmans than by those in the South. Hence rose irreconcilable differences of opinion, which resulted in two great antagonistic parties of Rámánujas—one called the northern school, Vada-galai (for Vada-kalai, Sanskrit Kalá), the other the southern school, Ten-galai (for Ten-kalai). They are," he observes, "far more opposed to each other than both parties are to Saivas. The northern school accept the Sanskrit Veda. The southern have compiled a Veda of their own, called 'the four thousand verses' (Náláyira), written in Tamil, and held to be older than the Sanskrit Veda, but really based on its Upanishad portion. In all their worship they repeat selections from these Tamil verses.

"An important difference of doctrine, caused by

different views of the nature of the soul's dependence on Vishnu, separates the two parties. The view taken by the Vada-galais corresponds, in a manner, to the Arminian doctrine of 'free-will.' The soul, say they, lays hold of the Supreme Being by its own will, act, and effort, just as the young monkey clings to its mother. This is called the monkey-theory (Markatanyáya). The view of the Ten-galais is a counterpart of that of the Calvinists. It is technically styled 'the cat-hold theory' (Márjáranyáya). The human soul, they argue, remains passive and helpless until acted on by the Supreme Spirit, just as the kitten remains passive and helpless until seized and transported, *nolens volens*, from place to place by the mother-cat."

29. English Mail arrives.

John Webster writes :—

"I find my love of dogs quite broad and deep enough to have embraced three pets ; but an imperious member of a family always gets his way, and the Dachshund gets his here. He does repay my abnegation by a good deal of affection, especially at meal-times. Does Cicero, by the way, reckon the charm of the society of dogs among the pleasures of old age ? I shall rummage over my beautiful copy of the *de Senectute*, the Variorum edition of Graevius, bound by H. Bedford ! when I have done. Did I boast to you—I suppose I must have boasted, of my acquisitions this spring at the sale of that renowned

bookbinder's own private library; the copies all picked for himself and specially bound for himself and mostly in *red* morocco, chiefly Dutch classics? I only got three volumes, of which this copy, including the smaller treatises usually going with the *de Senectute*, is one. Would I could have you to survey them with me, where, as here, no ants eviscerate and no damps decay."

Bagot tells me that his mother, being recently in the National Gallery, saw an old woman come in with two girls. "That," she heard her say, pointing to a picture, "is the Virgin Mary and her son; that," pointing to another, "is the Virgin Mary and her daughter."

September

2. Cavendish read last week to me a biography of the late rector of Lincoln in the *Times*. The last words ran as follows:—

"It would be presumptuous, of course, to compare Pattison with Scaliger, and he himself would have been the last man to allow the comparison. But on the morrow of his death, his sorrowing friends may not unfitly be reminded of the words which he wrote in 1860 in describing the death of Scaliger:—

"'On the 21st of January 1609, at four in the morning, he fell asleep in Heinsius's arms. The aspiring spirit ascended before the Infinite. The most richly stored intellect which ever spent itself in acquiring knowledge was in the presence of the Omniscient.'"

I received by last mail from Mr. Bywater a letter in which he mentions that: "Shortly before the end her husband intimated to Mrs. Pattison that she was to read 'Te mensorem' to him. She divined what he meant, and read him Horace's ode to Archytas ('Te maris ac terrae')."

I have just read it in the quaint old Horace, which my grand-uncle gave to my grandfather when he left Scotland for Leyden in 1786, and which, going with him to Madras in 1788, returned, after twenty-seven years, to Europe, and eventually found its way back to this Presidency in my possession.

6. Mrs. Laffan lent me some days ago a book by F. W. Faber on the *Blessed Sacrament*. Much of it says nothing to me; but here and there one recognises the sort of charm that there is in his poetry.

Here, for example, is a sentence about the feast of *Corpus Christi* :—

"The world over, the summer air is filled with the

voice of song. The gardens are shorn of their fairest blossoms. The steeples are reeling with the clang of bells; the cannon are booming in the gorges of the Andes and the Apennines; the pomp of royal or republican armies salutes the King of Kings."

and this about Our Lady:—

"There is hardly a feast in the year so gay and bright as this of her Nativity, right in the heart of the happy harvest, as though she were, as indeed she was, earth's heavenliest growth, whose cradle was to rock to the measure of the whole world's vintage songs."

7. Re-read in the *Causeries de Lundi* a happy phrase of the Marquis d'Argenson: "Il faut plaire pour réussir; *les hommes sont plus difficiles que les affaires.*"

It was he who, speaking of the first half of the eighteenth century in France, said:—

"Le cœur est une faculté, dont nous nous privons chaque jour faute d'exercice, au lieu que l'esprit s'anime chaque jour. On court à l'esprit, on le cultive, on devient tout spirituel. C'est l'esprit joint au cœur qui forme l'héroisme, le courage, le sublime, et d'où résulte le génie. Faute d'affection et de la faculté cordiale, ce royaume-ci périra—je le prédis. On n'a plus d'amis,

on n'aime plus sa maitresse; comment aimerait on sa patrie?"

10. The following very striking passage is quoted by Sainte-Beuve from a novel called *L'Émigré* by M. Senac de Meilhan. It refers to the day on which the Royal Family was brought from Versailles:—

"Je me rendis dans une maison voisine où se rassemblait ordinairement l'élite de la société; mon cœur était navré, mon esprit obscurci des plus sombres nuages, et je croyais trouver tout le monde affecté des mêmes sentiments; mais écoutez les dialogues interrompus des personnes que j'y trouvai, ou qui arrivèrent successivement: 'Avez-vous vu passer le roi?' disait l'un. 'Non, j'ai été à la Comédie.' 'Molé a-t-il joué? Pour moi j'ai été obligé de rester aux Tuileries, il n'y a pas eu moyen d'en sortir avant neuf heures.' 'Vous avez donc vu passer le roi?' 'Je n'ai pas bien distingué, il faisait nuit.' Un autre: 'Il faut qu'il ait mis plus de six heures pour venir de Versailles.' D'autres racontaient froidement quelques circonstances. Ensuite: 'Jouez-vous au *whist*?' 'Je jouerai après souper, on va servir.' Quelques chuchotages, un air de tristesse passager. On entendit du canon. 'Le roi sort de l'Hôtel-de-Ville; ils doivent être bien las.' On soupe; propos interrompus. On joue au *trente-et-quarante*, et tout en se promenant, en attendant le coup et surveillant sa carte, on dit quelques mots: 'Comme c'est affreux!' et quelques-uns causent

à voix basse brièvement. Deux heures sonnent, chacun défile et va se coucher. De telles gens vous paraissent bien insensibles ; eh bien ! il n'en est pas un qui ne se fût fait tuer aux pieds du roi."

11. Lord Ripon telegraphed to me last night that Dufferin is to succeed him. Well done the Breakfast Club ! Since it was founded in 1866—

(1) Sir John Acton has been made Lord Acton ;

(2) May has been made a Privy Councillor ;

(3) Sir James Lacaita has been made a Senator of the kingdom of Italy ;

(4) Henry Bruce has been made, first, Home Secretary ; secondly, a Peer ; thirdly, Lord President of the Council ; and might have been, had he so pleased, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland or Viceroy of the Dominion ;

(5) Lord Reay has added an English peerage to his Scotch peerage.

(6) Lord Lansdowne has become, first, Under Secretary of State for India ; secondly, Viceroy of the Dominion ; thirdly, a G.C.M.G ;

(7) I have become successively Under Secretary for India, Under Secretary for the Colonies, a Privy Councillor, and Governor of Madras ; while

(8) Lord Dufferin has become, amongst other things, Chancellor of the Duchy, Viceroy of the Dominion, an Earl, Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Ambassador at Constantinople, and now Viceroy elect of India.

Of the five other members, Pollock has been always purely a legal official and a man of letters, never having anything to do with political life; Venables took his immense ability to the silver, not the gold, table, contenting himself with making a large fortune, while the other three—Frederick Leveson Gower, Arthur Russell, and Henry Cowper—although in public life, belong essentially to the class of men for whom *private* life has done too much to allow them to be ambitious. They have contented themselves with being spectators.

That is a very curious record of the fortunes of one very small society gathered together for merely social purposes. In it, every one who *ever* was a member of the Club is represented, except four men who are dead—Simeon, Sir Edmund Head, Stirling-Maxwell, and Sir John Lefevre, all of whom, when elected, were near the end of their careers; Froude the historian, who retired, and three men who were

elected when Dufferin, Lansdowne, and I became absent members. Of these, Goschen, before he became a member, refused the Viceroyalty of India, Carlingford is now Lord President of the Council, while the third, Trevelyan, is now Secretary for Ireland.

English Mail arrives.

Mrs. Bishop writes: "I had a delicious three days in Paris almost altogether with Mrs. Craven. Never was she more super-angelic. She looked thin and grave, but

'Sweeter, sweeter than anything on earth.'"

After describing a dinner at Richmond, she continues:—

"Florence's little dog got clandestinely under the table and, after some very strong sentiment from Mr. ——, suddenly barked approval. 'Hear, hear,' cried Mr. Mundella in a House of Commons voice, and after that the dog was handed from lap to lap, as a true Liberal—finally running off with a whole quail. Strengthened by the spoil, he proceeded to engage in his first fight, on the terrace, with a Blenheim—representative of an effete aristocracy. It was all amusing, and the drive home under a sultry moon very pleasant, for Diana herself has been sultry. A

man from Ecuador says London heat is worse than his particular brand of caloric."

Renan's new volume of *Études d'Histoire Religieuse*, announced in his wife's letter, mentioned above, reached me before I went on tour, and Miss Moxon has read a good deal of it to me at various times since I returned.

It is full of interesting things. On the very first page is the excellent story of Buloz "le moins Bouddhiste des hommes," to whom a Buddhist in flesh and blood "parut chose inadmissible." "A toutes mes preuves il répondit inflexiblement, 'Il n'est pas possible qu'il y ait des gens aussi bêtes que cela.'"

A couple of paragraphs lower down is mentioned the Capuchin who said that the author of the *Vie de Jésus* would be saved by St. Francis; but the terms in which Renan told me the anecdote are slightly varied. As I remember them the words were, "Il a parlé très bien de St. François, et St. François arrangera tout cela," not "St. François le sauvera."

Miss Moxon has also recently read through to me Schiller's *Wallenstein*. I was devoted as a boy to the two last parts of the trilogy in Coleridge's version,

and his glorious mis-rendering of "Die alten Fabel-Wesen sind nicht mehr," suggested some of the earliest verses I ever wrote. The *Lager* I only knew by having dipped into its pages, and by a most vigorous translation of a part of it in some old annual. The charm of the *Piccolomini* and of *Wallenstein's Tod* is to me as great at fifty-five as at fifteen.

How time rushes on! Nearly as many years have gone by, since I read them, as had passed between 1844 and 1798, when the Prologue was spoken at the re-opening of the Weimar theatre:—

> "—— an des Jahrhundert's ernsten Ende,
> Wo selbst die Wirklichkeit zur Dichtung wird."

"Ce grand vaisseau dont la proue est dans l'Océan Atlantique et la poupe dans la mer des Indes."

What a fine description of seventeenth century Spain!

It is by Voiture writing of Olivarez.

17. On the 17th I left Ootacamund accompanied by Mr. Rees, Dr. Mackenzie, Captain Hanbury Williams, Mr. Gamble, Mr. Lawson, and Mr. Davison.

We travelled *via* Coimbatore and Pothanore to Pollachi, whence we rode to a group of forest huts in the Anamalais, which have been christened Mountstuart.

Thence we returned to the railway and ran down to Shoranore, from which place we drove to Trichore, and went on by the Backwaters to Balghatty, where we remained several days and then retraced our steps to Trichore and Ootacamund, where we arrived on 3rd October.

All this is detailed in a Tour Minute, the tenth of its kind; but I record here, as usual, some matters which did not find their natural place in it.

We did not meet with the flying lizard, *Draco volans*—not uncommon on the lower part of the road; but, while we were talking of it, Mr. Davison told me that they had secured at the Zoological Gardens in London a specimen of *Heloderma horridum*—the only poisonous lizard known.

I asked him about the little wagtail which I observed when riding yesterday. It is a migratory bird which arrived from Central Asia only a *week* ago—on the 9th.

Mr. Rees, while reading to me an address from

some Syrian Christians, asked me why their bishops took the title of Mar. When explaining this to him I quoted St. Paul's well-known expression, "Let him be anathema—Maranatha;" that is to say, Let him be accursed—the Lord is at hand!

Mrs. Bishop writes, by desire of Mrs. Craven, to tell me that her husband had a paralytic stroke on 22nd August at Monabri, near Lausanne, where they were staying with Princess Wittgenstein. I had written on 28th August to wish them joy on their Golden Wedding. He is seventy-eight.

My sister writes: "I can indeed this summer say:

'Was man in Jugend sich wünscht, hat man im Alter die
Fülle.'

"Luther-Fest in Jena! Parsifal in Bayreuth! a perfect summer in the Thüringerwald! That is all very beautiful."

20. We penetrated to-day into a far more beautiful portion of the forest than that which we had visited yesterday. *Terminalia tomentosa* rose to the height of some 150 feet, and we saw one teak which was 28 feet round, and had probably lived through some five centuries.

The bear has been rather to the front since we came here. We saw this morning the marks of his paws on a *Cassia fistula* which he had been climbing, with a view to converting to his own uses the sweet contents of its pods. One of Mr. Davison's men saw a couple yesterday very near our camp.

21. We walked down the ghât in the early morning. Mr. Davison called our attention to the large holes made in a tree by the greater woodpecker, *Thriponax Hodgsoni*, and mentioned that he never attacked trees which were in a sound state, but only those which had already been injured by the beetles on whose larvæ he fed. A little later we heard him at his operations, tapping a tree to find where it was hollow. Mr. Davison thinks that he is very useful.

He told us that another species—the Southern chestnut woodpecker—cuts a hole in the nest of the very vicious little red ant and lives there, apparently on perfectly good terms with his neighbours.

After dinner, last night, Mr. Davison showed us the skins of various birds which his men had brought in during the day, almost all of them very brilliant in

colour, and making me sigh to think by how many beautiful creatures we are surrounded, which want of quickness of sight prevents my distinguishing.

We heard nothing of tigers, but a panther had been playing in the night on the ghât which we descended, and the day before yesterday we saw the recent tracks of the wild elephants which give the Anamalais their name.

In fact the whole region evidently deserves the character which Herodotus gave, if I remember, to Africa, of being "a wild-beastish country."

One of our people, whose function it was to preside over the transport of the party, and who by no means liked the wild beasts, remarked to Dr. Mackenzie this morning, "Well! if the garden of Heden was like this 'ere primæval forest, I don't wonder that Heve left it."

At breakfast in Pollachi the conversation turned on the story of Colonel Rolland's experiences at the Golden Rock already noted, and Mr. Davison mentioned that the lämmergeier is in the habit of carrying what it proposes to eat up into the air, and dropping it with a view to make it more manageable. The range of this bird extends as far south as Sicily,

and it may quite possibly have dropped a tortoise upon the bald head of Æschylus.

The lämmergeier does not occur here, but is abundant in the Himalaya.

23. Where did I light upon the story of the Maharajah of Travancore (not the present one), who, fond of jujubes as of bonbons, and seeing an advertisement to the effect that a large consignment of jupons had arrived at Madras, jumped to the conclusion that they belonged to the same category, and became the owner of I know not how many dozen steel crinolines?

I looked for it this morning in Day's *Land of the Permauls*, but lit neither upon it nor upon the Malayali proverb which I also connected with that book: "He who has seen a dead monkey; he who has found the nest of a paddy bird; he who has come upon a straight cocoa-nut tree, or has fathomed the deceitful heart of woman, will live for ever!"

It was to-day that we were obliged, very reluctantly, to give up our journey to Peermade, on account of an outbreak of cholera in the neighbourhood, but, as it happened, the fresh burst of the south-

west monsoon, which immediately followed, would have made our journey thither quite unprofitable, if not impossible.

Mrs. Sydney Buxton gives an amusing account of some books prepared for certain Infant Schools in the United States :—

"One of the exercises consisted of sentences with a word left out to be supplied by the imagination of the infant, and the sentence at which Louis opened the book was 'Bill says it is so —— cold to-day.' Louis has another friend, a clergyman. This clergyman has a small dog, which would delight your soul. It is accustomed to sleep with his children, but never knows in whose bed, as they fight for it every night. One evening all the household had gone out to some function, leaving their supper (consisting of meat pies and little cakes) on the kitchen table, and on getting home these had all disappeared. When the children went to bed, *each* child found under its counterpane a meat pie and a little cake, placed there, in its uncertainty, by the dog, so as to be prepared for all emergencies."

We also came suddenly into an enclosure sacred to serpent-worship, in which Mr. Hannyngton saw certainly one and probably two cobras.

On landing again at Balghatty Mr. Gamble took

me to see *Hydnocarpus inebrians*, now *Wightiana*, which was growing near the house. When I asked Lawson, the other day, whether the *Hydnocarpus* we found on the Droog was *inebrians*, Cavendish, who was present, said, "To judge by the number of broken bottles we found under it, at the place where we lunched, I should say 'yes'!"

25. We started at a very early hour and, landing at Ernacolum, drove out to breakfast in the Rajah's bungalow beyond Tripoonterah, which stands on a low hill of laterite.

It is a lovely land; everywhere the cocoa-nut above and great sheets of rice below. Through these last gleam the well-named *Nymphaea stellata*, *Villarsia Indica*, and the far lovelier *Villarsia cristata*, with its fimbriated petals and golden-centred flowers.

26. English Mail arrives.

Dyer writes: "I have been very much interested in the proposed Afghan boundary expedition. Afghanistan in its botany reflects its politics. It is the most interesting meeting ground of Eastern, Western, and Northern influences and elements."

All night it rained furiously—3·97 inches at Ernacolum, and I presume at least as much here.

27. The night was again desperately wet, but the rain had moderated, when soon after 3 A.M. we left the Balghatty Residency.

A day of slow progression along the Backwaters brought us to Trichore.

It was there that the first complete copy of a Minute, which occupied much of my time at Ootacamund from 3rd August to 16th September, reached my hands. Its object is explained in the first two of its 313 paragraphs, which I may quote here:—

"In the month of October last, I completed, by a visit to South Canara, my general survey of the twenty-two districts of this Presidency, and, as some nine months have now passed, it may be time to review that survey, with the object of seeing what desirable changes have been made in consequence of it, what remain to be made, and, above all, how far it has been possible to meet the requests of the people preferred to the head of the Government in person.

"The machine of administration, in all civilised countries, is now so complicated that it is necessary for those who preside over it, perpetually to revise and re-revise, if important things are not to be allowed to slip out of sight. The impossibility of doing this, amidst the conditions under which a statesman's life is now passed in Western Europe, is a grave misfortune. In a country

governed as this is and must long continue to be, it is highly desirable that the European rulers of every degree should come as much as possible into contact with the ruled. Thanks to the improvement of communications, the absence of famine and other causes, it has been my good fortune to see more of the Presidency than any of my predecessors have done in an equally short time. In nearly a hundred addresses, which have been collected into a volume, I have secured a perfect photograph of what the most articulate portion of the people were asking from the chiefs of the administration in 1882 and 1883.

"In my replies, while recognising the good sense of a very large proportion of the requests made, I took the greatest possible care not to commit my colleagues or myself to almost anything, and I am particularly glad to be able to show by this paper, to the persons who came to see me, with what scrupulous care every one of their wishes has been examined, and how very largely performance has surpassed promise."

29. The rain-record was brought to me this morning—7·2 inches in the last twenty-four hours and small prospect of improvement!

A friend writes: "I had not known of the centipede *mot*. It is very good, being really a *mot* which carries a whole argument with it."

That refers to a wonderfully happy phrase, I suppose of Morley's, in a recent *Macmillan*, to which I had called my correspondent's attention: "But England cannot put her foot down firmly in a dozen places at once. The British lion is not a centipede."

30. We took advantage of an interval between the heavy showers to drive a mile or two from the town, and struck across a piece of land, which was being converted into a park, to the open pastures. The lark sang above; the turf, grazed by herds of the small Malabar cattle, was smooth, and we enjoyed a perfect botanical debauch.

As we advanced, I found that what I had taken for a piece of exposed rock, on the edge of a rising ground, was really a couple of acres of *Impatiens balsamina* in full flower. We have become quite hardened to plunging through the sensitive plant which is here not less decried as a pest than is *Gloriosa superba!* in some parts of the Wynaad, but, arrived at the edge of this lovely garden, I felt the scruples of Landor when he tossed his cook out of the window and penitently exclaimed, "Good God, I had forgotten the violets."

October

1. The morning dawned brightly, and I started, accompanied by Mr. Gamble and Captain Hanbury Williams, to resume our ramble, where we left it off yesterday, with not less brilliant results.

The European Mail met us at Palghât, and I had pretty well finished my letters, before we had got to the Walliar station, where the tiger was *not* "jumping about upon the platform," though doubtless in the woods hard by, which looked enchantingly green and beautiful.

Captain Hanbury Williams has been reading *Wilhelm Meister* to me during our tour. The following passage from my sister came in therefore very appropriately — :

"We left the Thüringerwald, looking impossibly beautiful, on the 1st of September. 'All the hay was down'—a second crop. The woods, the hills, the splendid meadows *durchsonnt;* the air a bliss to breathe—all perfume and all clearness. We were silent as we drove through our happy woods, all feeling that a rare time of pleasantness was over.

"The fourth in our family party was my young friend

Hildegarde Jenicke, who was returning to play Leonora San Vitale in Goethe's *Tasso.*

"Her new great part in Fitzer's *Hexe* was all created upon the rock-tops, lying or roaming about under the enormous *Edeltannen* looking over the Thüringerwald to the Venus-Berg. It is exceedingly interesting to live with a true artist whilst she is creating a new part—one who is at other moments so full of frolicsome fun, and so like a child."

And again:

"I saw Laube's *Karlschüler* acted for the first time last week. I read it with wild enthusiasm with Holländer in 1851; never saw it since. How one remembered the bounding delight of one's soul at so much of the *Fortschritt* therein fore-shadowed, and how entirely one's young sympathies are one's grown-up ones!

"That evening Hildegarde went behind the scenes; she was, that night, only a spectator, and meeting the head man of our actors, who is also *régisseur*, she said to him: 'It was Laube's *Karlschüler*, at twelve years old, that sent me on the stage.' 'Was it?' this gentleman replied musingly. 'It was Laube's *Karlschüler* that decided my life and sent *me* on the stage also.'"

Madame de Riaño sends from Madrid her privately printed book, *Viaje de España por un anónimo*, 1446-48.

A. Russell, writing from Surrey, says: "Dear

Odo combined in so wonderful a manner rare qualities, necessary for success in Berlin during a difficult period."

6. Mr. Davison brought some of his spoils, the orange minivet, the golden oriole, the fairy blue bird being amongst the most beautiful. He has ascertained that the birds of the Anamalais are similar to those of the Palanis. Neither he nor his men have up to this time met with any new species.

7. A telegram from Culverden tells me that Augustus Craven is gone.

In an extract from a letter to Mrs. Bishop, sent on to me by last mail, his wife said :—

"He is hardly rejoiced when he is told that he will recover from his attack. It is a greater effort of courage to bear this sudden passage from what looked still like vigorous health to the most painful infirmities of old age, than was required when he thought he could not survive it."

Writing to Mrs. Craven on this subject to-day, I chanced to open her book precisely at the words (volume ii. page 360) :—

"Elle me laissa pleurer, me regardant longtemps sans rien dire. Oh ! quelle expression je vis alors dans son

regard ! C'était plus que du courage, plus que de la sérénité. C'était presque de la joie. Enfin elle me dit : Tu pleures parceque notre Olga va aller au ciel, et maintenant qu'elle est presque hors de ce monde, tu voudrais l'y ramener. Dis-moi donc quelle bonheur tu as à lui assurer sur terre."

Warren, writing of Rendel, says very happily : "He is singularly apt in his *mots* ; it is not wit, not epigram, but a power of hitting the conversational nail exactly on the head, which he possesses."

This mail also brought an extremely agreeable letter from the author of *Blue and Green*, to whom I had written, expressing the pleasure with which I had read his book. He writes from "The Hermitage" near Chester-le-Street.

My sister writes :—

"I am very much attached already to 'our Grand Duke's country.' The Dörfer, with the invariable great *Dorf-Linde*, the pretty old church, the vines trained on the house-walls, the wealth of *Remontant* roses, the walnut trees, the red-tiled roofs and gables are so *freundlich*, so human, the Tannenwälder, the Laubholzwälder, so poetic. It is, in a word, just the heart of Germany this Thuringia. One lives in an atmosphere of affectionateness.

"After such a long sunshiny progress through the land,

one goes in the evening to the dear little Hof-theater and hears Goethe's *Tasso*."

And again:

"I came this week upon a curious household.

"By a village some hour-and-a-half's drive from Weimar lies a small estate with a Schloss, old courts, old gardens lying by the Ilm. Wieland bought it, and spent many of the last years of his life there. There the love of his youth, she who became Sophie Laroche, came to visit him; there her daughter became dear to him as though his own; and there, in a quiet shady nook in his park of Osmannstedt, by the winding, murmuring Ilm, he, his wife, and this young girl, who died in his house, lie buried under one and the same monument, a lonely and most touching spot."

She then proceeds to give a long account of the present owner, a Scotchman of the name of Grant, nearly related to the Glenmoriston family, married to a Thuringian lady.

12. Agnew to-day slew, only about 1500 feet below Ootacamund, a large Russell's viper. I had no idea that they came so high up.

15. I found to-day, near the beginning of the *Spanish Gypsy*, a passage in which I had a special

interest from the fact of Greg having repeated it to me, and which I had failed to find before :—

"So trust the men whose best hope for the world
Is ever that the world is near its end ;
Impatient of the stars that keep their course
And make no pathway for the coming judge."

20. A correspondent, to whom I wrote lately to ask about his health, replied to-day that he might give the same account of himself, which a sailor coming out of hospital had given in reply to a similar inquiry from a benevolent clergyman : "Pretty damned miserable, thank God, sir, pretty damned miserable."

Mrs. Godfrey Clerk mentioned this evening a saying new to me :—

"Plus je connais les homnes plus j'admire les chiens."

23. I had a week or two ago a letter from the Maharajah of Travancore, in which he enclosed a portion of a diary kept by him during a tour in 1870.

The following passage occurs in it :—

"While amidst the awful sublimity of these great mountain ranges,[1] increased tenfold by the great storm and mist, came the following telegram :—

[1] See note on the following page.

"'French Emperor and whole army surrendered prisoners. King Prussia appoints residence.'

"Can there be a fitter place and time than those in which I was to receive intelligence of the fate of a Napoleon? The same hand which reared up these majestic mountains[1] and commands these fearful storms disposes of the destinies of Napoleons and Cæsars. Louis Napoleon's travestying of his uncle's career has been but too close.

"His *coup d'état* has been at last deservedly rewarded."

The climate, this year, although not so good for the flowers, has been far more agreeable for the ordinary purposes of life than either 1882 or 1883.

There have been a sufficient number of people whom I like, in the place, to make our evenings pass pleasantly.

My small acquaintance with the flora, at about 2000 feet below this, accounts for the fact that I know only three-fourths of the species figured in Wight's *Nílgiri Plants*. Of the species easily accessible from Ootacamund, I know nearly all.

During the last fortnight we have had an immense amount of rain, the Marlimund reservoir going up some ten feet in as many days. There have been

[1] His Highness was on or near Mahendragiri, sometimes called "The Sailor's Cape Comorin," when he wrote these sentences.

landslips all around, but little or no serious damage. The fall in the temperature which preceded the storms caused a good deal of illness. All the children were successively confined to bed, but I leave them quite re-established.

24. This morning we left Ootacamund, and met the English Mail at Mettupalaiyam.

My sister writes :—

"Mrs. Boyle and I both appreciate the clematis. All she says of the vine and its 'Vornehmes Wesen' is very true ; she is a fortunate woman to live in a climate which permits her to cover her house with the true vine.

"Yet at this season—late September, early October—I am glad that our climate settles the question for us, and gives us permission only to embower ourselves in Virginia creeper, in the hardy sweet-smelling vine which bears no grapes, but takes lovely colours in autumn and is infinitely graceful all the summer through, and the clematis and climbing roses, for every window is now framed in scarlet leaves ; the whole house flames in its garment of scarlet leaves and tendrils, and great blue and great white clematis flowers look out of this splendour. Later on, when *this* is over, the soft pale-yellow vine leaves will prolong the autumn-colouring on the walls."

Rutson writes :—

"I spent the post-day at Basle. I think, for a quiet kind of beauty, that old city of the empire, so picturesque, so ancient, and at the same time so prosperous with all the elements of modern prosperity, cut in two by its noble river so broad and swift, and with quiet woods and gentle hills to be seen not far off, is one of the most charming in Europe."

Mrs. Craven writes, under date of 26th September, from Monabri :—

"I received yesterday your letter dated 28th August, the day of my Golden Wedding. How I passed that day you already know. I asked Mrs. Bishop to tell you what had happened on the 22nd of August, and I feel sure of your sympathy. Indeed, I have no friend in the world on whose sympathy I rely more entirely than upon yours."

And again :

"I thought of you very much when I heard of the death of poor Odo Russell, and I felt myself so grieved for you, for them all, and also for England."

25. We reached Madras this morning.

The Park of Government House is as green as eye could wish, our friend the *Plumeria alba* is in full flower, and the lovely *Millingtonia hortensis* showing its white blossoms along the avenues.

There is much water about, and the charming little egrets (*Herodias egrettoides*) are very happy.

26. I do not think I have anywhere noted the fact, which came into my head to-day, that, as I was travelling in Tinnevelly in 1882, I observed the trunks of many of the trees whitewashed. "What is that done for," I asked. "It is done in your honour, sir," was the reply. Presently we came to a little devil-temple also whitewashed. "Is that whitewashed in my honour also?" I said. "Oh no! sir," was the answer, "that is whitewashed in honour of the cholera!"

One remembers Lyall's lines:—

> "Is it a God or a king that comes,
> Both are evil and both are strong."

28. A gentleman from whom I have been buying coins sends me a Dirham (corrupted, by the way, from Drachma, as Dinar from Denarius) of much interest; for, as the Sovereign who struck it reigned from 786 to 809 A.D., and as it belongs to 797 A.D., I may safely say that it has found its way to me

> "—— from the golden prime
> Of good Haroun al Raschid."

November

3. A lady who dined here told me that her youngest daughter, who professes to be neither clever nor pretty, says: "I am, you know, only the Amen of the family."

5. The second half of my big Survey Minute passed out of my hands on the 31st October, the anniversary of my last landing at Bombay, was officially signed by me yesterday, and issues to-day.

It contains 552 paragraphs, the first part having contained 313, 865 in all. The whole is equal in size to an ordinary octavo volume of about 176 pages.

I may quote the last four paragraphs.

"I believe this Minute and the addresses with which it deals will be useful to the administrator at home; and I have a right to say so, for, having been for more than five years at the India Office, I know well how useful such a paper would have been to me.

"I believe that it and they will not be wholly useless even to the historian, for, as I have observed elsewhere, although we are only a 'Provincial Government,' we rule a land larger than the British Isles, and com-

pared to which the France of Richelieu—what do I say?—even the France of Turgot—was thinly peopled.

"Many things that are now familiar as household words will soon be forgotten even in India. We shall in our turn be ancients, and much that is now 'Life's dullest prose' will 'fade in the land of dreams.'

"I had often in my mind, while drawing up this document, an incident of my early life. Shortly before I went into Parliament, Mr. Elphinstone, then in extreme old age, came to London and questioned me, as I believe he questioned others, about the manner in which the Romans governed their Provinces. His whole mind was full of that question. If only, I have frequently said, one had been able to put into his hands such a paper as this, even by the least distinguished of proconsuls, and presenting like this a mere bald record, its very dryness and practicality would have made it infinitely more useful to the aged administrator, accustomed to go to the heart of things, than any amount of vague and ornate writing 'about and about' the subject in which he was interested."

10. At 11 o'clock Cavendish came down from the top of the house, and told me that a large steamer,

presumably the *Kaiser-i-Hind*, was visible on the southern horizon. By twenty-five minutes past twelve the two guns, which denote Su-ez, were fired, and soon afterwards we drove to the harbour. Before two my wife, with Evelyn, Lily, and Mrs. Awdry, had returned with us to Government House.

With them came to stay here Mr. Eliot, a young Oxford man of twenty-two, who won the Balliol, the Hertford, the Ireland, the Craven, and the Boden Sanskrit Scholarships, as well as a Classical First and a Trinity Fellowship.

The weather, which has been alarmingly bad—some twenty-five inches of rain falling in Madras since 3rd November—has to-day become again fine.

Since my arrival in Madras I have made twelve visits to the Museum in the early morning.

12. I wrote by this mail to Mrs. Bishop, from whom I had received last week a copy of the greater part of a very long letter from Mrs. Craven at Monabri, as to which she most truly said: "Ah what beauty! 'Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his.' I know how you will feel this letter as from one already among the *shining ones*."

13. European Mail arrives.

Mrs. Greg writes from Davos-Platz :—

"The scenery of the Engadine gave me much more pleasure this time than it had done on previous visits. When we first went up, we certainly missed the variety and richness of the Italian lake district. The Engadine is a little hard, but it has a beauty of its own. The chain of little lakes that fill this valley are so dainty in their colour—a delicate semi-opaque bluish green—that I have never seen elsewhere; and they are so prettily set in sombre woods of Cembra pines and green mountain slopes surmounted by snowy peaks, which gleam with dazzling white against the full blue of the summer sky! There is a sparkle—a crispness about it all that is very pleasant and refreshing to the eye, and is in keeping with the exhilarating effect of the climate on health and spirits. Then I confess that the side valleys, with their foaming glacier torrents, exercise an effect upon my imagination,—all leading up, as they do, to that vast silent region of snow,—the 240 miles of ice-girt mountains and valleys which form the great Bernina Range. The peeps into Italy, too, are very lovely—the view down the Maloja Pass, and, still better, the view from the bridle-path on the Bernina Pass, whence you look straight down for three thousand feet into the beautiful little lake of Poschiavo and see the road, below that, winding among the chestnut trees till it loses itself in

the rich warm purple shadows of the Valteline. We had glorious weather—a hot summer sun and brisk sparkling air and a cloudless sky—with now and then a thunderstorm and a fresh fall of snow to renew the beauty of the mountains."

18. Mr. Eliot called my attention to a passage in Petronius Arbiter, in which the speaker, describing the figures on certain cups, says, "Pueri mortui jacent sic uti vivere putes." An Irishman could hardly have made a better bull!

In my copy, mentioned above, *vere* is the reading, making pure nonsense. Bücheler, I am told, has it right.

19. Mr. Eliot mentioned that he had heard an orator in a Balliol Debating Club, when denouncing pessimism, speak of those who think of man as "a vain shadow which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven!" He had been present, too, when an Irishman at the Union alluded to "those currents of opinion which grease the wheels of time!"

21. Early this morning a short but violent cyclone burst over Madras, doing frightful damage. It was much more furious than that of November 1881, but in this neighbourhood blew chiefly off the land.

Mr. Pogson makes the velocity of the wind, at 7 o'clock, forty-nine miles an hour. In the cyclone of May 1872 it rose to fifty-three. In the cyclone which so damaged our harbour three years ago, the force of the wind in Madras had no relation, so far as could be traced, to the fury of the sea.

The *Millingtonia suberosa*, of which I am so fond, does not send its roots deep into the ground, and we have lost a great many beautiful specimens of it.

22. My wife and I were yesterday reading the *Paradiso*, and when I turned to it to-day in the edition of the *Divina Commedia*, which I used in Rome thirty-three years ago, I found many more passages marked than I recollected,—I know not at what period of my life,—amongst them one in Canto XIII., which came to me with all the freshness of the unknown:—

> Ch' io ho veduto tutto il verno prima
> Il prun mostrarsi rigido e feroce,
> Poscia portar la rosa in su la cima:
> E legno vidi già dritto e veloce
> Correr lo mar per tutto suo cammino
> Perir al fine all' entrar della foce.

24. Out early to the great Red Hills tank, which

breached on Friday morning, accompanied by Mr. Price the collector, my wife and others also going with me.

While dictating a letter to-day, I remembered that J. R. Green, the historian, had, one day, asked me which of all the inventions of our day had done most for the working classes? I guessed this or that; but his answer was "Beyond all doubt sixpenny photographs."

26. European Mail arrives.

John Warren writes:—

"You ask me in your letter of the 23rd ultimo what was the real name of ΣΩΤΗΡ ΜΕΓΑΣ. Ah, that's the exact point! Nobody knows his name now, and it has perished. In his own time he was so great a man that such a detail as his own personal name was wholly superfluous, so he put on his coins 'King of Kings, the great Saviour.' If one asks a child at Putney the name of the river there, your answer is, 'Why *the* river to be sure.' So on a highly interesting book-plate of the sixteenth century a certain Ehrardus Voigt is recorded as the Abbot 'hujus monasterii;' but the engraver thought it unnecessary to give the monastery's name, and now it cannot be identified."

28. I have bought lately a few Indian engraved

gems. Among them are several in Kufic, which, as I understand, is the character in which the first copies of the Koran were written, taking its name from Kufa in the Pachalic of Bagdad, where the best copyists lived. It was introduced shortly before Mahommed, and fell into disuse about 1000 A.D.

29. St. Andrew's Eve—The Scotch dinner, for which I lent the Banqueting Hall, and at which I presided, making a long speech in proposing the toast of the evening—"St Andrew for Bonny Scotland." The accident of the headquarters of the 21st Regiment, being on its way through Madras to Burmah, gave us no less than six pipers! I will not deny that when they were all behind my chair, I thought of the answer of a musical German merchant to my father, at Eden, when cross-questioned as to his feelings when he first heard the bagpipes, he said, "Mr. Grant Duff, I did feel myself upon the brink of ruin."

Cavendish, who is in the 74th, told us the other day that no man could possibly be inclined to run away when the pipers were playing "the point of war." "Certainly not if they were behind him," remarked some Southron who was present.

30. I have been glancing through the *Life* of Mr. Hope-Scott—a book interesting to me in various ways. George Boyle used to talk to me about him more than thirty years ago, and, though I never knew him personally, I can remember his appearing before me, when I was sitting on a private Bill Committee, and being struck with his fine presence.

I note one or two things which have specially attracted my attention.

In volume i. a letter to Gladstone, dated in August 1838, is given, in which Mr. Hope-Scott mentions a charter of King John's for constituting a High Priest of the Jews!

"It is in the appendix," he says, "to Collier's *Ecclesiastical History*, volume i. page 72. I have also read it in Tovey's *Anglia Judaica*. It grants a certain 'Jacobo Judaeo de London, presbytero Judaeorum, presbyteratum omnium Judaeorum totius Angliae;' and he was to be considered 'Dominicus Judaeus noster, quem specialiter in servitio nostro retinuimus.' Further, he was to have the privilege 'ne de aliquo ad se pertinente ponatur in placitum, nisi coram nobis, aut coram capitali judiciario nostro; sicut charta Regis Ricardi Fratris Nostri testatur.'

Here then you have a specimen in the twelfth century of a royal supremacy over the Jews, and of a concession of civil privileges to their high priest *as such*."

In a diary kept in Germany in 1840-41, Mr. Hope-Scott mentions that Döllinger said that he thought the confessional gave a better rather than a worse view of human nature.

At page 300 of volume i. there is the following passage in a letter from Newman to Mr. Hope-Scott:—

"I think, then, that we must be very much on our guard against what Cowper calls 'desperate steps.' Do you recollect the sheep in the 'Needless Alarm'?

> 'Beware of desperate steps—the darkest day,
> Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.'

"We are apt to engross ourselves with the present. Think what ups and downs any course of action has; think how many hills and valleys lie in our way in a journey. One event blots out another."

In the second volume there occurs, in a letter from Manzoni to Mr. Hope-Scott, what strikes me as a singularly pretty turn of expression:—

"Je n'ai craint pas non plus de vous choquer en vous écrivant avec un ton si familier, et comme il conviendrait

à un ancien ami ; car il me semble que nous le sommes ; *l'affection et l'estime de ma part et une grande bonté de la votre ont bien pu suppléer le temps.*"

There is, at page 131, a remarkable letter from Mr. Hope-Scott to Newman, in which, writing on 30th December 1857, he says: "Brace yourself up and work on, not as if you must do some particular work *before* you die, but as if you must do your best *till* you die."

In page 232, it is mentioned that Mr. Hope-Scott, in reply to a friend who asked him, "Why don't you go out?" replied, "Don't you think that the work in Committee gives a man sufficient exercise? Cicero considered making a speech was exercise."

I remember once, in July 1860, talking to Disraeli about riding. He said that he used to ride in the mornings, but had given it up, because it made him sleepy for the rest of the day. "What do you do now," I said, "in the way of exercise?" "What better exercise can there be than oratory?" was his answer.

Writing in 1852 Newman says, "I have ever had the extremest sympathy for Walter Scott. When he was dying I was saying prayers (whatever they were

worth) for him continually, thinking of Keble's words, "Think on the minstrel as ye kneel;" and he returns to the same subject in a letter of 1871 (page 243).

On 1st October 1860, Newman writes: "The march of time is very solemn now: the year seems strewn with losses; and to hear from you is like hearing the voice of a friend on a field of battle."

Mr. Hope-Scott died in 1873, and was buried in the vaults of St. Margaret's Convent, Bruntsfield, Edinburgh—the first Catholic religious house, by the way, which I ever saw, and that when I was young enough to be taken all over it by one of the nuns, in the winter of 1836-37.

Mr. Eliot told me that just after getting the Ireland, he dined alone with Jowett. It was the day on which Henry Smith died, and his host did not utter one word till near the end of the evening, when he said, "It is very nice to be young, and to gain University Scholarships."

December

2. To-day I finished looking through the "Typical Birds" at the Museum. While thus engaged, I came

across a bird, well-named the magpie robin, and common in Madras, who was treated as badly by Linnæus as the Countess of Chinchon.

He is commonly known here as the "Dayal." Latham called him the "Dial," and the great Swede, jumping to the conclusion that his name had something to do with the sun, christened him *Copsychus solaris*, or meant so to do; but he or his amanuensis or his printer made a mistake in the last word, and the poor creature has been known to science ever since as *Copsychus saularis*.

4. European Mail arrives. Rutson writes: "At Coutts's yesterday a not old-looking clerk told me he remembered Lord Dalhousie coming there to make his financial arrangements before he went to India. So much has happened in India since, it seems like a century!"

6. My wife gave an afternoon entertainment to native ladies in the Banqueting Hall, which seems to have given much pleasure. Of course, no gentlemen were present.

I have had Lord Malmesbury's *Memoirs of an Ex-Minister* read to me.

Amongst the good things in it none interested

me more than the saying attributed to the Princess Clotilde during the Savoy affair:

"Quand on a vendu l'enfant on peut bien vendre le berceau."

Perhaps the most amusing non-political anecdote is one which —— sent me before the book reached these distant regions, of a French Attaché who asked whether "la chasse du renard" was not "bien dangereuse."

"Mais oui," replied Lord Malmesbury, "on peut se casser le cou!" "Oh, ce n'est pas cela que je veux dire," rejoined the other, "car on peut aller doucement. Mais n'est-ce pas que le renard se défend quelquefois et saute à la figure?"

Under the date of 12th May 1838, we hear of a very bad dinner at the Tuileries. That reminds me of a story told by my old friend Bremner (see these Notes for 1854), who, arriving one day at the Hôtel Bristol with one of his pupils, and asking what was the charge for dinner, received the reply, "Monsieur, pour dix francs vous aurez un dîner, pour vingt francs vous aurez un bon dîner, mais pour quarante francs vous aurez un dîner tel que le roi Louis Philippe a quelquefois, mais la Reine Victoria —— jamais!"

Some charming lines were given to me to-day by Mr. Eliot, before he left us for a tour in the South. They are printed, he told me, on the fly-leaf of a Newdigate on Iñez de Castro :—

"Could song repass the portal
  Where silent feet are led,
Or loving lips of mortal
  Praise duly loves long dead,
Or catch that golden glory
  The mists of time make dim,
No sweeter sadder story
  Than this were told by him.

Love wrought her life and shattered,
  Love found and left her fair :
Five hundred years have scattered
  The marvel of her hair.
Such gifts to them that know him
  Love gives at last to keep,
Remembrance in a poem
  Forgetfulness in sleep."

Mr. Eliot told me, as an illustration of the change in the way of looking at things amongst the youth of the next generation, that in the first draft of this Newdigate by Mr. Nichol, a contemporary and friend of my nephew, there was not any allusion whatever to

the famous coronation, of which Mrs. Hemans made such good use:—

"Why passed a faint cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one to touch that hand
Noble and leader came.
Was not the settled aspect fair;
Did not a queenly grace
Under the parted ebon hair
Sit on the pale still face?

Death, death canst thou be lovely
Unto the eye of life;
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mien at strife?
It was a strange and fearful sight—
The crown upon the head
The glorious robes and the blaze of light
All gathered round the dead."

9. On the 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th, and to-day I looked through the Indian Mammals, of which we have in the Museum only a very imperfect collection.

I note that the jungle sheep, of which we hear so much at Ootacamund, is no sheep but a deer (*Cervulus aureus*), otherwise the Muntjac. The so-called ravine deer or Chikara, of which we had a specimen at

Guindy, is no deer, but a gazelle (*Gazella Bennetti*). The Sambur, of which we are all so fond as a pet, is *Rusa Aristotelis*. The Ibex of Sispara, more properly called the Nílgiri wild goat, is *Hemitragus Holycrius*. The useful and most unjustly abused musk-rat is not a rat but a shrew (*Sorex caerulescens*). The bandicoot, Pandi-koku or rat-pig, which I have seen about the stables, is *Nesokia gigantea*.

Agnew and I ascertained yesterday that the lovely butterfly, so abundant in the Park here, and so fond of the flowers of *Stachytarpheta jamaicensis*, is *Menelaides Hector!*

The extent to which "the tale of Troy divine" has been turned to account for the naming of Indian butterflies is very amusing!

15. Reuter telegraphs that Reay succeeds Fergusson. (See this Diary for 4th December 1862.) What were the chances then against my hearing, as Governor of Madras, that he, being at that time a young Dutch Attaché, was appointed Governor of Bombay?

18. European Mail arrives.

Madame Renan writes of her husband:—

"Son histoire du peuple d'Israël avance rapidement; il y a deux volumes qui sont presque prêts à imprimer.

"L'année prochaine, nous passerons l'été en Bretagne. Au mois d'août dernier, mon mari est allé dans son pays natal de Tréguier, qu'il n'avait pas revu depuis près de quarante ans. On l'a reçu si bien, avec tant de cordialité, qu'il veut désormais y passer une partie de l'année ; aussi nous avons loué une maison pour six ans au bord de la mer, près de Lannion. Nous serons près du Guindy, mais pas du vôtre, dont je conserve une si jolie photographie.

"Vous apprendrez certainement avec intérêt que mon mari vient d'être élu Président de la Société Asiatique, après la mort de M. Adolphe Régnier, qui lui-même succédait à notre ami M. Mohl. Vous souvient-il des soirées si intéressantes que nous avons passées dans ce salon, le premier de tous à certains égards, et comme nous n'en reverrons plus dans notre société divisée et démocratisée à l'excès ?"

My sister writes :—

"Talking of colours ! The other day the Grand Duke having a great desire to see a piece called *Der Richter von Zalamea*—it was to be given.

"The costume of the heroine, a beautiful and wealthy Spanish peasant girl, was a sad puzzle. It had to be evolved out of Fräulein Jenicke's inner consciousness.

"She came to me in despair, and we concocted a too-too-peasant dress ! out of a black Thuringian petticoat and one of your Madras table-covers.

"One of your sofa cushion-pieces, an embroidery in colours, became a beautiful bodice. The other, a superb bit of golden embroidery, was converted into a superber gold cap.

"And when Iñez appeared, *Ah!* ran through the house."

At the Council luncheon to-day, —— mentioned the case of an eccentric gentleman who had changed the spelling of his patronymic. "He has," said some one, "taken the B out of his name and put it in his bonnet."

My wife, with Evelyn, Lily and Agnew, leaves us for Ootacamund. After seeing them off, I dined with the Bishop and slept at Guindy.

25. European Mail arrives.

My sister sends a description of the night of the 26th November at the Weimar Theatre :—

"A long train of sledges from Jena dash up bringing the *Jenenser Burschenschaften* over to Schiller's *Räuber*—just as on that day one hundred years ago. *As the piece was about to begin*, the ringleader of the *Burschenschaften* jumped up, as they all sat round him in the parterre, commanding 'Silentium!' and the splendid young voices burst out—

'Stosst An!!!
Jena soll leben!!'

Each verse ending with

'Frei ist der Bursch!'

Immediately after, they and all who could sing, burst out into

'Deutschland, Deutschland über alles—
Über alles in der Welt!'

The Primus ending with

'Silentium!
Das Spiel kann beginnen!'

When the Robbers sang their famous

'Ein freies Leben führen wir
Ein Leben voller Wonne'

The Studenten answered with the

'Gaudeamus igitur!'

ending with

'Silentium!
Das Spiel kann weiter gehn!'

"All these interruptions are the ancient privileges of the *Jenenser Burschenschaften* during the performance of Schiller's *Räuber*.

"*Exactly* the same scene took place one hundred years ago when the piece was performed before Karl August, and Schiller was presented to him."

Baxter writes: "Surely at last there is something new under the sun. These conferences in Downing Street, I imagine, are unexampled in any country."

John Warren writes:—

"How odd it sounds here to hear you talking (like a rather despondent Bucks farmer does of his turnips) of 'a very fair crop of castor oil.' I am sorry the new bird of the Anamalais turned out only a young one with undeveloped plumage. When I was making a list of Cheshire birds, I had four or five similar disappointments, notably in the difficult family of the willow wrens. Your Madras St. George, Colonel Davies, certainly had a larger audience than his predecessor, when he slew the elephant who was 'under the ban of the Empire.' Could not some Madras Pistrucci numismatically commemorate the deliverance of the district?"

and again:

. . . . . .

"I told Thomas you were getting quite an Indian collection, which pleased him much. *Of course*, you have the King of Kings. He is a sort of *Anacharis* that clings round all hoards from India, and his coins are in every numismatic pie. There is a good paper in our new journal on the coins of Hannibal struck in Italy. I daresay you did not know there were coins of Hannibal? (well, no more did I.) Then a good solidus of Lewis the Débonnair has been found in the Isle of Man, where it had no kind of business to 'eventuate' any more than your Valens in the Vaigai river."

I am keeping a separate record of what people write to me about my Administrative Minute. The

following, however, from the same letter is sufficiently amusing to find a place in these non-business pages :—

"Seriously, these records of yours must be of the greatest use to the India Office and to your successors, Cæsar would have written an admirable Minute, barring, I fear, the physical Science! But it was not in Cicero to do it: he would have gone too much into flowery generalities. As to Pontius Pilate, we have unfortunately no means of estimating his literary ability, still his *quod scripsi scripsi*, is not bad as far as it goes."

Walpole writes from the Isle of Man on a very different subject :—

"Insularity, I notice, does not produce the same comparative consequence with the poorer as with the richer classes. The reason I imagine to be that the poorer classes are (everywhere almost) insular in the sense that they travel little and see little; while our poorer classes, being largely seafaring, travel more and see more than the poor of other countries."

Speaking of India, he says :—

"What wants bringing out is (1) the diffierent policies which the chief Governors-General wished to pursue, *e.g.*, Cornwallis, Wellesley, Minto, and Lord G. Bentinck, these four about illustrate all the kinds of policy; (2) the reasons, stronger than men, which forced all Governors-General or nearly all Governors-General up to Canning

into the same policy; and (3) the effects of British rule in India. Surely this could be done in a form which would be intelligible to English readers within the compass of an octavo volume."

26. Captain Bagot repeated the other day a story which he had heard, when lately in London, of a Frenchman saying to a German, with reference to the Iron Cross: "I wonder at your wearing a decoration which is worth only a few centimes." "I thought," replied the German, "that it had cost you two Napoleons."

Dufferin writes from Calcutta, under date of 21st December: "I left the Breakfast Club in anything but a weak state. They had acquired quite an Imperial Roman mien from the consciousness of sending forth so many kings to govern the world."

27. I have been turning over the pages of the *Diaries of a Lady of Quality* which Hayward edited.

I observe that Mr Thomas Grenville thought the monument to Munro, which we have on the island at Madras, the finest equestrian statue in the world. I will bear that in my mind when I next see my distinguished predecessor with a kite sitting on his head, which is his usual fate—*Milvus Govinda* evidently

considering that he was put there as a sort of perch! Miss Wynn's criticism is far saner, and she recalls the great horse of the Capitol to which Michael Angelo said CAMMINA!

The following inscription is said to be one of three (all of which are given) on an obelisk in the cemetery at Arnheim:

"CIVIBUS EXTERIS
SUMMIS INFIMIS
QUOCUNQUE RITU DEUM COLENTIBUS
OMNIBUS VITA FUNCTIS
HANC PLACIDAE QUIETIS SEDEM
COMMUNIS MULTORUM VOLUNTAS
DESTINAVIT."

This on a column sent by the Emperor Leopold to the Field of Blenheim is also new to me:

AGNOSCAT TANDEM LUDOVICUS XIV
NEMINEM ANTE OBITUM
DEBERE AUT FELICEM AUT MAGNUM VOCARI.

I remember being much interested forty years ago by seeing the place where Poniatowski was drowned in trying to cross the Elster at Leipsic; but I was not aware that a fortune-teller had said to him *Hüten Sie sich vor der Elster.* Beware of the Magpie! The statement is made on page 348 of Miss Wynn's book.

29. My wife, writing from Ootacamund, says, "Such heavenly weather—just *frappé*," and speaking of Lily, who, since we left England, has been brought up at Smithhills in Lancashire and at Winwick in Northamptonshire, adds: "Poor thing, her joy at finding a dandelion was quite touching, as if something familiar had been reached at last."

30. Prince René de Faucigny Lucinge, his nephew Prince Aymon, and Baron Louis de la Grange, who came to stay with us on the afternoon of Christmas Day, left Guindy this morning.

The first-named is a man of forty-three. He served in the Italian Navy at Lissa, and saw the Palestro blow up. Later he took part in the Franco-German War.

He told me that at Custozza a son of Cesare Balbo's, who was an A.D.C., met a body of troops in full flight headed by their commanding officer. He rebuked this man, and was told to mind his own business, whereupon he gave the runaway a sabre-cut across the face. The hero was, however, afterwards decorated for "a wound received before the enemy"!

He mentioned also that Cavour had been literally killed by the folly of Garibaldi. On leaving the

Chamber after having been exposed to a furious attack from that quarter, he said to M. de Faucigny's brother-in-law, "Ils me tueront, Pallavicini. C'est trop d'ingratitude;" and his words were but too prophetic.

Many of the Left in Paris were, he avers, very hard hit when the Duc de Chambord refused the crown. They had speculated, and heavily, for the *Hausse*.

31. I rode with Mr. Webster and Captain Hanbury-Williams towards the sea, turning in time to enjoy all the beauty of the after-glow in front and of the full moon behind. The former was not quite so lovely as that of yesterday, when Castelar's quite untranslatable phrase about the Virgins of Murillo amidst the "Arreboles de [redacted] kept coming back and back to me.

END OF VOL. I

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